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MEMOIRS

OF

FRANCIS THOMAS McDOUGALL

D.C.L. F.R.C.S.

SOMETIME BISHOP OF LABUAN AND SARAWAK

AND OF

HARRIETTE HIS WIFE

BY HER BROTHER

CHARLES JOHN BUNYON

WITH TWO PORTRAITS

LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
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1889

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PREFACE

IN sending the present volume into the world, it seems proper to mention, not only that it has been undertaken at the call of many personal friends, but that its primary motive has been the feeling expressed more widely, that some history of the life and work of Bishop McDougall ought to be left on record.

As the narrative fell into shape, it became more and more apparent how greatly the finer qualities of the man had been influenced and enhanced by those of his wife, who on her part had been no less animated by him. The two lives were, in fact, inseparable, each one the complement of the other, while of the materials of the story the greater part had proceeded from her facile pen. Hence the book has taken the form of a memorial of them both. Beauty of character or saintly virtues in an Englishwoman may not alone justify a biography, or our shelves could scarce contain the books that might be written; but when they find their expression in a history that calls for relation, they consecrate its pages, as in countless homes they raise our lives to a higher standard.

KENSINGTON: 1889.

Pres. Thesis 31 Mar. 1944

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MEMOIRS

OF

FRANCIS THOMAS McDOUGALL

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE—MALTA—MEDICAL SUCCESS AT KING'S COLLEGE—OXFORD—THE BOAT RACE—MARRIAGE—ORDINATION AT NORWICH—REMOVAL TO LONDON.

FRANCIS THOMAS McDOUGALL, the subject of this memoir, was born on June 30, 1817, at Sydenham, near London, and was the only son of Captain William Adair McDougall, of the 88th Regiment. Captain McDougall was the son of General Patrick McDougall, of the H. E. I. Co.'s service, and nephew of Vice-Admiral McDougall, who received his promotion to that rank after the battle of Trafalgar, and long commanded the 'Edgar,' line-of-battle ship, on the Mediterranean station. From his earliest youth destined to be a soldier, and joining the Volunteers when only a boy, in the perilous times of 1796, Captain McDougall obtained his commission in the Connaught Rangers when he was sixteen years of age in 1800, and was gazetted captain in the same regiment in March 1805. In the intervening years he served in the East Indies and in Egypt under Sir David Baird, was then ordered to the Mediterranean, and was present at the seige of Cadiz from its opening fire by the French, was for ten months with the

Light Brigade on the heights of the Isla, and was with the third division of the army from the advance from Busaco to the lines of Torres Vedras, until the retreat of the enemy to Santarem, when he was struck down with fever and invalided. About the year 1812, on his return to England, he was persuaded by his friends, who thought his recovery hopeless, to sell his commission, and from that time saw no more active service in time of war; but, unable to dissociate himself from the profession that he loved, he became paymaster, first of the second battalion of the 88th Regiment, and subsequently, in succession, of the 7th Fusiliers and of the 42nd Royal Highlanders—serving in that capacity until April 1839, within two years of his death in 1841. He was a popular and gallant officer. That he was popular is evidenced by some handsome plate, still existing, presented to him as a testimony of their esteem by his brother-officers in 1816. That he was a gallant one we may believe not only from the assumption that all British officers are brave, which is no doubt generally true, but from the evidence of a little faded memorandum book in his own handwriting, left for his children, in which he relates that in March 1810, when an attack was ordered at Cadiz against the Napoleon battery of Matagorda of forty-eight heavy guns, he volunteered for the forlorn hope with his company to lead the storming party, and that his offer was accepted. By the treachery of an ally the intended attack was divulged, and the enemy received them in such force that the troops were called off; but he was kept with his company as a body-guard to General Sir William Stuart until the boats were out of range, when, with his men in the launch of the 'Achille,' he ran the gauntlet of the entire battery and field train of the enemy, through shot, shell, grape, and canister, losing two of his men and one seaman, and the whole boat's crew wet to the skin with the spray of the shot on the water. Whether in these days of guns of precision and improved munitions of war such an

experience could have ended with so little loss, would seem improbable.

While he was in the Peninsula, Mrs. M^c^Dougall and her sister, Mrs. Irwin, afterwards the widow of Captain Irwin, who fell in the campaign, followed their husbands into the field—two of those ladies, the wives of officers of the Light Division, of whom it is related in the life of the great Duke that they did much to keep up the spirit of the force, giving entertainments, at which he did not disdain to be present, riding over from head-quarters for the purpose. Dim in the past, their adventures cannot now be recalled, even were this the place to recount them, but one story remains in the traditions of the family which we may relate to show what sort of mettle they were of. The two ladies were in Cadiz at the time of the siege, and their husbands on the Isla, where they determined to visit them, and started in a smart carriage with four mules and muleteers for that purpose. They probably put on their best bonnets for the holiday; but whether it might have been the bonnets or the gay appearance of the turn-out, it attracted the attention of the enemy, who concluded that the party was one of British general officers going to inspect the troops, and at once opened fire upon them. On the roar of the first shell the muleteers leaped from their seats and threw themselves on their faces among the sandhills, abandoning their charges to their fate. But the ladies were equal to the occasion; they seized the reins and mounted the box, and driving off at a gallop were soon out of gunshot, leaving the muleteers to follow as they might. The piping times of peace might seem a little dull after such adventures.

It was during the wanderings of his father with his regiment that the boyhood of the young Francis was spent. For three years, from 1825, they were stationed at Corfu, and here he got some schooling at Lord Guildford's College, and learned modern Greek. He had in him the makings of a linguist; a strong memory, a facile tongue, and a ready ear.

In most Continental languages he seemed in after years to have the power of expressing himself, and the source of this power must have been his early wanderings; for in Malta he became an excellent Italian scholar, and even picked up Maltese, which appears to be a very corrupt form of Arabic, and no doubt was of some use in his Oriental studies. In 1828 they were ordered to Cephalonia, and the whole regiment of the 7th Fusiliers embarked on the 'Revenge,' line-of-battle ship, and here he first had a taste of naval life. Captain (afterwards Admiral), Thompson, who was in command and liked the boy, sent him into the gunroom to learn navigation, and during the voyage, which was a much longer affair than it would be now in the days of steam, made a midshipman of him and passed him through all the duties of that lively vocation.

Nursed in the Services, Frank McDougall was ever at heart a sailor, and as time flew by in his adventurous life was never more happy than when navigating his mission ship as Missionary Bishop in the Indian seas, or passing from one part of his distant diocese or one eastern port to another as guest in one of H.M. cruisers; or in his last years when ministering or confirming on behalf of the Bishop of Winchester in the dockyard at Portsmouth, or with the cadets in the 'Britannia' training ship. Among his best friends were sailors; they were ever staunch and true, and never betrayed him, and some lived as Admirals to stand as mourners, not unmoved, beside his coffin in Winchester Cathedral; one, at least, an ancient comrade in the old 'Revenge.'

After six months at Cephalonia, when the elders suffered greatly from malarial fever, and Frank and his younger sister ran wild on the hills and seashore, laying in a great store of health, and improving their colloquial Romaic, but not otherwise advancing in their education, the regiment was ordered to Malta, where they were quartered until 1835. Lord Frederick Ponsonby was at this time Governor of Malta, and

Lord Frederick Fitzclarence colonel of the regiment. From them and their families the McDougalls received much kindness, living with them in great intimacy, and their boys with other officers' sons attending a school in Valletta kept by two gentlemen named Maturin and Howard. But at this time young Frank, or Tom as they then called him, ran some risk of being spoiled. He became the pet of the officers, many of whom were men of high rank and great wealth. He was an admirable rider, and of course a very light weight, and one of them, the Earl of Rothes of that day, who kept a great stable and many horses, gave him a handsome pony and fitted him up with a jockey suit, that he might ride for him in the garrison races. On the first occasion that he rode, he won, and this was naturally delightful to a boy of spirit: and was done at least with the sanction of his father, so that no blame could be attached to the lad. He was, however, saved from the racing stables by the firmness of his mother. Mrs. McDougall had at that time become extremely religious, and her religion was that of the first quarter of the century, which, especially in military circles, was often of a deep and somewhat ascetic Evangelical tone. The world of the race-course was to her abhorrent, with its too frequent gambling, drinking, and bad language, and she determined that her boy should be saved from its contamination. On the next race meeting, therefore, when she was in command in the family during the absence of her husband, we find this entry in her journal amid her prayers and religious meditations: '4th April, 1831. Races commenced. Confined Tom to his room to prevent his riding.' This was a strong measure to take, but it answered perfectly. His sister Mary, from whose loving memory the history of this time is derived, says that 'his mother detected the glint of the satin jacket beneath his coat, and saw that there was no question as to the necessity of immediate action; and he, while very sad, gave in to his mother, to whom he was devoted, at once, although she made sure by locking the door until the

races were over.' She is described at this time as a person of great delicacy and beauty, and her prayers and teaching were not thrown away upon her children. With her son their influence lasted the whole of his life, and deep at the foundation of his theology lay her Evangelical doctrines. An eminent prelate once described himself to the compiler of these memoirs as a 'High Church Methodist.' So Bishop McDougall might have been described as 'an Evangelical High Churchman,' although he sometimes met with little consideration from some of the fighting men of the party that in days now past claimed the title of 'Evangelical' exclusively to itself.

It is recorded that Lord Rothes, although disappointed of his jockey, took the interruption in good part, and was equally kind to his *protégé* as before.

Shortly after this episode, which left no mark upon his life, for he had no horsey proclivities, and to the best belief of the author was never afterwards present at a race to which adults were parties, other than a boat-race, an event occurred which determined the course of his future life. He was running races with his schoolfellows, and, that he might run the faster, kicked off his shoes and ran in his socks, when a broken bottle in the grass pierced his foot as he ran, cutting a large vein. To the alarm of his companions he fainted from loss of blood, and was with difficulty carried home. Arriving there, he made light of the disaster to his mother, but the wound would not heal, and the surgeon decided that it must be reopened and examined. They wanted to strap his foot down, but he said, 'No! Let me hold it myself, I will not move,' nor did he. They took out some splinters of glass and bound up the foot, which then rapidly healed. 'What are you going to do with that fine plucky boy, Mrs. McDougall?' said Dr. Davey; 'he stood that operation well. He would make a good surgeon.' 'I should like to make anything of him that would take him away from the officers who are spoiling him,' she replied. 'In that case,' said the doctor, 'send

him to me when he is well, and he shall walk the hospitals. I will teach him ;' and in this Dr. Stilon, who had assisted at the operation, agreed, and promised his aid. His father did not quite like this plan, for he wished him to be a soldier, and Lord Frederick Fitzclarence had promised him a commission and to push him on in the army. 'Hanging up his talents on a door nail,' said Dr. Davey; but when Frank recovered he settled the question by declaring that he would be a doctor.

Mrs. M^c^Dougall was undoubtedly right in her choice for her son, but it would be unjust to think that the kindness of his military friends was thrown away, or useless to him in after life. His father's regiments were all of great distinction, and this was especially the case with the 7th Fusiliers, where the officers were as a rule men of high breeding and gentlemen, and whose society, therefore, helped to give him that polish and bearing, which are so often sought for by fathers for their sons when they send them to one of the great public schools or into a crack regiment.

From the time of his final choice of a profession, he threw himself heartily into its studies, entering himself as a medical student at the University of Malta and walking the hospitals at Valletta under Dr. Davey and Dr. Stilon, and receiving valuable instruction in anatomy from the latter, who was a proficient in that science, and would often sit up late into the night in its study with him and another favourite pupil.

The University of Malta was and is a Government institution, founded in 1771, before the island became a British possession, and in which degrees were conferred in the three faculties of divinity, law, and physic, under regulations confirmed by the Crown, and entitling the University to style itself Royal. When the Jesuits were suppressed, and their property confiscated, in 1768, long before the British occupation, their convent was given to the University, and became its head-quarters, but the society had nothing to do with the University, beyond giving place to it perforce. On

April 15, 1838, he received the diploma of surgeon by a deed executed at the hospital at Valletta (xvi. Kal. Maj. anno reparatæ salutis MDCCCXXXV in nostro Vallettæ nosocomio), and by a certificate under the seal of the University he appears to have continued his studies there up to June 1835. The hospitals in Malta must have been sufficient for a considerable medical school. In 1837 Mr. Montgomery Martin speaks of the Civil Hospital as capable of accommodating 350 sick people, and that on March 2, 1835, it had 315 patients, of whom 183 were surgical cases. The Naval and Military Hospitals, separate institutions, were on a scale sufficient for a large garrison and naval arsenal. The latter was the old hospital of the Knights, and, although sanitary science was little understood when it was founded, was grandly conceived. The great room, said to be the longest in Europe, measured no less than 480 feet in length, while the patients in their time were daily served on silver. Neither did these three exhaust the catalogue of the hospitals of Malta, but it was natural and appropriate that the former seat of the great military Order of St. John of Jerusalem, the Knights Hospitallers, should be well provided in this respect. While pursuing his medical studies, young Frank gained some advantages in learning and acquiring a taste for natural science from forming the acquaintance of Dr. Leach, a naturalist of distinction holding office in the British Museum, who was travelling with his sister for their amusement and for the purpose of forming collections, and who took him with him during his vacations on excursions to Naples, Palermo, and Rome.

In the autumn of 1835 he returned to England in the company of his maternal uncle, Captain Gell, to complete his medical education, and, in September in that year, became a student in King's College, London, in the medical department, on the nomination of Sir John Richardson, then late Chief Justice at Bombay.

In the session of 1836 he received the gold medal of the

College for general medical proficiency, and in 1838 was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy, his coadjutor being Mr. (now Sir John) Simon, and his successor when he discontinued residence, Mr. (now Sir William) Bowman. At that time there was an active medical school at King's College, but no hospital, and on the foundation in 1840 of King's College Hospital these two gentlemen were appointed its first assistant-surgeons. Had Bishop M^c^Dougall remained in the profession, he would doubtless, as their senior, have received this distinction also. Before the establishment of the hospital it was the custom for the students to walk, as it is called, some hospital of their own selection. M^c^Dougall attended the medical and surgical practice of the Middlesex Hospital under Dr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Watson and Mr. Arnott, and it is believed, from his intimacy with them in after years, must have received instruction also from Professor Green at St. Thomas's and at Charing Cross Hospital from Professor Partridge.

These statements are made with the authority of Sir W. Bowman and Sir John Simon. Both of these gentlemen still survive him to prove the high class of men with whom he was happily associated as his friends and fellow-students, and the eminence which he also might have attained in the medical profession, had he exclusively followed it. Had he done so, he would no doubt have become a great surgeon. Whether his diversion from it made his career less useful to humanity, will be decided perhaps differently by different minds, and on this point the reader, if he cares to continue the perusal of these pages, must form his own conclusion.

In 1839 he received the diploma of the College of Surgeons, of which he became a fellow in 1854. In November 1846 he was admitted an associate of King's College. From the time of his reaching England he was thrown very much upon his own resources. His father, accompanied by his eldest daughter, was absent in the Mediterranean with his

regiment; while his mother, stricken with a fatal illness, died suddenly in Malta in 1836, when alone with her younger daughter, upon whom the blow fell with inexpressible severity. But youth and high courage carry young people through vicissitudes and troubles that seem hard to their elders, and for him the pursuit of his profession, an exacting but indulgent mistress, left little time to brood over past regrets or future anxieties.

Frank McDougall was a man of an extremely dark complexion, with black hair and eyes, said to be not uncommon in the race on the west coast of Scotland from which he sprang. He had a very broad chest and powerful arms, but was short in stature, and in his early youth slim in figure—the beau-ideal of Number One in a racing eight-oar. He could not as he grew older be called a small man, for size does not consist in length of shank, and he gradually broadened into a large one. 'To look at his massive form,' it is said in the record of the University boat race jubilee dinner in 1881, 'no one would think that he once scaled 9 st. 8 lb., even when trained to fiddle-strings.' His younger sister in her early youth was much like him in appearance, and she relates that when, upon her return to England, she went for a time to live with her aunt Mrs. Irwin, at Woolwich, and her brother, then at King's College, spent his Sundays with her, they were commonly taken for foreigners in their afternoon wanderings. Amongst their adventures they made great friends with the gypsies encamped on Plumstead Common, and tried to persuade them, by talking Maltese in their presence, that they were gypsies too of another tribe; but, dark-complexioned as they were, the gypsies would not believe them. Nevertheless they welcomed them gladly, for, true to his professional instincts, young Frank found one of their number suffering severely from fever, and was not content until he had taken him in hand and cured him.

His dark complexion was on one occasion the cause of

serious injury being done to him, for, coupled with the fact that the University of Malta was located in the dispossessed Jesuits' Convent, it suggested to a fanatical person to represent to his prejudice that he was an Italian Jesuit seeking to creep into the Church of England to destroy it. It would have been impossible to concoct a more foolish fiction, or to imagine a man less like a Jesuit—that is, the conventional Jesuit of the Protestant story-books, probably the only Jesuit known to his traducer. His character was singularly transparent. He was only too outspoken, and it was observed of him long afterwards that, as Bolingbroke is related to have said of Swift, he might be called 'a hypocrite reversed.' He had no leanings to Romanism. His early home teaching had been, as we have seen, Evangelical, while the influence in the hospital at Malta, as the author has often heard him say late in life, when modern critical controversies had arisen in this country, tended to extreme free thought in religious matters. His Church was always the Church of England, and in it he looked upon his Diocesan as his superior officer, and upon the Archbishop as his commander-in-chief. He was a merry creature in his early days— warm-hearted and impulsive, not perhaps perfect in temper—few of us are—but hating evil; what women mean when they call a young man 'good,' free from either pleasant or unpleasant vices. He would not even touch tobacco when he left for Borneo. The author well remembers his first visit to Mr. M^c^Dougall, who had been introduced to his father by his cousin, Mr. Charles Spencer Bunyon, then a lieutenant in the 7th Fusiliers at Malta. It was in the winter holidays of 1838, and on his coming home from Harrow an invitation to luncheon at King's College awaited him. Boylike, he was pleased at the companionship of those slightly older than himself, and accepted it gladly. At seventeen how great a difference is made by three or four years' seniority! It was a merry if a modest festivity, and after lunch his host prepared to show him the lions, of which the first and most important

in his estimation was the dissecting-room. Half a century has passed since the author's first and only visit to this chamber of horrors, but none of the incidents are forgotten. The long descent to the dungeon familiar to all King's College students, the mysterious chamber, silent except for the distant roar of the Strand, which sounded like the roar of the sea, and then the sights within it, 'the Beef Board,' and 'the preparations.' He felt bound to express the greatest interest in the show, and to dissemble his repugnance, which he did effectually until he returned home in the afternoon to a late dinner, when a fine piece of hot roast beef placed upon the table, with its too suggestive odours, drove him from the dining-room.

In this studio of anatomy Sir John Simon tells us that he and the future bishop spent much of their time, often working late into the night. On one occasion he remembers that the small hours overtook them, and when they prepared to leave they found the place shut up and barred, and with no possibility of egress. Determining to escape, they managed to squeeze themselves through the window, and into the area beneath it, and climbed the wall, from which they proposed to drop into the lane beyond ; but when they reached the top they found the distance so great that it was impossible to do so. To make matters worse, when they were laughing over their discomfiture, some disreputable persons in an opposite house, angry at being disturbed, pelted them with missiles of the most unsavoury kind, causing them instantly to beat a retreat, when the sound of broken crockery having aroused the watchman on the other side of the building, he eventually released them.

It must have been some time after this adventure that McDougall undertook the office of travelling physician to a young gentleman, who two years afterwards died of consumption at Madeira. He did not accompany him there, but travelled with him on the Continent before he left for that island, and resided with him at Oxford, where he also entered

himself as an undergraduate on the books of Magdalen Hall, where his patient was keeping his terms. He does not seem to have resided at the University continuously, for he returned for a time to King's College; but it was at Oxford that, under the influence of the spirit of the place acting on his previous religious impressions, he first entertained the idea of abandoning the medical profession to take holy orders, which he ultimately carried out.

In 1841 the author visited him at Oxford at the time of the Commemoration; it was a joint visit to him and a cousin of his own, an undergraduate at Balliol. In those days the country was not as now covered with a network of railways, but there was a coach three days a week, if not oftener, between the two Universities, and as he got down at the Mitre he was met by M^c^Dougall, and spent the greater part of his visit with him. The doings of undergraduates are not very important, but it is remembered that M^c^Dougall seemed a privileged person in the college and among the boys by whom he was surrounded. Who does not recall the universal notice, 'Dogs are not allowed in College'? but he kept a dog —a long-haired, caterpillar-shaped Skye terrier, whom he called Rag, a genius among dogs, who was a great favourite not only in quad, but at the Master's Lodge.

At the present time little record remains of his Oxford life, and his contemporaries are mostly dead or scattered. He passed through the University as a well-conducted undergraduate should do, and was great upon the river. The men of Magdalen Hall do not appear to have had a taste for aquatics when he joined them, and the efforts that he made to get together a good crew for a college eight met with no sufficient response; but he was more successful with a four-oar, in which he pulled stroke—and his friend, Mr. William Bevan, now Canon of St. Davids, number three—and which he took on one occasion to the regatta at Henley. In 1842 he pulled bow in the Oxford winning boat in the University race from

Westminster to Putney. This is an event which it is always a pleasure to a victorious University oar to recall, and when, in 1875, his nephew, Harry McDougall Courtney, pulled his old oar as bow in the Oxford winning boat at the inter-University boat race, he was jubilant, and set up a trophy in his hall at Winchester of a double-bladed oar with their names and dates of victory on the two blades. Since these last lines were penned Mr. Courtney, who was chaplain at Malacca, and much esteemed and respected by all who knew him, died suddenly of dysentery in the far East.

One other incident may, perhaps, be referred to. In 1840 one of those rare accidents occurred at Oxford which move the heart of the University at the time, but of which the lapse of fifty years seems almost to remove all traces. Two Balliol undergraduates—Currer and Cave—were skiffing to Iffley, and, the river being in flood, the boat of the former was carried away over the Iffley lasher, and the occupant lost his life. McDougall was, it appears, present, and, with the survivor of the two skiffers, plunged into the pool again and again to save the drowning man, or recover the body, but without success. 'It was then,' Canon Bevan writes, 'that I saw the Bishop for the first time, and was struck with his appearance, so unlike that of the general run of undergraduates. He had plunged into the pool after poor Currer, and at the moment that I saw him after his swim, he was putting on his jersey, or at all events putting on something dry. Stephen Cave was standing on the river-bank in his dripping clothes, and I heard the Bishop exhorting him out of the boat to follow his example, mentioning that he knew something about doctoring, and could therefore warn him of the consequences of standing shivering in wet clothes.' Both Currer and Cave were old Harrow men. The former was much beloved and lamented. The latter, better known as the Right Honourable Stephen Cave, lived to take an active and successful part in politics, and was for many years a member of Lord Beaconsfield's

Ministry, and shortly before his death, in 1880, was made a G.C.B. on the dissolution of Parliament in that year.

During M^c^Dougall's undergraduate days, Dr. Macbride was master and Dr. Jacobson tutor of his college, at which he had entered himself as a gentleman commoner, and with them he seemed more intimate than was usual with those who were still *in statu pupillari*. Their constant kindness and friendship followed him far beyond the period of his residence at Oxford, indeed for all their lives. 'Old Jacobson,' as Bishop M^c^Dougall always called him as a term of endearment, the beloved and admirable Bishop of Chester, was, until his death, his never-failing and ever-honoured friend. The course of his studies, as already related in his early life, did not lead him to seek for classical honours at Oxford, for even his medical Latin, in which he had been drilled, innocent of all Ciceronian concinnity, would have been a bar rather than a benefit in their pursuit; and at that time science schools were unknown, and there was no theological school in which honours might have been sought as a separate faculty. He therefore passed the examination for the ordinary B.A. degree in 1842, proceeding to his M.A. degree in 1845, and receiving an honorary D.C.L. in 1854.

After taking his degree he went for a time into South Wales, where he assisted in the superintendence of some iron works, in which his future father-in-law was interested; and while there married, in July 1843, Harriette, the second daughter of the late Mr. Robert John Bunyon, who died in the following year. The iron trade, ever subject to violent fluctuations, in 1844 was at its nadir, and the works, not answering, were discontinued, and the family ceased to have any interest in them. He then determined to carry into effect his long-settled plan of taking holy orders.

His varied experiences had only intensified his desire for the priestly office, and he received much encouragement in seeking it from the authorities of King's College. At first he

thought of a London curacy, and had an interview with Bishop Blomfield on the subject. 'Have you heard,' his wife wrote at this time to her sister-in-law, 'of Frank's visit to the Bishop of London, and how graciously he was received, and how satisfied both the Bishop and his chaplain were with his replies to their examination of an hour? The next Sunday he went to King's College Chapel to see Mr. Lonsdale, the Principal, and thank him for his letter of introduction to the Bishop, which seems quite to have interested his lordship on Frank's behalf, for he told him that he had no doubt but that he would find his medical knowledge very useful among the sceptics. So you see the years of study which he has spent, as some people think, in vain, will all conduce to his greater usefulness in the Church. I think, indeed, that scientific acquirements give people such great influence over all ranks, that a clergyman to be perfect ought not only to be a learned divine, but learned in everything else. The Romish Church was well aware of the extent of this influence when she locked up all the treasures of knowledge, and gave the keys to her priests to keep. I do not admire this proceeding, but I think that our clergy, besides being the best class of men, which they are, ought to be the most highly educated.'

Eventually they moved to Norwich, where Mrs. McDougall had relations, and where he was ordained by Bishop Stanley, receiving deacon's orders in January 1845, and priest's orders in the same month in the following year. His first curacy was that of Framingham Pigot under Mr. Ormerod, the Bishop's chaplain, afterwards Archdeacon Ormerod, which he held for a year, and was then licensed to the curacy of St. Mark's, Lakenham, a populous suburb of Norwich; but in the autumn of 1846 he moved to London and became curate to his friend the Rev. George Hamilton, incumbent of Christ Church, Woburn Square.

These early days at Norwich were full of brightness,

drawn not from their material surroundings, which were poor enough, but from their fulness of youth and health, mutual love, and unconquerable courage and spirit. About the time of his ordination, their eldest child was born, and shortly after she writes describing him, and her first experience of her husband's preaching:

'Your note was a great pleasure to me yesterday, and I must certainly answer it directly, while baby is lying sleeping quietly in my lap. He does not often approve of my being otherwise engaged, when he is with me, than in singing, or tossing, or nursing him. How I wish I could lay him in your lap, and hear all you thought of him, but you must be some days with him before you can tell what sort of a creature he is. He changes to all moods except the sentimental, and that I have never yet seen in him. He can look contemptuous, and impudent, and droll, and independent, and wilful, and thoughtful, but not loving yet. He cares for nobody, but has "why" on his face always when he is awake. All this is my fancy of course. He excites his father's ire very much by his sleeplessness at night. He lies awake chirping and squeaking at intervals, and at last, before the day dawns, sets up a good cry, being quite tired of bed. Then I am obliged to sit up with him and talk to him, or Frank to shout to him and abuse him, which he enjoys greatly; but often this game keeps us up half the night. . . . Last Sunday I went to Framingham Church in the afternoon, and brought Frank home after service. I heard him preach for the first time, though I have read all his sermons on former Sundays, but he adds a good deal to what is written. What shall I tell you about that Sunday afternoon? I felt so rich and happy when Frank, as broad as he was long, with coat and great coat, cassock and gown, squeezed himself very carefully into the little pulpit, and left the door ajar to give him space to turn round. The text was "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." I thought to myself, "I will listen as if someone else was preaching;" but then, when the

words occasionally bolted out, instead of running smoothly, or when the end of the sentence did not match well with the beginning, I found myself getting hot and conscious. This was at the beginning of the sermon, but before the end I sat humble and as a learner at my husband's feet, for I felt that he was able, as well as authorised, to instruct his wife. And thus, for the first time, I felt myself a clergyman's wife, which hitherto I had not, not even when Frank read the morning service and churched me at St. Stephen's last Friday. Frank has filled his little church, which only holds 100 and is no better than a barn. There is not a note of singing, and it used to be so damp that the few who came sat in pattens; but Frank has put in an Arnott's stove, which brings the folk to church to warm their bodies if for nothing else.'

At the time of her marriage Harriette Bunyon was a pretty fair-haired creature of much vivacity and of a singularly amiable temper; her sweetness of disposition was so much her special characteristic, that it probably would have been a surprise to the other members of her family to have been told that she could be gifted with the courage and character which she subsequently exhibited in times of peril or trouble. She had been very well educated, and she possessed accomplishments which, in after life, proved very useful. She was a good amateur artist, painting in watercolours with considerable skill, having been the pupil of Cornelius Varley and Henry Gastineau. She sang well, and accompanied herself upon the harp: and her taste had been cultivated by a regular attendance at the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts, then in their prime. The harp and piano duets of herself and her sisters, the works of Beethoven and Mozart, now too often superseded by more modern music, still ring in the ears of her only brother. When she became an old woman she retained her cheerful kindliness for all who came into her society, and, having seen much, and lived an adventurous life, was a very agreeable companion. Her sister-in-law remembers that on one occasion

in 1861, in the house of the late Rev. Thomas Steel at Harrow, a friend, still living, and an excellent judge of character, was speaking of her and expressing warmly his admiration of her when they were joined by their host, who exclaimed, 'And who is this fairy from whose mouth pearls and diamonds are constantly dropping?' That observation was not then made for the first or last time, and, singularly, was applied to her long afterwards, independently, by no less a person than the late Lady Augusta Stanley. She was very indifferent to dress or ornament, and so open-handed that it was difficult to give her anything for which she would not find some special reason shortly after for giving it away to some other person. But, in her simple and old-fashioned neatness, she was a picture of refinement, with a very quiet manner, and in her old age somewhat dignified in her bearing. She was an admirable letter-writer and excellent correspondent. She was a person who formed independent opinions on intellectual and religious subjects, sometimes arriving at different conclusions even from her husband, when they agreed to differ.

It was to her interference that M^c^Dougall's final acceptance of the mission to Borneo was owing. The proposal was made to him in the spring of 1847, but almost simultaneously therewith he had the offer of a permanent position in the British Museum through the Rev. Henry Forshall, who was then the principal librarian, and therefore chief of the institution. It was one that need not have interfered with his duty at Christ Church, and was sufficiently well paid to provide with the curacy for his modest household. After much hesitation he accepted the situation at the Museum, for the sake, as he said, of his wife and children; but having done so, he fell into great distress of mind, thinking that he had chosen the lower and was giving up the higher path. No doubt but that he was also influenced by his innate love of adventure, by a certain œstrus which impelled him to seek it, by the romance

of the Sarawak story, by the attraction of blue water, which to him was irresistible, and possibly by his hatred of the desk. When his wife found how matters stood with him, she urged him to throw up the Museum and accept the Borneo offer, but he refused, replying that he had gone too far, and was pledged to the former. She then took the matter into her own hands, and, without further consulting him or any other adviser, went straight to Mr. Forshall that evening alone, and told him all the story, and asked him to release her husband. He received her most kindly, and at once acceded to her request, and she returned home to say, in one of the happiest moments of her life, 'There, you are free; I have seen Mr. Forshall, and he readily consents to your throwing up your engagement.' He gladly took advantage of her action, and at once accepted the appointment to Borneo.[1]

It is difficult to analyse the motives of others, hard as it is truthfully to determine one's own, but it is clear that her act was one of pure self-sacrifice. Love of her husband, and a repugnance to his giving up the career that he desired on her account, or even on that of her children, must have been the first impelling motives; but with them was another, equally strong, namely, that she dared not withdraw him from the service to which she thought that God had called him, even though it was to fill a post of danger, which, to many minds, might have appeared like that of leading a forlorn hope. In this she may have also been influenced by the existence of a missionary tradition in her own family. Her uncle, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, of Watton, who had married her mother's only sister, had gone out in 1816 upon a visitation tour for

[1] When he vacated his place at the Museum, he introduced as his successor Mr. Charles Wycliffe Goodwin, well known afterwards in this country as the author of the essay entitled 'The Mosaic Cosmogony' in the celebrated *Essays and Reviews*, and more widely as an Egyptologist of European reputation. Mr. Goodwin, who was a cousin of Mrs. M'Dougall's sister-in-law, was by profession a barrister, and died in 1878 at Shanghai in China, where he held the office of Assistant-Judge.

Hughes & Mullins, Ryde, I.of W. Photo.

Harriette W Douglas

Nov. 1882. Aetat: 65.

the Church Missionary Society in Sierra Leone, braving the deadly climate of the recent settlement with a courage then thought heroic, and she had been brought up much with his children. This tradition was carried forward by herself and her eldest sister, the wife of Dr. Colenso, the Bishop of Natal, and up to the present time by Bishop Bickersteth of Japan, her uncle's grandson. She had been taught from her early childhood to believe the cause to be a holy one. Its foundation, she would have said, was in the command, which was imperative on those who believed in Him who gave it, upon each in his own order and in his own degree; but with her large views of things she was fully alive to its importance, both from its philanthropic and patriotic sides—on the one hand, from its civilising influence in raising the standard of morals and habits among the natives, and on the other in carrying the flag of the empire to the ends of the earth as the fruitful mother of colonisation and commerce. Our French neighbours are very alive to the last consideration, for even when they have desired to suppress or persecute the Church at home, they have sought to protect and foster it abroad. Bishop McDougall ever magnified his office and loved it. When his wife died in 1886, preceding him by only a few months, he was asked by a member of his family whether there was anything that he would desire to have recorded on her monument, and he replied in the fulness of his heart and with emotion, 'Yes, I should like it to be said that she first preached Christ to the native women of Borneo.'

It appears, however, from a speech of his kind friend the Bishop of Norwich at a public meeting in furtherance of the Borneo Church Mission held in November 1847 in London, that the appointment at Sarawak was not the only desirable offer made to him at that time. 'Before he was engaged at Borneo,' said the Bishop, 'it so happened that I had the opportunity of sounding him as to his acceptance of an eligible

and profitable position in a part of the world which he considered would be all and everything to him. For a time I was unable to speak positively, but at the end of about a month things were arranged and I had the happiness of offering him the situation. It was, I repeat, one of all others that would have suited him and which he would have suited also. What was that reverend gentleman's answer? "I know that it is all and everything to me; but I have devoted my services to Borneo, and Mr. Brooke and I will not desert the post marked out for me.' I offered to place myself in the breach, and still to manage the affair. He resolutely declined, and now he turns himself to his final destination. I need not say how fully we may depend on him. He will do all that a Christian can do: and may God ever prosper, protect, and bless him.' Of this appointment offered by the Bishop, the author has no further record, but, unless his memory betrays him, it was one which would have taken Mr. McDougall to Constantinople and the Mediterranean and to the haunts of his childhood.

From Bishop Stanle and his family the McDougalls ever received much kindness; and it was to the thoughtful good feeling of his son, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, when Dean of Westminster, that Bishop McDougall on his return from the East owed his first English preferment. Bishop Stanley possessed a very genial and sterling character, was a great hater of shams, and knew a man when he saw him. He had proved himself a wise and energetic ruler in the reorganisation of his diocese after the long and easy reign of his predecessor. To have gained, therefore, his approval was always a source of satisfaction to Bishop McDougall.

The legend of Sarawak had at this time seized on the imagination of the British public; the English Rajah was the hero of the hour. Sir Henry Keppel, in his 'Voyage of the "Meander,"' had authoritatively told the story, and the Rajah's published journals and letters had filled up the picturesque

details. Men related to each other how James Brooke, a simple English gentleman, without title and with no great estate, had sailed in the 'Royalist,' his yacht of 142 tons, from Devonport a few years before, to seek adventures in the far East, and there had found a kingdom; that this had been gained by the voluntary cession of a province from the Sultan of Bruni and his viceroy, his uncle Muda Hassim, not wrung from them by fraud or violence, but the reward of wise counsels and martial support given to the rightful rulers of a distracted country then in insurrection; that the Government, although in form despotic, had been undertaken all for the people and by the people; and that, under the Rajah's beneficent sway, war and rapine had been replaced by peace and order, Malay oppression by organised rule, and the savage customs of the Dyaks, piracy and head-taking, by commerce and agriculture. To have achieved all this with such scanty means seemed miraculous, but it was not so; a small force of less than a score of well-armed Europeans has been sufficient both before and since to turn the tide in savage warfare. All men were then united to cry 'Well done,' and the enthusiasm spread even to the Palace. The adventurer was invited to Windsor Castle as the guest of her Majesty and Prince Albert. He was appointed Governor of the new settlement of Labuan and H.M. Commissioner for Borneo; and some time after was made a civil K.C.B., an honour then much more rare than at present. The freedom of the City was conferred upon him with the acclamations of the mercantile community, ever on the watch for new markets, and society opened her arms for his most flattering reception. No wonder that Mr. McDougall was captivated by such a story and desired to throw in his lot with the hero.

The country was described as delightful—a land of streams and rivers, which formed its highways; of ancient forests producing fruits, elsewhere unknown or of rare esteem, the mangosteen, the lansat, and the durian. Thus watered and wooded,

although so near the Equator, it was said to possess a climate far more temperate than could be expected in the Tropics. Devoid of beasts of prey, it was a paradise for the naturalist and the sportsman, Nature presenting herself in the strangest and most unaccustomed forms; but to those who would be the pioneers of civilisation and the teachers of a true religion it was still more attractive in its human inhabitants. Passing by the immigrant Chinese, important as the traders, the miners, and the taxable portion of the community, the inhabitants divided themselves into two races—the Malays, who had wandered from the Malay Peninsula and established themselves as the feudal or ruling class, and the Dyaks, the aborigines of the country. The former were described as Mohammedans of a mild type, the latter as a fine and numerous race divided into many tribes or nations, and known as sea or land Dyaks according to the localities of their settlements. Brave and simple in their habits and with many natural virtues, these Dyak tribes were believed to be almost without religion, and ready to accept a faith in any form in which it might be offered to them by those whom they could at once love and reverence. The great obstacle to their conversion was in course of removal with the pacification of the country. The Dyaks were a warlike people and rejoiced to ornament their dwellings with trophies of their foes. The North American Indian was content with the scalp, the Dyak smoked and preserved the entire head of his enemy. It was said that at one time without the offering of a head a Dyak girl scorned to become the wife of her lover, while its capture was the assumption of the *toga virilis* of the young brave. But while piracy and head-taking went hand in hand in desolating the country, their forcible suppression rendered possible the arts of peace and the reception of religion.

Here, then, was an opportunity for the exercise of the loftiest functions of the Christian teacher, for the foundation of a Church which, commencing in Sarawak, might spread

from tribe to tribe, from nation to nation, until it embraced the whole of the mighty island. The first teacher might not accomplish much ; his work might be long and disappointing, in weariness and sickness, and through many perils ; but if as a wise master-builder he could lay a sure foundation, how great would be the reward, and how great the glory to be remembered hereafter as the Apostle of Borneo !

CHAPTER II.

LEAVING FOR THE STRAITS—FIRST RESIDENCE AT SARAWAK—LOSS OF CHILDREN.

ON December 30, 1847, our missionary and his wife sailed from the port of London. They had insisted on their brother seeing them off, which he did with a heavy heart; and when he saw their vessel, the 'Mary Louisa,' a miserable barque of 400 tons, laden as it turned out with coals and gunpowder for Singapore, lying in the Gravesend reach of the river, his dissatisfaction was complete, although on their account he did not dare to express it. No such a party in these days would sail in such a vessel, to start in mid-winter upon a four months' voyage to the East and round the Cape of Storms. But they were brave and cheerful, with as little apparent anxiety as most people now express on starting for a winter residence on the coasts of the Mediterranean. No white feather was shown by them, for the best possible reason, namely, that there was none to exhibit. For him it was sufficient that he was commencing his much-desired enterprise, for her that she was with him, and must bear herself bravely as became his wife; nevertheless the trial must have been far greater for her than for him, for she left behind her at Winston Vicarage in Suffolk, under the care of the Rev. J. N. Robson, one of his warmest friends, her eldest child, a boy of two years old, and no one can tell the pangs which that parting must have cost her. Their party consisted of themselves and their second child, Harry, an infant in arms, with one servant, their

faithful Elizabeth Richardson, and the Rev. W. Wright, then in deacon's orders, and his wife, who was expecting the birth of her first child—an event which occurred on the voyage—and who were also accompanied by one servant. It looked like a parting for years, but it was not so—in three days a letter was received from them. They had encountered rough weather in the Channel, and had been run down, with the loss of their bowsprit. The ship had put into Deal to refit, and they were on their road homeward to her brother to stay until the repairs could be made good, and might be expected in a few hours from Canterbury, where they had gone to return thanks for their escape in the metropolitan church of the kingdom. All this seemed perfectly natural to them, and they shortly after made a fresh start, which was successful, and they arrived at Singapore on May 23 following. Mrs. M^c^Dougall describes this voyage in her little book, 'Letters from Sarawak addressed to a Child.' It had the usual incidents and more than the usual perils, for she observes: 'Sometimes when storms of lightning and thunder burst upon us in those high latitudes, where coals will even catch fire of themselves, I could not help picturing to myself what a bonfire we might make on the open sea if the lightning struck us! How those casks of gunpowder might send us with one cry of horror and agony to our last home, without any witness to our fate but God Himself. But in His mercy He kept us through all the dangers of fire and water, and brought us to the haven where we would be.' And in another letter describing one of the storms that met them she says: 'The night before last we had a violent storm of lightning and thunder with the rain. I was woke up with the brilliancy of the forked lightning in my eyes, and could not but think with some alarm of the quantity of gunpowder on board, as the clap followed the flash immediately and made the ship tremble. "Frank," said I, "this is very dangerous." "Yes, it is indeed," he replied; "I hope that we shan't be blown up. We are in God's hands,

dear." So calmly was this said that I felt ashamed of my fears, and could only pray to God that I might be as ready to meet death as my dear husband.'

During the voyage they did not let the time slip away in mere idleness. They busied themselves in studying 'Malay and its Arabic characters with the help of Marsden's grammar and dictionary, and the Malay Bible in its Dutch translation.' The two clergymen had service on board and devoted themselves to teaching the sailors, and as there was no surgeon Mr. McDougall became physician for their bodily ailments also. They looked up to him, therefore, with love and reverence, and when he left the ship it was amid the cheers of the crew, the last words that they heard as they pushed off being 'One cheer more for Mr. McDougall.' 'We have found since,' Mrs. McDougall afterwards wrote, 'that with many the memory of his good advice did not pass away with the voyage.' But whenever he was afloat he made it his constant practice to find a parish in the crew.

It is worthy of note that the 'Mary Louisa' was lost on her return voyage, although the crew were saved.

It was not until June 29 that they reached Sarawak, having to wait for a trading schooner, the 'Julia,' which was sent to fetch them. After a disagreeable passage, but in which they made light of their discomforts, they entered the Morotabas mouth of the river, twenty-four miles from Kuchin, the town or capital of Sarawak. 'Our first sight of the country and the people,' Mrs. McDougall wrote, 'was indeed exciting, and filled us with delight. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this river and country—it is wild without being savage and soft without tameness. High purple mountains tower over slopes covered with splendid foliage, the trees grow until they dip their branches in the river, and the cottages nestle amongst them at the margin.'

On reaching Kuchin they found the Rajah absent on an expedition, but were hospitably received at his bungalow by

his *locum tenens*, Mr. Crookshank, until a temporary home could be made for them elsewhere, while the mission house was building.

Their arrival was a very timely one, for immediately after Willie Brereton, the young son of the Rev. C. D. Brereton, of Massingham, who had had much to do in persuading them to go to Borneo, came in from a shooting excursion and fell ill with jungle fever. There was no other medical man in the place, and for a time M^c^Dougall had but little hopes of his life, but by God's mercy through the medical skill and nursing bestowed upon him he recovered. This illness, on account of the silence and quiet demanded by sickness in the house, accelerated their removal to their temporary dwelling. This building, built originally by a German missionary for himself, consisted of a ground story forming a large room in which justice was administered, which gave it the name of the Court House, and one or two smaller rooms adjoining, with four rooms over. It gave but poor accommodation for two families and Mr. Harrington Parr, a young friend who had accompanied them from England, but made them only the more eager to commence the mission house. Mrs. M^c^Dougall in her journal describes their settling into the Court House, and that scarcely had they done so when the Rajah reached the mouth of the river in the 'Meander,' with Captain the Hon. H. Keppel, on route for Labuan. On his arrival at Sarawak on the evening of September 5 the town was *en fête*; 'the native boats which had gone down the river to meet him returned with their gongs beating, guns began to fire from all quarters, and illuminations were lit up,' to which they did their best to add their quota. 'Our gentlemen,' she said, 'went over to see Sir James Brooke, who had also a complete levée of natives around him before he had done dinner. The next day he came over to see us, with such a retinue that our little room was full to overflowing. He is the kindest and most considerate person in the world. He walked up the hill with Frank to see about the place for

the church and house, and from thence paid a visit to the school to see Mr. Wright. Our house is beset with visitors, and will be, I suppose, while the "Meander" is here.'

Bravely as she had parted from her eldest child, he seems to have been ever in her thoughts, and her heart hungered for news of him. During the six years up to their first return home no mail seems to have given her the opportunity of writing that she did not address a letter to the kind friends who had taken charge of him, as if beseeching for a reply. In one of these letters, dated Sept. 21, 1848, she writes: 'God is very good to us in giving us such friends as you and John are. This thought is the most efficient check I have recourse to when a spirit of despondency seizes me or when I am unduly sad at the distance which parts me from all my heart's treasures. But this feeling is only very occasional and I have no excuse for it; I ought ever to bear about the most thankful heart in the world for all the mercies with which we are surrounded here, and the merciful tidings which the mail has hitherto brought us. You are so kind in writing regularly; do not weary of it, most precious friends, for you can never know, unless you were similarly placed, all alone in a new world, how refreshing and comforting home letters are, how they gird us up for the following weeks, supplying us with pleasant thoughts and images of you all. There is no virtue in my writing home regularly, for it is my greatest pleasure, and one I could not be happy without. I have no one to talk to except my dear husband, and when we do get a chat we have so many business matters to discuss, that it leaves little time for what is nearest our hearts. Sometimes Frank suddenly says to me, "How much happier our boy is than we could make him, and what much better impressions he is receiving than he would get here!" True enough, for the more observing he is the more he would suffer from living the first years of his life in a heathen country. We can scarcely appreciate the great strength of our earliest impressions, the hallowing influence of a

Christian Sabbath, the music of church bells, the venerable building sacred to God's service which has an awfulness to a child, giving him his best and truest idea of God Himself; then the constant outflowings of love, neighbourly kindness, and Christian charity with which a child is surrounded in a Christian home—lessons never to be forgotten, finding a ready sympathy in the tender heart of a child which no steeling of future years can obliterate. If I felt on leaving England that we did right in not bringing Charley with us, I am now fully convinced of it, and, believe me, my Ellen, if any mother's feeling sometimes makes me long to fold him in my arms, I would not wish to take him from yours. If the moving even of my finger would bring him, he should remain where he is.'

In his first report from Sarawak to the Rev. C. D. Brereton, and before the arrival of the Rajah, M^c^Dougall describes his choice of the ground on which he proposed to build the church and permanent mission buildings, and the narrow quarters in which, until those buildings could be prepared, the missionary party was located, and he mentions that he had established a dispensary. 'This,' he says, 'has succeeded admirably, and has fully occupied me with patients every week-day from 12 to 2 or 3 o'clock. They mostly come to me; those that cannot come I visit. On looking at my case-book I see that I have had fifty fresh cases this last fortnight, of which one half were ague, fever, and rheumatism, the remainder diarrhœa, bronchitis, and surgical cases. I hope that the Rajah will found a hospital. It would be of great use. I have had several Dyak patients. They appear a fine, guileless, honest-hearted people; very much may be done with them even in this generation, but the only way of fully reaching them will be by having men who will live amongst them. A dozen, aye twenty men, might each find a noble sphere of labour amongst the various tribes, of which I am told there are now at least five and twenty in our Rajah's territory, besides the numerous bordering tribes, which are all accessible. I would

willingly give myself to one or two tribes and live amongst them entirely, but I believe that my vocation is here. As soon as Dr. Treacher comes over on his way to Labuan I must take the opportunity of leaving my patients in his hands to visit some of the tribes myself, to see where stations can best be chosen for acting on the greatest number. I hope by the next mail to forward the plans for the church and house, and that you will like them, especially as I must not only be architect, but head joiner, carpenter, and blacksmith, and must make a working-model for everything. It should be our endeavour to do what is to be done substantially, and in a manner worthy of the Church of England. Nothing shall be wanting on my part to do what is necessary both cheaply and well. We expect the Rajah, or Sir James, as he is now called, in about a fortnight. There is to be a grand feast among the natives on his arrival. There will also, most probably, be an early expedition against the piratical Dyaks on the Serebas and Sakarran rivers, who are now "out" with twenty boats. About six weeks ago they were "out" and killed fifteen poor fellows belonging to Sadong and took their heads.'

In undertaking to carry out the mission buildings in this independent manner, he seems to have taken the committee by surprise, as they had expected the usual building routine to be observed, and architect's plans and estimates to be followed by tenders and contracts to be submitted to them. But when they found what manner of man they had to do with they very wisely gave him a free hand, and the result was that the works were carried out with great success, and in a climate where a very few years are generally sufficient to render buildings ruinous, the church and mission house at Sarawak were completed not only economically, but substantially.

At the same time he spared no pains to obtain the best advice on the subject. In May 1849 he writes from Singapore, to which place he had run over in an E. I. Government steamer, to consult Major Faber and Mr. Thomson, the mili-

tary and civil engineers there, about some points of the church on which he doubted his own opinion, but which he was glad to find they confirmed. And again he begs his correspondent to consult Captain Bethune on the subject of lightning conductors for the church and mission house, which he thought absolutely necessary to protect wooden buildings at Sarawak from fire, a subject to which he again returns, saying that he had had a letter at a later date from Major Faber cautioning him about the church, for which he predicted a fiery fate if due precautions were not taken.

In a letter written on August 1, 1848, to the Rev. T. Stooks, Honorary Secretary of the Borneo Church Mission, he says:

'We use the dispensary in the morning for an adult school. We have already six scholars who understand a little English, and are desirous to learn to read and write. As soon as we can get a suitable place we shall open a children's school, but I am in no great hurry to begin it, as a little time will enable Wright and myself to know the language better. I am learning to speak it by frequent converse with the natives, but when I shall have time for the literary part of the language I hardly know, certainly not until our building operations are under way. The Mohammedan Lent began yesterday, which the Malays keep very strictly. My patients, who are very fond of medicine, would not touch a drop yesterday before sunset. In one case where a man was very ill and needed it much, he persisted in refusing, but said that I might give him or do anything with him after sunset. Though they worship God in error, I am sure that they do it in sincerity. These Mohammedans are certainly a rebuke to the Christians in these countries, who have the light but choose not to walk in it.' He adds: 'I consider this a very healthy place. No one need fear the climate who will take care of himself, and live on dry ground; but this house, I am sorry to say, stands almost in the river; high tides surround it, and I fear that if we have to stay here very long, we shall

some of us feel the effects of the situation. When the spring tides come they surround us, and retiring leave a good deal of decaying vegetable matter, which drying in the hot sun engenders miasma.'

In forming the opinion that the climate was a healthy one, Mr. McDougall must have been influenced by his sanguine temperament, for, as we shall see, the history of the mission and of the Europeans of the settlement was one of constant sickness and incapacity from the climate, through which none passed unscathed, and from which none suffered more cruelly than did he and his successor in the bishopric. It is hard for those who stay at home to realise the effect upon European constitutions of long-continued residence in tropical or equatorial regions. This expression of opinion on McDougall's part reminds us of a speech once delivered by an eminent and eloquent prelate, since departed, in which, describing a region still more deadly than Borneo, namely, the delta of a South African river, he said that it was a mistake to suppose that it was unhealthy, all that was required was to take a good dose of quinine every day, and then the European constitution might brave it. Whether good Bishop Mackenzie, to whom the orator was wishing God-speed, held the same opinion we can never tell, but we may be sure that his confidence was not in the drug. It is, however, curious that in the disastrous expedition in which his life was sacrificed, it was to the loss of his quinine and other medicines by the capsizing of his canoe on the river Shire, an affluent of the Zambesi, that his death by fever was attributed.

Mr. McDougall was not long in learning a little more of the climate, for on October 26 he writes: 'I am sorry to say that I have been laid up since I last wrote [about six weeks before] with a sharp attack of fever, and now, though convalescent, I can scarcely hold my pen, owing to the large abscesses which are forming one under each arm.' This, however, he thought due to the insalubrious building which they

were inhabiting, and hoped much from their removal to the mission house upon College Hill, which he looked for in about six months; but the change at the best was from an insanitary dwelling in an unhealthy climate, to one in the same climate under better conditions. He sends, he says, 'a picture from his wife's pencil and plan of the house for the approval of the committee. You will see that it will be in keeping with the church, which will be on the next hill and within a stone's throw. I have named the hills College Hill and Church Hill. The clearing of the former is nearly completed, and I have just got over 200 nice young nutmeg trees to plant round the house. I had to level the top of the hill, finding nothing but loose sand to the depth of five or six feet, when we found good firm clay on which to lay our foundations and sleepers. To carry this out I procured shovels, and made wheelbarrows, and when the Chinese workmen refused to use anything but their wretched little baskets and hoes, I called in a gang of Malays, who have proved excellent navvies, and have done the work in one month instead of three. It was, and still is, quite amusing to witness the interest the wheelbarrows and shovels occasioned, which, as well as the idea of levelling for a foundation, was quite new to these people. They always drive piles for the foundation of their own houses, which are never built to last.' The same experience has followed elsewhere the introduction of wheelbarrows among Orientals. In one case, we may remember that the labourers objected that it did not make the work much lighter, for they insisted on carrying the loaded wheelbarrows on their heads. The authorities at home seem to have taken fright at the idea that his mission was too much occupied with the bodies rather than the souls of men; but he replied: 'You must not be under any apprehension that my medical employment here, even if it were not temporary, as it is, will be of the smallest hindrance to my more immediate missionary duties. The dispensing at first took up a good deal of my time, but now I have taught my servant to

do it—one hour in the day, from 12 to 1, enabling me to do all that is required. Indeed, if I had not had the excuse of my medical capacity I should certainly never have been able to have got into the people's houses, and to have gained their confidence as I have done. Had they considered me merely as a padre or clergyman, their jealousy might have been roused as in Mr. ——'s case, and it would perhaps have taken years to have placed us in our present position; but now that, with God's help, I have been instrumental in saving the lives of some and the limbs of others, they listen with attention to what I say to them as padre. When I speak the language better, I shall be able to communicate with them more freely than I do now upon religious matters. As it is, both in school and out, I endeavour as far as I am able to develop and encourage those principles of religion, truth, and equity, which they (as Mohammedans) hold in common with ourselves; beyond this we do not dare to go, and we must be cautious.'

He also explains what he had been doing in the establishment of a school. This was in charge of the Rev. J. W. Wright, and when first started created great interest among the natives, as well adults as children, although with the novelty the interest wore off.

It is strange that the home committee should have been alarmed at the medical side of the mission, for the prospect of such a development was made one of its leading features from its very commencement, or, at least, as soon as Mr. McDougall had agreed to become its head. The importance of a knowledge of surgery and medicine in undertakings of this kind is now not only universally acknowledged, but medical missions, as they are termed, are being established with the happiest results. It is one of the glories of Christianity that she came with gifts of healing in her hands, and that, following the ancient traditions of the Church, hospitals have sprung up through Christendom, the embodiment as it were of the thought of its Founder. This cannot be denied

even by those to whom a miracle appears an impossibility, and it is becoming one of the commonplaces of the Christian advocate. But if miracles are not now to be expected and the gifts of science have replaced them, it seems imperative upon those who seek to preach Christianity that they should make medical science its companion, for it is unreasonable at all times to expect success without the use of the natural means.

These things were not so well understood forty years ago as they are now, but, whether it were intended by its managers at home or not, the fact remains that Bishop M^c^Dougall's enterprise was in effect the first medical mission of the Church of England.

In September 1848, shortly after his arrival, the Rajah made Mr. M^c^Dougall a magistrate. The arrangement was for him with two other English residents, Messrs. Roupell and Hentig, to act in cases in which Europeans alone were concerned, but for Mr. Crookshank and the Datus, or Malay chiefs, to decide when the natives were litigants, three magistrates being required in every dispute. Nothing, however, turned on this appointment. M^c^Dougall accepted it unwillingly, thinking it an invidious office for a clergyman, and we have no record of his having acted in any case of interest.

In founding a new mission upon an enduring basis, the first thing to be provided for is the establishment of schools. Setting aside exceptional cases of more than ordinary mental power or goodness, the first adult generation is liable, even after baptism, to be but half Christianised, and it is to the second that we must look for consistent professors. But to provide teachers and a native clergy education under superior European instruction appears indispensable, and it is to the influence of such training acting upon those who alone can fully enter into the thought of their countrymen that some authorities seem now to look as the only means of effecting

any movement *en masse* among Orientals. To the importance of this Mr. McDougall was very much alive, and, in addition to the day-schools open to all comers, he determined to have a home school in which the children could be educated apart from Malay or other native influence, by receiving them from their parents and undertaking their entire care. In this idea the Rajah quite agreed, directing for a commencement that four children, orphans, whose fathers were English, should be given up by their mothers to the missionaries, and promising a sufficient allowance of rice out of the public stores for their food. To the arrangement no objection seems to have been made by the mothers, and to carry it out the mission house was built of sufficient size to contain under one roof both teachers and scholars as well as the mission establishment. On reception into the school, all infants were received into the Church by baptism, Mrs. McDougall generally standing as godmother to them. The baptism of more adult children was delayed until they were sufficiently instructed to answer for themselves.

This school became a great feature in the history of the mission, and its numbers were continually increased as opportunity offered. On the return of the Rajah from warlike expeditions, any orphan infant children who were taken were added to it, and children were constantly brought voluntarily by their parents. In the last instances formal agreements were entered into with the parents, who bound themselves to leave the children with the mission for a period of ten years, and consented that they should be baptized and brought up as Christians. Whether and how far such agreements were binding in Sarawak might be questionable, but the difficulty soon arose, and was met in the following manner. In August 1857, Mr. McDougall wrote: 'Since my last, I have been obliged to give up two of my most promising boys. Song Tong is the only son of a widow, who came into some property unexpectedly, and left this for China a few days

back. I could not refuse to let the boy accompany his mother, but I thought it necessary to bring the affair as a breach of contract before the magistrate in court, when a small fine was inflicted on the mother; and the other children's parents who were in court warned that they could not break their agreements with me by removing their children from the school before the expiration of the stipulated period, without rendering themselves liable to be fined in the amounts of the cost of their maintenance during the whole time they might have been there. This, I hope, will put an effectual check upon the withdrawal of any others.'

In the other case, the boy was received into the school during Mr. McDougall's absence, and the agreement was executed by an uncle on the statement that he had brought the boy from a distance, that the father was missing and the mother dead, and that he considered the child his own. At the end of eight months, the father turned up, claiming the child to take him back with him to China. In this case, as the uncle had no right to make the agreement, nothing remained but to give up the boy. 'God grant,' he adds, 'that their baptism and the early impressions that they both received here may not be entirely lost to them.' The mixed schools were eventually undertaken and supported by the Government, but, beyond the gift of rice already mentioned, this home school, which they always considered of primary importance to the cause, was maintained by the mission and its friends. Many good people at home assisted in its support, and with their pecuniary aid sometimes gave their name to the children at their baptism. Whether this latter gift was advantageous was perhaps questionable. Some years afterwards, Mrs. McDougall mentions a little girl to whom the name of a noble family had been given, who could not be persuaded that her father was not a great English Rajah, and she herself of much importance. Mrs. McDougall was unwearied in her care for the school, making the children her

own special care, and giving them as free and liberal an education as was possible. 'To tell you truth,' she said, 'I never tell them that all sorts of good and kind persons give their money that they may be fed and taught, as I don't like the "umble" system. They know God feeds them, but how they do not speculate, and they certainly think that it is our bounden duty to do all we can for them; so they are the most independent, merry-hearted little rascals on the face of the earth. But I am very thankful to all the dear people who help us.'

During his first year, while urging upon the Society at home the necessity of affording him further assistance, he made a comprehensive report giving the results of his observations up to that date upon the country and people, and which is interesting as showing the plan of operations which he had then formed. After remarking upon the admirable position of Kuchin, the city of Sarawak, as a centre for the superintendence of the Society's operations in the country, he says:

'My impression of the Malays (whose number in this town is now nearly or quite 12,000, and is rapidly increasing; upwards of 1,000 settlers having arrived within the last twelve months) is that they are a clever, intelligent, and tractable people, who under a good settled Government will rapidly rise in wealth, power, and influence. Their manners are very pleasing, and, though naturally reserved and slow in giving their confidence, when that is gained I think they may be fully trusted. Of their old piratical and predatory habits, here at least, scarcely a vestige remains. Their moral character is respectable; polygamy scarcely obtains among them, except with the royal family and highest classes. They are good fathers and husbands, and kind to their slaves. Many that I have conversed with seem to have a deep sense of those truths of religion which Mohammedanism inculcates; and, though jealous and ready to take offence at any ill-timed or inju-

dicious attempts at introducing the more directly Christian truths to them, I think that we have sufficient common ground with them to enable us to bring them gradually to embrace those higher truths, whose sudden introduction would at once drive them away and set them against our teaching. There is every reason to hope that by the judicious instruction of the adults in our day-school, and the careful education of such children as may be placed entirely under our control, the Malays of Sarawak will, at no very distant period, be brought into the Christian fold, though it must be admitted that many of them are strict Mohammedans and firmly attached to their creed, which they propagate successfully among the tribes of Dyaks and other aborigines with whom they are in contact.' This hope respecting the Malays has never been fulfilled, but it cannot be considered a special discredit to the Borneo Church Mission to have failed in an attempt universally unsuccessful elsewhere. The author is not aware of any Mohammedan country which has been converted to Christianity in recent times, or indeed, in any times except by the methods of which Ferdinand and Isabella were exponents among their Moorish subjects, which could scarcely be proposed in the nineteenth century or to the Rajah at Sarawak.

Mr. M^c^Dougall then continues : ' Next spring it is expected that the Sarebas and Sakarran Rivers, inhabited by swarms of piratical Dyaks, will be thrown open and brought perfectly under our control by means of a powerful expedition which the Rajah and Captain Keppel have planned against them. These two rivers together with the Sirike form a high road into the very interior of Borneo, and traverse the regions inhabited by the Kyans, described as a brave and intelligent people, far more numerous than the Dyaks and estimated by tens and hundreds of thousands.' ' Vast openings then for the propagation of the Gospel are presenting themselves on every side. These interesting natives are all ripe for a change for the better. Their old superstitious remnants of Buddhism

are fast wearing out, and almost every vestige of a religious system among them has disappeared, but still it is evident that even amongst the most debased of our hill Dyaks their unknown God has not left Himself without a witness. They all acknowledge a Supreme Power, who made all things, and whom they believe to declare His will in the songs and flights of birds, in the appearance of the stars and the face of the sky, though they think that He leaves the more immediate control of their affairs to various inferior good or evil spirits, whom they dread and worship. As their respect for these their "antoos" or local demons is from their contact with Europeans, or even Mohammedans, rapidly diminishing, their only feelings of devotion and reverence are fast wearing away, and the question becomes daily more momentous, who shall declare the unknown God whom they have so long been feeling after in the dark night of heathenism and superstition from which they are now about to emerge. Shall He be set forth to them as the awful and irresistible Creator and King whom the Mohammedan serves at a distance, or shall we Christians reveal to them their God as one in whom they not only live and move and have their being, but with whom they have an intimate relation, and whose mercies fail them not because he is their Father who has sent His son to reconcile them to Himself and to make them children of God and heirs of eternal life?' He then points out that single-handed he could do nothing; that, however willingly his visits might be received by the Dyaks, they would only excite the Islamising spirit of the Malays, by whom in the absence of a European the Dyaks were completely managed. That for those reasons and on account of the language, of which the different tribes spoke different dialects, they required at once several devoted young single men, clergymen or catechists, to be placed at different stations, there to associate with the natives, learn their dialects, and instruct them in some of the useful arts while at the same time they imparted religious know-

ledge. He added, that it would only be necessary for these men to remain at the stations for about eight months in the year, for at the rice-growing season the Dyaks left their towns and villages for their paddy grounds, which were scattered all over their respective territories; that during those intervals it would be advantageous for the missionaries to return to the mission house at Kuchin to assist their brethren in the schools and ministration of the Church, leading a kind of collegiate life with leisure for study, which they could never have while residing among the inquisitive natives.

This plan was the more appropriate from its falling in with and being suggested by the system adopted by the Rajah for the government of the country. He had early surrounded himself with a number of young men, his own relatives, and others mostly youths of good family who had thrown in their lot with him, and over whom he exercised an unbounded and almost paternal influence. His plan was, whenever any tribe submitted to his rule, to build a small fort at the mouth of the river on which it was located—and it may be remembered that all the important tribes of Sea Dyaks were so situated—and in every such fort to place one of these gentlemen as governor of the district to establish order and put down piracy. The missionary would then build his house and eventually his church close to and under the protection of the fort, and, without interference on either side, he and the resident would be able to co-operate in their common work of civilisation. But, as M^{c}Dougall afterwards explained, he did not intend that the missionaries should be isolated except for the society of the residents, but that two missionaries or one ordained missionary and a catechist, as soon as they knew sufficient Malay, which he said is the Latin of these countries, should be located together. In the case of a married man the wife might, he thought, be able to supersede the catechist.

In November 1848 he reports that his wife, who had been in very delicate health, had been confined with a fine boy,

whom it pleased God to take from them. On this occasion her husband was, unhappily, a day's journey from her on the river, and she had no assistance except that of the native women and her English servant; but it does not appear that if he had been present he could have saved the child.

In January 1849 he writes: 'My wife is, I am happy to say, getting better gradually. Our little Christian children, her own especial charge, are extremely attached to her, and are civilising fast. It is astonishing how they have improved in appearance and behaviour in so short a time, and it is quite delightful to hear the elder ones lisping the Lord's Prayer in Malay.'

She had never formally proposed to undertake any direct missionary work any more than her husband had undertaken to act as chaplain and doctor on board the 'Mary Louisa,' but when anything presented itself to be done which she could deem a duty, she threw herself into it at once and pursued it with all her energy. At the end of their first year, when the question rose how the female school was to be carried on, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and, mentioning her great dislike to teaching, added: 'I will do what I can for the mission, if only for Frank's sake, who makes no trouble of any work, however disagreeable, and whose whole heart and soul is devoted to the natives. The women are very pleasing; they are really ladylike in their manners, their shyness with men giving them a reserved, dignified sort of behaviour; but I do not know much of them yet—they are lazy to an incredible extent.'

His hopes and aspirations were rudely checked when he found himself left alone by the departure of his coadjutor, Mr. Wright. This gentleman seems to have become dissatisfied with his position or found the work unsuitable, and retired with Mrs. Wright to Singapore, in spite of every effort that was made to retain him. He ultimately became the principal of the Raffles Institution for boys in that place, and he is

mentioned occasionally by the Bishop or Mrs. M^c^Dougall as having been seen by them there on their visits, in one of which he was admitted into priest's orders by the former. It was never intended that the mission should be carried on single-handed. At its commencement it had consisted of three clergymen, but one of those that were chosen, the Rev. S. Montgomery, died very suddenly of fever caught while ministering to the poor in his parish, and there had been no time to replace him; and now Mr. Wright was lost to it. Mr. M^c^Dougall's letters urged the committee to send him help, but it was not easy to do so. One name was proposed by him as that of a 'most valuable man if the committee could procure his services,' and one likely to offer them, the Rev. Thomas Colenso, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford; but that might not be, for he was already seriously ill, and died in October in that year. Mr. Colenso was the brother of the Bishop of Natal and educated by him—a distinguished scholar and beloved by all who knew him. It will scarcely be thought irrelevant, at least by his many friends who still survive, to recall the memory that he had ever thought of joining the Borneo Mission. Men with the qualifications necessary for the office must always be hard to find. There will be candidates, but when those are eliminated who have been failures at home, and are therefore ready to embrace any change; who seek health rather than work, or whose intellects are feeble even if their intentions are good, or may desire ordination as a social advancement, and thereby find their motive for offering themselves, the residuum is small. At that time neither university sent any of her alumni to fill the gap, at least in Borneo. There is no doubt but that a great change in this respect has taken place. The extension of the Episcopate has raised the position of the missionary clergy, men of distinction are becoming more ready to come forward, and they do not feel that in so doing they fall into a lower caste, and are thereby to be expatriated for life. Steam and the tele-

graph are uniting the most distant countries and abolishing distances. Even the greater facility for acquiring foreign languages is something. These are, of course, mere lay views on the subject. If Bishop McDougall could have been asked what he wanted he would have tersely said, 'You must send me a good man—good to work and by God's grace good in himself, and a gentleman.' Mrs. McDougall, in one of her letters written about this time, gives her opinion as to the qualities required. 'I am more and more struck with the peculiar character a man ought to have to be a good missionary. It is indispensable that he should be favoured by nature with quick senses—eyes and ears at least, better leave nose at home —and a quick mental perception. Good health and activity are, of course, desirable. He must have no absurd English prejudices such as that natives of other countries are savages because they do not wear tail coats. He must be able to assimilate himself, his tastes and ideas, to his people, and at the same time to raise theirs to a higher standard. He must have a ready tongue for language and nicety of pronunciation. I say nothing of the qualification which people in England alone think necessary, true piety; of course the rest without it would only be of a civilising character, but alone it will do little—thus we see some of the best and most pious men have done nothing as missionaries. Henry Martyn's *death* did a great deal for the cause of missions at home, and his translation of the Persian Bible is, no doubt, invaluable, but as a missionary he did nothing. There have been numbers of such men who have lived in books and can only produce books, and who, if not reading, are meditating, and very little at home in their bodies. They lay all they have at Christ's feet, and no doubt will receive their reward for their self-denial; but the work they do in building up a mission or influencing those to whom they are sent is nought, and it is looking for a miracle to expect otherwise.'

The loss of the Wrights did not stop the schools. The

boys' school was undertaken on a temporary engagement by a young gentleman named Steel, who afterwards entered the Government employ, and while in charge of the fort at Kanowik lost his life in an engagement with the piratical party. Mr. McDougall describes him as a well-educated young man, sincere in his religious professions, and an old Blue-coat boy, having been educated at Christ's Hospital in London. The want of a mistress for the female children was supplied, as soon as her services for her mistress could be dispensed with, by Mrs. McDougall's excellent nurse, Elizabeth Richardson, who had been well educated and was quite capable of teaching. She subsequently married Stahl, the carpenter of the 'Mary Louisa,' who followed them to Sarawak after the wreck, and took charge of the church and mission buildings during their erection. She afterwards returned to England, and, becoming a widow, rejoined her mistress, to whom she was devoted, and lived with her until her death. Mrs. Stahl still survives as an attached and honoured friend and servant in the house of one of Mrs. McDougall's daughters. The rest of his work Mr. McDougall was then obliged to carry on single-handed, and, what with preaching, building, teaching, and doctoring, had scope for all his energies.

In August 1849 they took possession of the mission house, and he wrote the following letter to his brother-in-law:—

'Mission House, College Hill, Sarawak: 12 Aug.

'My dear Charlie,—A boat has just come up from the "Meander," lying outside *en route* for Singapore, and as it returns immediately I have only time to write to you to say that we are all quite well, and exceedingly comfortable and pleased with our new house, in which we are now at last settled. Harriette is none the worse for the fatigue of moving, and enjoys her new abode exceedingly. We have had great work here lately in the fighting way. Our fleet under the Rajah, with every available native and Englishman, is now away, ac-

companied by the "Nemesis," the "Royalist," and the boats of the "Albatross," under Captain Farquhar, who commands the English force. On July 31 they fell in with a pirate fleet, that had been attacking a place to the eastward of this, and completely smashed it. They took and burned one hundred Prahus, killed at least 500 pirates; vast numbers of the poor wretches were drowned, and from 1,500 to 2,000 escaped ashore into the jungle. Since this our fleet has gone up into the interior. The first and only news we had of the victory was a hurried pencil note the Rajah sent to Harriette. While these people were getting their deserts up there, a detachment of their fleet which had been to the westward plundering the Dutch coast entered our river, and in the dead of night attacked the little flourishing fishing village at its mouth, and cut off the heads of every man, woman, and child they could get hold of. Some escaped and were brought up here, one poor old fellow, I am trying to cure, has six spear wounds through him besides a cleft skull. The "Albatross," is lying here as our guard-ship, but manned only by the boys, idlers, and invalids. They are under my medical care, as all the naval surgeons are with the expedition, also the sick men of the "Royalist" for whom I have a hospital. I have also lots of work on Sundays, as there is a service on board the "Albatross" and one at the hospital besides my own regular ones. We have a sick midshipman of the "Royalist" in the house with us; most of the invalids are suffering from Labuan fever, which has tried the crews of the "Nemesis" and "Royalist" very much. Tell Stooks my despatches for him will come by the next opportunity and, I hope, will be at Singapore in time for the September mail. As regards the future success of our mission, everything promises well if proper men are sent. . . .

'Ever your affectionate Brother,

'F. T. McDOUGALL.'

During the whole of this period we hear of his medical

and surgical practice. Thus in the 'Singapore Free Press' of July 7 we read of an accident which occurred at Sarawak on board the H. C. steamer 'Nemesis' during the firing of a salute in honour of her Majesty's birthday, 'when a cartridge exploding shattered both the arms of the poor fellow who was loading the gun.' The amputation of both arms being found necessary, the operation was performed by the Rev. Mr. M°Dougall and Dr. Treacher, who happened to be on the spot *en route* for Singapore. It was carried out under chloroform, and the patient was progressing most favourably on the departure of the 'Albatross.' And again on the return of the expedition it is mentioned in the Life of the Rajah that one of his patients was a Malay who had been wounded by a barbed spear, which had entered his back and was in such dangerous proximity to the spine that the naval surgeons were afraid to extract it, and contented themselves with cutting off the shaft. Mr. M°Dougall undertook the operation, and, to the astonishment of all, succeeded in abstracting the barbed spear-head, and so saving the man's life. He was very unwilling, however, that his surgery should interfere with his clerical duties. In a letter of August 25, he writes: 'I hope, now that the war excitement is over, to get on with the Malay Prayer-Book, as the care of the sick and wounded added to my other duties has fully occupied my time;' and three days afterwards: 'This has been a happy day to me, as it has pleased God to allow us after many delays and difficulties publicly to lay the foundation of our church.'

'At one o'clock the Rajah and suite and all the naval officers in full dress, together with all the English residents, assembled at the mission, and we then went in procession to Church Hill, where the workmen's shed was dressed with evergreens and the flags of the "Albatross," and the foundation sleeper, an enormously heavy block of iron wood slung over the trench, was lowered into its place by the Rajah. It was a delightful service to me. May God prosper our work! We put

in all the Victoria coins we could collect, and over that we nailed the inscription.' [1]

The day before, in anticipation of the event, Mrs. McDougall wrote: 'To-morrow the first block of the church is to be laid by the Rajah at four o'clock in the afternoon. We invite the principal natives, and the Rajah will explain to them the meaning of the ceremony. He is very anxious at all times that the Malays should not think that we came here to convert them—in fact, he says always, "Religion is a good thing, but one religion need not interfere with another." I always say "It must; great is the truth, and it shall prevail," but I know that Sir J. Brooke thinks that Mohammedanism is but one shade lower than Christianity. However, I dare say that he will make a nice little speech on the occasion, and it will be a very interesting one to us. May God fill the church when it is built! I had two Hadgis with me this morning with a number of women, and I invited them to be present to-morrow. The Rajah and his party, and the "Albatross" officers, and all the English here, are coming to me at one o'clock to lunch, and then we proceed to the church ground.' This programme was carried out, and the day finished by a dinner given on board the 'Albatross' to the European inhabitants of the place. To this Mr. McDougall went, but returned early with Captain Farquhar, who was unwell, and spent the evening at the mission-house. 'I have a house full,' adds his wife; 'every sofa occupied, and sometimes even the rugs on the floors.'

It was a great relief to them to have moved from the cramped and unhealthy court-house to their new and more airy dwelling on the hill. In a letter to his friend Mr. Robson, he says: 'The people look upon it as a wonder.' Several have

[1] Aedis hujusce Sacrosanctae in honorem Beatae ac individuae Trinitatis, S. Thomae Apostolo dicatae, Jacobus Brooke, stirpe Anglicus, Saravacensis Rajah Primus, Eques Balnei ordinis illustrissimi, solum ipse pie elargitus, trabem auspicalem posuit, F. T. McDougall Sacellano colonisque omnibus opus precibus consecrantibus. V. Cal. Sextiles, A.D. MDCCCXLIX.

told me that no Malay could have built it without the help of jins—that is, genii—and asked me if I had procured their services; and the church, which will, of course, be much more substantial and massive, will astonish them more.' These buildings still remain to attest the persevering ability of their architect, and will be remembered by many—not only the few who may have been visitors at Sarawak, but by those who have seen the sketches and drawings which Mrs. McDougall constantly sent home to delight her relations, and interest her friends in the mission. The permanence of the buildings is undoubtedly to be attributed to the material with which they are constructed, namely, the balean or bilian wood, the iron wood of Borneo, which seems to be the most durable material which the island offers, and, like English oak in England, capable of lasting for centuries.

After his expedition against the pirates, Sir J. Brooke appears to have suffered greatly from fever and ague, and on November 2 Mr. McDougall writes: 'The Rajah has been very ill lately with intermittent, the remains of his Labuan fever, which he has never been able entirely to shake off. I was obliged to prevent his going to Labuan last week by H.M.S. "Reynard," which he had determined to do, but I remonstrated strongly with him, and he gave up the idea; were he to go there in his present state, he would probably get the fever again and die.' In December following he adds: 'The Rajah, thank God, has got better, and has by my advice left here in the "Nemesis" for Penang Hill, where he purposes spending the next two or three months for change of air and quiet; and he wants me to join him there as soon as my wife can bear the journey, that she also may benefit by the change, which she much needs. This, I fear, will not be feasible, both on account of the difficulty of my leaving and the expense; but it will be absolutely necessary to take her over to Singapore for special medical advice.'

'On November 5,' Mrs. McDougall writes in her journal

'our little boy Thomas Brooke was born. He seemed a healthy, strong child, and we rejoiced very much over him; but when he had lived five days in this world, it pleased God to take him to Himself. On the fourth day after his birth I became dangerously ill with fever and inflammation, so that my dear husband was at the same time threatened with the loss both of his wife and child, but God graciously heard our prayers for my recovery. Although my illness was a great source of pain and anxiety to Frank, who had no medical man to whom he could refer or who could comfort him by taking any responsibility from him, to me, except as I grieved for him, it has been little else but pleasure. To be so nursed and tended by Frank would compensate for any pain, and while the memory of that has already passed away, the delightful conviction of his love will make all the rest of my life happier.' Her life, as we learn from another source, had been despaired of, and much sympathy had been felt in the little community. The Rajah, who was at Labuan, wrote: 'In this case the lady is so much loved and respected, so amiable and so clever, that we should indeed deplore her loss and despair of readily making it good.' When she was apparently recovering favourably from her severe attack of puerperal fever, her husband wrote to his brother-in-law, that as she began to rally a second attack came on with severe local complications, and that on the advice of Dr. Traill, who had come over unexpectedly in the 'Albatross' from Singapore, he had accepted the very kind offer of Captain Troubridge to take him with his wife and child over to the latter place in H.M.S. 'Amazon' for change and medical treatment.

To those who knew them both, the speculation will naturally arise, What would he have done had he lost her? At this point she wrote to her sister (on December 29): 'Do you know, Nelly dear, that while I was so ill as to be in danger of dying, I used to think what Frank would do when I was dead, and I made up my mind that he would send Harry home to

England, and go amongst the Dyaks, living sometimes with one tribe, sometimes with another. Curiously enough, he told me the other day that was exactly what had occurred to him likewise. What a strange thing thought is!'

It seemed impossible to leave Harry behind them for an absence which threatened to last three months, but which on that account he greatly lamented, although he felt that the life and health of his wife were a sufficient justification of his absence, even for the sake of the mission alone. They both of them describe their child at this time as a fine, high-spirited and beautiful boy.

His father said of him three months before: 'Harry is growing a fine little fellow, and has a merry heart. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, and is always shooting, in imagination, at bears, alligators, deer, &c., with his wooden gun. He will soon talk Malay better than either his mother or myself, and amuses me very much at times with the conversation he carries on with the workpeople and servants. He has, however, considerable notions of his own dignity, and often considers himself insulted by what he calls "a nasty, dirty Dyak or Malay" taking him up in his arms and smelling at him, which is their way of kissing.' And his mother, shortly before her illness, wrote to her brother: 'Your little godson grows and thrives; he is tall and fairly stout, with pretty curling golden hair and great black eyes. He is tolerably good, and as fond of kissing as his mother. He will suddenly say "Lub mamma," and throw his arms round my neck, or to his papa or nurse either. I am in some danger of spoiling him, he is such a coax.' And constantly in her letters she speaks of her tender religious teaching—how he liked to go to their Church services, and how quiet he would sit; how he liked to say his prayers but not to learn a hymn, for which natural objection he might be well excused, poor baby!

On January 2 they started from Sarawak in a large boat, with an awning, for the 'Albatross,' from which they were to

be transhipped to the 'Amazon,' which was lying further out, and, after a good tossing, were whipped up or hoisted in an arm-chair to the deck of the larger vessel. She describes the frigate with delight, for she had never before sailed in a ship of war ; its beauty, airiness, and cleanliness, its wonderful discipline, and the noiselessness with which all the operations of navigation were conducted with a crew of 300 men ; the kindness of Captain Troubridge, the senior officer on the station, and the pleasure which they had in his society. This distinguished officer died within the year, to the great distress, among his many friends, of Mr. and Mrs. McDougall. It was not surprising that on the 9th, while at sea, her husband was able to report her rapid amendment in health ; but when they arrived at Singapore the great trial of their lives awaited them. They had been hospitably received by their friend, Mr Harvey, and on Sunday, the 13th, for the last time, she took her darling child out to church at his earnest request. His father preached, she said, and he behaved extremely well, standing up and sitting down at the right times, but in the evening he seemed very tired, and on the next day was taken ill, and died on January 31, aged three years and one month nearly. It happened very mercifully that the medical responsibility was not thrown upon his father. He had all the care and skill bestowed upon him that the best medical advice of Singapore could afford, but without avail. The first symptoms were those of dysentery, but when these passed off a malignant sore throat followed, which was fatal. It was, we believe, one of the earliest appearances of the malady now too well known as diphtheria. Travelling from the East, it ravaged in succession the countries of Europe, and has never left them.

His mother, in her journal, describes the illness and his sufferings, and the sweetness with which he bore them, his little innocent merriment at brighter intervals, and his patience and courteousness through nearly three weeks' pain and fever ;

that his greatest solace was to hear her sing to him; and she adds: 'But the last two days of his life, when he frequently begged me to sing, I sang over and over his own little hymn to the tune of "Old Robin Gray," and once, when I said to him, "My Harry, you are going to heaven; shall you like to go up in the blue sky to your little brothers?" he looked at me very earnestly, and his eyes smiled, but he said nothing. The last night he said several times, "Good-bye, papa," while he was sitting on his bed, so perhaps he knew that he was leaving us: several times also he said, "Poor mamma!" as if he knew what a grief it would be to me to lose him.'

We must not, however, dwell upon these distressing incidents, whose records it is even now hard to read without emotion. The story, touching as it is, is only a minor note in the deep groan of creation, which, as well before as since, has been rising to heaven, and in which we must ourselves hereafter help to swell the chorus, and, although it long saddened the lives, it did not break the hearts of the chief mourners.

On February 6 she wrote to her brother, enclosing her journal. 'The sad news that it contains will, I know, grieve you and Eliza, for you loved your little godson, and can think how painful it has been to us to part with so sweet a child. We have lost three children in the course of fifteen months; but I can scarcely now believe that I could vex for my babies, so much harder has it been to part with our bright and beautiful boy..... But do not think of us as grieving without hope; such is not the case; every day, I think, raises our heads from our child's grave to his bright and happy home.'

Those who have read the records of her life, in her letters and journals, will know that these three children were not the only victims taken from her by the climate, which to her proved so deadly. Two other infant boys were born, baptized, and died before her first return to England. We speak of the infants as victims to the climate. They seem all to have died from the same cause, an imperfect action of the

heart, arising, probably, from the weakness of their mother, and which did not affect the children which were given to her afterwards.

She has often in later years spoken to her brother, the compiler of these recollections, of the death of her children, five in the East and one a schoolboy in more advanced life; but in so doing she always came to the same conclusion, namely, that it was better to have had them and lost them than never to have had them. She looked on them as a sacred deposit in the hands of God, to be restored to her hereafter. And may we not believe that, in accordance with that hope, at the close of her noble life these children were not wanting among the heavenly watchers to receive her into the Eternal Kingdom?

CHAPTER III.

SARAWAK AND THE STRAITS, TO THEIR FIRST RETURN TO ENGLAND.

AFTER great sorrow nothing is more soothing than change of scene and the companionship of Nature in her beauty, with solitude not absolute, but broken by the society of a few and sympathising friends. The Rajah, who had found them at Singapore, himself *en route* from Labuan to the Government bungalow on the summit of Penang Hill, insisted on their accompanying him, although Mrs. McDougall would rather have returned to Sarawak. He would not take a refusal, but carried them off whether they would or no, and he behaved to them, as she said, 'like a brother.' They left Singapore on March 20, in a little steamer, the 'Hoogly,' with the Rajah and his companions, Mr. St. John and Mr. C. Grant, and arrived at Malacca on Sunday morning, proceeding the next day to Penang, which they reached on the Wednesday following. 'We felt,' she says, 'that Sunday as if we had begun a new life, for on Saturday evening we were very nearly sent to the bottom, run down by a large brig. The night was dark, and owing to our little steamer carrying no coloured lights, as steamers usually do, she did not see us until close upon us. I was sitting at the stern, when suddenly I found myself seized by the arm and dragged to the other end of the deck. I heard a confused noise of voices on board the brig; our captain cried, "Stand by," and crash the brig came against

us, smashing a boat and carrying away the flagstaff at the stern, the iron stanchions which held up the awning, and some spars. One moment sooner and she would have struck us amidships, and we should have gone down without a chance of safety. I had just time to think "I shall see Harry again," when the danger was over, and the brig was standing off from us, her dark sails towering over our little vessel. So near are we constantly to death!' In another letter to her sister-in-law of the same date (April 4, 1850) she describes their residence at Penang: 'The Hill is eight miles from the town, and Mr. Grant and I set off for it directly, the Rajah soon followed us, and Frank and Mr. St. John in the evening, having spent the morning shopping and selecting books at the Library; so here we are and have been the last fortnight. The bungalow consists of two houses joined by a covered walk ninety-three of my paces long. We, Mr. St. John, and the dining-room are at one end, the Rajah, Mr. Grant, and the drawing-rooms at the other. I do not know how much of the day is spent in pacing backwards and forwards along that covered walk, which, with its bed of scarlet geraniums on one side, and little odd orchideous flowers on the other, is quite peculiar to the place. But the view! never in your life did you see anything more lovely—yes, you may have in Switzerland, but I never did. We are 2,500 feet above the plain, and hills and valleys, sea and islands, rock and jungle, rivers of silver, nutmeg plantations and fields of sugar-cane, all lie stretched out at our feet, sometimes with constant change of light and shadow revealed to our view, sometimes wholly or in part veiled in cloud or lit up with the gold and purple of sunset. Too panoramic to sketch, but still I grudge doing anything except sketching. Although my poor sketches cannot convey the beauty of the scenery, still it is pleasant to be occupied with the view. It is difficult to bind your attention to a book when Nature's book is so much more attractive. We have three ponies and I sometimes ride, but

you know I do not care much for riding, and it tires me much more than walking. Mr. St. John has had a bilious fever since we came here, and for one week I was all day occupied with him, reading to him and amusing him as well as I could. Sir James has also been ill and is still ailing; so Frank has some doctoring to do, and a poor captain, dying near us of heart complaint, claims some of his time and attention. Every morning I have to fill two large jars with flowers, but this is the sum total of my duties. We have a famous garden, which winds round and round the hill, terrace above terrace, beds of roses, heliotrope, honeysuckle, and other English flowers, mixed with the tea plant and all sorts of foreign shrubs and foliage.

'But notwithstanding the beauty of the scenery and the pains our little party take to make me happy, I carry about such a heavy heart as nothing, I think, but a good kiss of my Charley (her boy in England) could relieve; but time and patience will, I am sure, have the same effect with patient hope. Last Sunday (Easter Day) gave me some comfort, for the words ring in my ears, "They that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." It consoles me, too, a little to think that by this time you all know of our trouble, and are sorry for us and with us.' That her friends at home entered into her sorrow was but natural; but one letter remains of the Rev. F. D. Maurice to her brother, who had written to him as having a special interest in Harry as his godfather, which is worth reading, showing how his thought re-echoed in her own :—

'Tunbridge Wells: April 4, 1850.

'My dear Sir,—I hope you will have been aware that I was absent from town when I received your sad note. Our poor friends, how very overwhelming their loss is! Our dear little godson is safe and at home, in no danger from the pollutions of a heathen or a Christian atmosphere. But their loneliness without him one cannot bear to think of. It is evident that

McDougall is preparing for great works, or he would not be subjected to such discipline. It is a real consolation to think that. With very kind regards to your wife,

'Yours very truly,

'F. D. MAURICE.

'C. J. Bunyon, Esq.'

In writing from Penang Hill on May 1 she says: 'I long for the June mail. To know that you have grieved for us in our heavy loss will comfort me. I think it is dear Mr. Maurice who says, "People are always craving for comfort in this world instead of taking God's discipline with a brave heart." My heart is still often overwhelmed with that bitter remembrance of my darling's sufferings, but I think that I am certainly more happy than I was. I have not a constant heartache, and can sometimes even feel rejoiced that my child is at rest. Happy without me I cannot fancy him—may God forgive me! But must he not miss me for a time, unless he quite forgets, and can I wish that? Yes. I wish him happy, at all events.'

During this stay on Penang Hill many consultations took place between Sir J. Brooke and McDougall as to the future operations of the mission, and the necessity for obtaining further assistance from England. They resulted in the following letter from the former, to be communicated to the authorities at home :—

'Penang Hill: April 27, 1850.

'Dear McDougall,—Recent events have opened a large field for your labours and those of others, and I think it very desirable that you should point this out to the committee at home, so that they may endeavour to place the mission on a higher footing than at present. At Kanowit and at Sakarran are noble fields for missionary exertion amongst the Dyaks unchecked by Mohammedan jealousy. The Dyaks are numerous, and, as you know, were pirates and head-takers, but the more we restrict the latter propensity the greater the hope of their embracing a new faith

'At Kanowit an intercourse may be opened with the Kayans, and besides this powerful race of uncontaminated people there are the people of Katibas, Kaguls, Pei and Kanowit, and the Sakarrans and Sarebas, located on the river named after the last-mentioned tribe. This population cannot be computed at less than 50,000 souls, and I repeat that it is a field worthy of a great effort. Sakarran is hardly inferior to Kanowit, and the Dyaks of the Batang Lupar are numerous, quiet, and not given to piracy, though the Sakarrans are. Lundu in Sarawak is likewise a place wherein missionary labour can be hopefully and safely commenced, and where, in my opinion, it would be appreciated. Sarebas itself may not be beyond our efforts if efficient men are to be had. As we suppress piracy and head-taking the hope of success increases, and to effect these objects is a task worthy of the Church missionary as well as the statesman.

'Urge, therefore, an efficient organisation and a supply of labourers to till the field, for you can do no more than regulate and superintend those under you, and cannot well be spared from head-quarters at Sarawak, if a system of education is to be aimed at. Without dictating, I would suggest that several young men should be sent out. A man advanced in age is fixed in habits, and both his habits and his tongue want the requisite facility and obedience. Young men should be obedient, and should learn the Dyak language, and would live at the places that I have named, and in the event of this increase being made there should be powers vested in you of controlling and arranging their functions. I cannot but believe that the result of such an effort as I have named would prove satisfactory. The Dyaks, as I know, have but a slight hold on their present religion, and if they begin to profess Christianity the example of a few will bring over the entire body in any place. I cannot enter into details, but my fear is that the funds of the Borneo Mission are inadequate for such a plan as I have proposed. If it be so, could any assistance be procured? I

cannot answer this question, but it is worthy of your consideration, and of that of the home authorities.

'Think of this, will you, and recommend that which is right, but do not lack efficiency, for little can be expected where little is attempted.

'Believe me, dear McDougall,

'Yours very sincerely,

'J. BROOKE.'

It was obvious that the scanty means of the Borneo Church Mission were insufficient for the work which had been undertaken, and in writing to her brother from Penang Mrs. McDougall says: 'I agree with you, and so does Frank, that nothing will be done until S. P. G. takes the mission into its hands. Frank writes to E. Hawkins by this mail. I hope that they will do something, or we might as well have stayed at home.' Before going to Penang he wrote to Dr. Macbride:

'Singapore: March 6, 1850.

'Your very kind and interesting letter should have been answered last mail, but we were then tending the deathbed of our darling son, whom we brought from England with us, and whom it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take to Himself, just when he seemed most likely to live, and when his rapidly expanding mind and remarkable sweetness of disposition were binding him each day closer and closer to our hearts. He was a bright gleam of sunshine cheering and enlivening our path, which has often of late been overcast with sorrow and trial. He was the third child we have been called to resign within the last fifteen months, and we have been brought over here by the dangerous illness of my wife, who, I am thankful to say, is rapidly recovering, and we are now going to Penang Hill to confirm the recovery by bracing air and change of scene. I am happy to tell you that our prospects of being able to lay the foundation of extensive missionary operations

are increasing daily; nothing hinders now but the want of labourers. Tribes upon tribes of Dyaks have asked me to send them teachers; some have even expressed their desire to become white men, meaning Christians, *at once*, and wished me to baptize them at once; but until I have missionaries to place among them and prepare them better, I do not dare to do so, for it would only arouse Mohammedan jealousy and suspicion, and in my absence the Malays would counteract all I might have effected. Whereas, if I had European clergymen or catechists to place among the tribes, they would effectually prevent all Malay intrigue or opposition, for where a European is present the Malay has little or no influence over the Dyak.

'I have just completed a translation of the Church Catechism and some of the prayers into Malay for the use of our school children; when I can get it printed I will send you a copy. I wish the S. P. C. K. would commission me to translate the Prayer-Book into Malay; it would not cost much, and a manual of prayer would, I think, take with many of the Malays better than any other religious book.

'I am quite pleased to hear that you have taken in hand what has been so long a *desideratum*—a manual of Mohammedan theology, and an account of what has and what may be brought forward for its confutation. Islamism meets me at every turn; our Sarawak Malays are orthodox Mohammedans, but they are neither bigoted nor well-taught in their own texts; indeed, they often come to me to read the Koran to them, as they have no Malay translation, and there are very few of them who understand anything of Arabic excepting the Imam and a few of the Hadgis. They do not appear to have any enmity to me as a Christian minister; indeed, I often have religious conversation with some of the best instructed and most respectable of them; they read the Psalms of David with me, and some have read parts of the history of our Lord. I have ventured to distribute a few copies of the Malay Bible

and many of the Psalms to those who are likely to read them and not use them for waste paper, as is too commonly the fate of books distributed indiscriminately to natives.'

Greatly restored in mind and body, they left the Hill on May 3, expecting to sail at once in the 'Magnolia,' a Spanish merchant ship bound for Singapore; but they did not do so until the 10th, and in the interval were hospitably entertained by Mr. Blundell, the resident Governor; paying a visit to a large nutmeg plantation, which she describes in her journal. The ship was large, clean, and airy, and the captain 'a quiet, polite Spaniard, quite the gentleman, for he belonged to the Spanish Navy, and speaking French, in which language their conversation was carried on.' At last they arrived at Singapore, where 'they were hurried off by the Admiral's sudden resolution to visit Sarawak, and his kind offer to take them with him in the "Fury" steamer. So,' she says, 'we were his guests for three days, and for a day and a night he was our guest. He remained with us, and a charming old man he is, the brother of Jane Austen the novelist, whose works have long been great favourites with us all, especially with the Rajah. He is to come again at Christmas, he says, and bring Mrs. Austen and his daughters with him. We had, as you may believe, a great bustle on returning home with the Admiral and all the "Furies." We got home by eleven o'clock in the morning, and had to prepare dinner for twelve by seven o'clock. They all, however, seemed pleased with their visit, and it was just as well that we had something to do on first arriving, for the heartache of this place, so full of painful memories, is bad enough even now. I seem to dream here without Harry, and cannot help fancying that he will come in, or that I hear his voice, or that noises will wake him. Time will, I suppose, cure this wretched feeling.'

The prospect of the return to Sarawak and of meeting with her old servant Elizabeth, who had been Harry's nurse,

had haunted her. 'Poor Elizabeth!' she said, 'I dread to see her again, and she will feel it almost as much as I do, for she loved him as her own.'

On June 10 Mr. McDougall writes from Sarawak. Thanking the committee for their kind and sympathising letters, he returns with vigour to his work. He speaks of the printing of the Catechism which he had translated into Malay, and of his intention to have it lithographed, and gives a curious reason for the use of lithography. 'The Malays have a great prejudice against printing in the Arabic character, and they will often read a written or lithographed book when they would refuse to look at a printed one. The reason is that several attempts have been made by the Dutch and Dissenting missionaries, both American and English, in the Straits, to circulate printed tracts of a violent controversial character among them, which have had the effect of arousing their suspicions, and making them think all printed matter the production of these persons, whose want of judgment and ill-sustained proselytising efforts have certainly made the work more difficult for those that come after.' He mentions the somewhat slow progress of the church in building, which, however, he still hoped to have ready for consecration if the Bishop of Calcutta came to the Straits in the autumn; and that he had written to the Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, sending him a copy of the Rajah's letter respecting additional missionaries. And in his next letter he says: 'I find that there is a great religious revival among the Mohammedans here. The growth of our Church has, I think, aroused them; and a new importation of Hadgis from Arabia has, during my absence, stirred up their zeal for Islam not a little. This was to be expected, and does not discourage me. I only fear their setting to work vigorously among the Dyaks and thus forestalling us.'

And on October 23 he writes to the Rev. C. D. Brereton: 'Every day the calls upon us become more urgent, and before

your letter arrived it became absolutely necessary to do what you suggest, namely, to establish an hospital and enlarge our school, with the view (as you say) of its one day becoming a college.

'The circumstances were as follows. The Dyak-Chinese race of Penangkat, having sided with the Dutch in the war with the Dyak-Chinese of Montrado, were driven out of their country by the latter, and 5,000 of them left to come here by sea and others by land, to settle in Sarawak and become the Rajah's subjects. As they arrived with their wives and children, we did what we could to relieve their wants, by giving them rice and finding them shelter; but they brought such numbers of sick and wounded with them—whom from a superstition of theirs they will not suffer to remain under the same roof with them, but throw them out to die in the road—that it became necessary for me to get a native house built, which I use as a temporary hospital for the worst cases. The Government gives a supply of rice, and I allow each patient a few pice a day out of our offertory fund, which, however, will not meet the demand very long. I at first only admitted fifteen in-patients, though I had treble this number of applicants; but since then I have been obliged to reduce the in-patients to ten, as from their being too crowded hospital gangrene attacked them. I still continue the dispensary for the Malays and out-patients, which I attend at midday, the hospital in the morning. The result of the hospital has been that these Chinese have acquired sufficient confidence in me to give me their children to bring up as Christians. I could have had almost any number, but, considering our limited means, I have chosen only thirteen of the youngest and most promising, thus raising our home school to twenty, which is as many as we can manage. It was sadly against my will to refuse any, but I have promised, as soon as I can get a Chinese assistant, to open a day school for the elder boys, and it will, I think, be a large one, for they seem all anxious to learn. I have written

to my friend Mr. Moule, chaplain at Singapore, to send me a Christian Chinese assistant. We have had our new children in the home nearly a month—nine boys, and four girls, and most interesting clever little creatures they are. They seem to have the aptness and order of the Chinese, combined with the simplicity and confiding nature of the Dyak, and in personal appearance both races have been the gainers. They have the large eye and amiable expression of the Dyak, combined with the powerful build and good stature of the Chinaman. I have thought it best to allow the children to continue their native dress and all Chinese customs that are not incompatible with Christianity, as by so doing they will hereafter prove the more useful and influential as missionaries among their countrymen. The average age of the children is about seven. I defer their baptism until Christmas, wishing it to be done in the church publicly, and also because I hope soon to have over the Chinese assistant, who will be able in some measure to prepare the elder ones—especially two boys and one girl who are ten years of age—for the reception of that Holy Sacrament.' In a postscript to the same letter dated two days later he adds, that the Rajah had arrived and approved of what he had done as far as regarded the hospital and the Chinese children; also that he had received a letter from Mr. Moule, saying that he had found the Christian Chinaman that he had written for, and who shortly afterwards joined him.

In a letter of February following, when suffering from an attack of fever, he speaks of the baptism of the children, and that the 'elder ones repeated and affirmed the Creed in Chinese before all the congregation.' 'I was determined to perform the duty on Sunday, for I was so anxious to baptise them myself, lest I might never be able to do so; but I did myself no good thereby.'

In the last chapter we spoke of this mission as the first

medical mission of the Church of England, and from this time we do not hear of any objection being made at home to his doctoring. All through the history, while in Borneo, he will be found uniting the practice of medicine with his clerical office, but anxious that the one should not interfere with the other. He never failed, moreover, to seek to keep up his technical knowledge, and when he visited Singapore attended constantly at the hospital, as he did in London in 1854, when he wrote to Mr. Horsburg, his then *locum tenens* at Sarawak, 'I am now attending hospital practice and medical lectures to rub up and learn all the new improvements in the healing art.' He certainly earned the gratitude of his patients, but he was a volunteer in attending them, inasmuch as he did not practise for gain. It appears that, as for many years there was no other medical man in the settlement, he undertook work and responsibility which did not officially belong to him, but which it would have been inhumanity to refuse. This may be pointed out more at length hereafter; it is sufficient to say here that his inclination agreed with his duty and opportunity. He had much delight in his practice. It would be useless, especially for a layman, to attempt to narrate his experiences, but sometimes a case occurs in which, as he tells the story, the unity of his work as healer of soul and body comes out very clearly; thus in the following year he writes to the Society: 'I have just had a visit of gratitude from a poor Malay woman, who the last time that I saw her had to be led about by the hand, for she had been blind of cataracts in both eyes for many years. I lately operated upon her, first on one eye then on the other. The result is that she is perfectly restored to sight, and came up to me just now by herself, as I lay sick on the sofa, looking so happy and grateful for the recovery of her sight. She is the first person whom I have been able to persuade to submit to this operation. The Malays bear pain very well, and will submit to most things, but they have a great dread of a knife in the eye, which they think must necessarily destroy so

tender an organ. The present case has amazed them not a little, and I trust that they will learn thereby to give glory to God, who enables us thus to benefit their bodies, that we may gain their hearts and win their souls for Him, who lived and died that the blind might see, the lame might walk, and the captives of error be set free to follow "the Light of the World."'

Even since the Bishop's death an anecdote showing his love for surgery has been told the author. His friend the narrator, at the time of the Bishop's visit to Calcutta for consecration, was the principal hospital surgeon there, and met him shortly after the ceremony, as he was driving to the hospital to perform a very severe and dangerous operation. 'I stopped the carriage,' he said, 'and told the Bishop my errand. "Oh" he exclaimed, "let me go with you." "By all means," I answered, "jump into the carriage;" and he did so, and in twenty minutes he was standing with his coat off, and his arms up to the elbows in blood, and the operation had been most successfully performed.' And he added, "and he was the best assistant that I ever had in my life."'

Occupied with his church, his hospital, and occasional expeditions on mission business, McDougall had no inducement to indulge his grief for the loss of his children. To his wife it was different. She was the only lady in Sarawak, and she had more than once spoken of it as a place 'where I am so lonely.' Their circle was narrowing on all sides. Willie Brereton and Harrington Parr had received appointments at Labuan, 'and they had lived so long as inmates with us,' she writes, 'that I had felt almost as if they were my eldest sons; and the Rajah is away and must be a good deal at Labuan for some time to come.' There was not a creature at Sarawak that she could make a friend of except her husband and her old servant Elizabeth. Above all, she had lost her companion in her boy, and what remained of pain for that loss seemed to fall upon her. Speaking of the receipt of a box of presents from England, which had left

London in February and arrived a fortnight before, she writes (September 14) to Winston Vicarage: 'Frank was just gone off to Santubong when the box arrived, and I was glad to spare him the pain of opening it, for I am always obliged to keep our dear child's things out of his sight, and all the pretty things and loving messages in that box were more than even my philosophy could bear.' She then speaks of distributing the things sent for Harry, some to her little godchild Frank Wright at Singapore, others to other friends. 'Ah, if Harry had been here, how we should have enjoyed opening that box! but I try to believe that he has heavenly pleasures now, and perhaps he was near, and could better appreciate the love which dictated those gifts to him, than if he could still have derived pleasure from them.' This was not the only cause of distress which arose from these boxes from home, for rather more than a year afterwards she mentions them and the accumulation of coloured dresses contained in them, which her husband had urged her, and she must consent, to use; giving up her worn-out mourning, 'for, much as it cost her to do so, she could not take money for her dress which he wanted for the support of the school;' but when they were gone, she in truth abjured colours for the rest of her life. She adds, in the same letter from which we began our quotation: 'Our life has been quite quiet and uneventful lately, the Rajah still away on his Siam embassy, which, from his long absence, we hope has proved successful. The church is assuming a finished look; I sometimes go there with Frank, and sitting on a beam watch the carpenters, and speculate on the events that may take place in that church. The greatest of all wonders may happen there: souls drawn heavenward, which have hitherto cared only for this world; God's light and life imparted to the sorrowful and broken-hearted; little infants joined to Christ's flock of lambs; angels and departed saints and innocents joining in hymns and eucharistic thanksgivings! This church seems to bring us nearer to England and all that is good and beautiful; and it

is a comfort to think that Frank has been the means of rearing it. It is being painted white outside with all the mouldings stained dark colour; inside it is like a vaulted cedar box, the planks having all been picked out with the same colour. When the windows are in, which we shall soon have from Singapore, it will be a very pretty church, and I hope by Christmas we shall worship there.'

In a report of later date, her husband further describes it, and it may be noted that his desire was not only that the building should be appropriate, but simple and constructed with the natural products of the country. He says: 'The pillars of the arches are all of palm wood like large partridge caves, and take a beautiful polish; the planking is of a kind of cedar, the mouldings are all Balean and Miraboo, which also take a high polish. For the font I have procured a large clam shell, large enough to immerse a three or four years old child. It is of an elegant scallop shape, and when cleaned with acid, which will make it a beautiful pearly white both inside and out, and mounted on an ebony pedestal, will look exceedingly well, and be both cheaper and handsomer than anything I could get made out here. The east window is of coloured glass, and given by my friend Mr. Jackson, the Assistant Resident at Singapore. The central light will represent the Sarawak cross, a red and purple cross on a golden ground. It is the national flag, and will please the native eye, besides being an appropriate Christian emblem.'

In January 1851 the church was consecrated. It was described by the Bishop, Daniel Wilson, of Calcutta, who performed the ceremony, as a building 'than which there was not one more beautiful or suitable in the whole of India,' not that it was entirely finished, for funds had fallen short and the committee had stopped the supplies, but 'that went for nothing, as they intended to finish it by degrees.'

On the day of the ceremony everything was done with great regularity and order. There was the usual petition for

consecration by the Rajah and the European residents, and the formal act was done by the Bishop of Calcutta as Metropolitan in India on visitation to Sarawak, and in the name and on the behalf of the Bishop of London, under whose jurisdiction the church and the chaplain and missionary, the Rev. F. T. McDougall, were assumed to be. It was dedicated to God as the church of St. Thomas at the station of Sarawak in the island of Borneo, and consecrated for the celebration of Divine service according to the United Church of England and Ireland. The Bishop was accompanied by Archdeacon and Mrs. Pratt, the Rev. H. Moule and Dr. Beale, his own medical attendant, and brought with him Mr. Fox, as a catechist, with the view of eventual ordination, from Bishop's College, Calcutta. He paid the expenses of his visit out of his subscription to the mission of 2,000 rupees. Nothing could be more kind and cordial than the way in which he spoke of the indefatigable and zealous chaplain, Mr. McDougall, both then and afterwards. On February 6, Mrs. McDougall, writing to her sister, gives an account of the visit and the consecration: 'We are so unaccustomed to a flood of strangers that we all felt very tired when the "Semiramis" steamed away with the Bishop and his party, but on the whole it was a delightful excitement. The Bishop was very loving, and Archdeacon Pratt particularly agreeable We used to be great friends, and agreed extremely well. His wife was very much admired by the natives. She is tall and very fair; one Malay man said: "Why, her throat is sufficient for one man to admire." She was perfectly simple and unaffected; had been brought up in England, and only returned to India a year before her marriage, which took place eight months ago. I think, however, that had we been together more than four days she would have found out how much inclined I was to smile at her talk; but she is quite sincere and very amiable. One night she had a vehement discussion with——, during which he said all sorts of violent things to draw her out, and she

advised him earnestly "to pray a great deal and not to fall into the snares of the devil."' Excellent advice had there been a chance of its being taken. 'Then there were Dr. Beale and Mr. Moule, all our guests. We used to invite some people of the place every day to meet the Bishop, and he used to take wine with them at dinner, and expound Scripture to them after dessert before we left the table. He was very sensible, I thought, in his expositions, except when he talked about people "who tumbled into the bog of popery from believing baptismal regeneration," and then in his wrath he could not always avoid mentioning names, which was not always well and kindly done. One day he said at dinner: "Mrs. M^cDougall, I drink your health and all the Bunyons." The Archdeacon remembered our beloved father at the Church Missionary Committee very well. He has a great love for his father's memory, and showed me a little picture of him, which he kept in his sermon book, "that looking at him he might preach like him." I thought it very nice of him, but I hope his father preached better sermons than he did here on Sunday afternoon, for it was as mazy as the road to Rosamond's bower. Captain Brooke (who was in command in his uncle's absence) did everything in his power to make much of the Bishop and show him attention. He was invited to stay at Government House, but chose to come to us. One day Captain Brooke gave a grand dinner party to us all and sent a fine Siam boat to carry the Bishop about in state. Wednesday, January 22, was the consecration day, and it was a very exciting day for us. My dear Frank, who had toiled for his pretty church, who had thought day and night for two years of the blessedness of praying there, looked as pale as you know he always does when much excited. He and Mr. Moule stood before the Eagle, and read the morning service; the Bishop and Archdeacon at the altar; then we had communion; then Susan and Ayoon, the Chinese teacher, were confirmed; altogether the service lasted from eleven to half-

past two. There was plenty for me to do at the organ. I was very tired when it began, having been up before six, but I lost all sense of fatigue as the service advanced. The Bishop preached, and there was a great crowd of Malays, Dyaks, and Chinese at the church. The Datu Bandar went out before the service was over, because the Bishop kept talking about the Malays and Mohammedans and striking the desk with his hands, and so our gentle Bandar thought he was angry.' The Bishop, she said, had every reason to be gratified with his reception, and was very affectionate. He used to bestow pokes on the chest upon Frank, whom he thought a Hercules of strength, entirely, I think, from his exerting himself so immensely all the time that our visitors were here, and actually wrote 'that he was most struck with the amount of athletic strength which Mr. McDougall enjoyed and devoted to the work of the mission.' But he was no sooner gone than 'Frank fell ill of fever, and has been ill ever since.'

In a letter written shortly after the Bishop's departure, Mr. McDougall writes: 'I have just received a very kind and paternal letter from the good Bishop of Calcutta, in which he gives me much good advice, and cautions me very strongly against using the Bishop of Oxford's and Archdeacon Manning's writings; indeed, he gave me a sharp rap over the knuckles for having them in my library'—relics cherished, doubtless, of old Oxford days. 'Dear good old Bishop, he has some very strong opinions on some points in which I cannot follow him, but for earnestness, zeal, good sense, kindness, and devotion to our Blessed Master's service, I shall always respect and honour him, and pray to be enabled humbly and far apart to follow in his steps.' This letter is so amusing and such an epitome of the views of his school, that we may venture to insert it:

'Singapore: Jan. 27, 1851.

'My dear Friend,—I write a line before I leave for the Straits to express to Mrs. McDougall and yourself how much

I felt obliged by your extreme kindness and hospitality, and how delighted I was with my visit to your mission. It was, indeed, an unexpected and most gratifying event. We reached this place at 5 P.M. on Saturday, and we found Sir J. Brooke had arrived on the Monday, but still a good deal out of health, though rather improving. I am greatly interested in your labours, my dear friend, but God will help you if you simply cleave to his blessed Gospel, and this I am fully persuaded you will do. The bitter taste you have had of Mr. Newman and Archdeacon Manning and Bishop Wilberforce (a lady here found one of your sermons in Manning, and a gentleman in Penang one in Wilberforce) will, I am sure, lead you to reject them altogether in your divinity studies. Pray consult Scott's capital and most original commentary as the best practical guide in the English language; also Calvin (calumniated as his name is, and avoided as he justly may be in his extreme opinions) is incomparable as an expositor. But the Bible itself, with the marginal references, readings, headings, and dates, forms an excellent commentary. Prayer for the illumination of the Holy Spirit, and meditation will strengthen your mind daily, and comfort and sanctify you more and more. Your post is most honourable and most difficult. Your secular and necessary duties tend to dry up the missionary's soul. I hope a missionary of true and sterling piety will be sent to join you from home. Two things I would venture to suggest. Don't tie yourself to any book of prayer in your family devotions; no form can meet the wants of your mission. You have a copious utterance, and could easily command words in uttering your desires to God. I assure you that when I was at home my soul was quite impoverished by the cold forms of written petitions from the Liturgy in *family* prayer. So it was at Archbishop Howley's, Bishop of London's, Bishop of Exeter's, and elsewhere. The other is, make one sermon out of your own heart every week, using large notes, as I have done these fifty years, but not straiten-

ing your mind by a strict manuscript. In public prayer our Liturgy is incomparable; there must *then* be a form to preserve our 20,000 clergy from the effects of incapacity, error, enthusiasm, &c.; but where the Church does not confine you, don't put yourself into a voluntary state of penance. I am delighted more than I can express with the good sense, tact, modesty, and amiable bearing of dearest Sir J. Brooke. When you send home for books, get some judicious friend to choose a few models of sermon-writing for you—Archbishop Leighton, and J. Milner, and Dean Milner, Mr. Blunt, late of Chelsea, Bradley of Clapham, Cooper, seven volumes. Many volumes in the Religious Tract Society's publications are cheap and good. My dear Mrs. McDougall, I regret that I had not time to talk over matters more with you and get into the bottom of your soul, but your uncle, the late Mr. Bickersteth, will have led you aright I am persuaded. Farewell.

'I am yours most affectionately,

'D. CALCUTTA.'

The Bishop had brought Mr. Fox with him, and shortly after he was joined by Mr. Nicholls, another Bishop's College student, and the Rev. Walter Chambers, who eventually became Bishop McDougall's successor. On April 26, Mrs. McDougall writes again from Sarawak: 'On Thursday, the 17th, Frank set off on a long month's excursion into the interior of the country with Captain Brooke, Messrs. St. John, Crookshank, Crymble and a host of Malays. They took the Rajah's "Jolly Bachelor" yacht and three large covered boats besides the Datus' war boats, their object being to visit the powerful tribes up the Kanowit river and make a treaty with the Kyans, who wish to put themselves under Sarawak protection and settle near the mouth of the Rejang, 20,000 strong under one chief. Also they are to build another fort at the mouth of the Linga river (I think) to prevent the Sarebas and Sakarrans slipping up the neighbouring rivers as they do now.

All this is very important not only to the peace of the country but to trade, and has long been under contemplation. Frank's object in going is to see whether a missionary may be safely sent among the Kyans and to visit the Sakarran Dyaks, where Mr. Chambers is ultimately to be fixed. He could not have gone in any other way on account of the expense of hiring thirty or forty men for a boat; but this being a Government business, the men are obliged to give their service free, at least for their food only: this is the kind of feudal service they give instead of taxes to Government. All Frank had to furnish was the fitting up of his boat, in which he had a little mat house built and painted blue and white, just large enough to hold a small couch and his luggage; some food and wine he also furnished, though he need not have done this, but it is more agreeable to be independent even of your friends. For two days before they went Elizabeth and I were busy making biscuits, cakes, and rusks, a huge tin full, that they might have something to eat when the bread was stale. My poor Frank was in a sad condition for such a long journey: he had been suffering for a fortnight before from acute inflammation of his knee, the one which gave him so much trouble once before; it completely laid him up and I feared would prevent his going, but he put his leg into gutta percha splints and had a crutch made, and set off as lame as any Chelsea pensioner. His general health, thank God, has not suffered much from it, except that the necessity of living low and the wear of the pain, which was at times very great, had pulled him down and made him both thin and pale for him. My heart ached to see him go without his wife to nurse him, but it was, I believe, as much my duty to stay at home as his to go if possible. Our large family wants a mistress, and now I have three gentlemen to provide for and make a home for, which is no small addition to my business. Mr. Nicholls arrived last Saturday from Calcutta; he, Fox, and Mr. Chambers seem very happy together and I like them all, though I some-

times wish I had my dear husband to look at and listen to amidst so many strangers. The house goes on, however, very much like a clock, and the two services in church, the two meals, a Malay lesson from two to four, a stroll after evening church before dinner, and chess in the evening and some hymn-singing fill up the day pretty well, and all this you may fancy does not leave me long to myself. I am trying to persuade them that they do not want me for their Malay lesson, but can use Ayoon, the Chinese teacher, for I have so much sewing before me the next three weeks that I shall certainly not get it done if I give them my afternoons.' Of the services she says: 'Frank cuts them very short, only one lesson, the Psalms, and prayers; Wednesdays and Fridays only the Litany in the morning. It is so pleasant; everyone comes in the afternoon, and it is such a bond of union for us all. I ride to and fro on Frank's pony, for go I must to play the chants, and going thus I am not fatigued.' We had our four new children baptised on Easter Sunday, making our number twenty-five—there we stop for the present as we cannot afford more—also a Chinese man formerly a Roman Catholic was received into the bosom of our Church. He had been long ill in the hospital, and Frank had taken pains to teach him. We have several Chinese candidates for baptism now under instruction our own servants. I should be very glad if all our servants were Christian; there seems something disgraceful in a family of missionaries not having sufficient influence with their own household to make them wish to embrace the true faith, and I was never more struck with it than in the instance of the Bishop's servants, all Mohammedans. If the light does not shine in the house how can it glimmer into the thick darkness beyond?'

In another letter written by Mrs. McDougall about this time, she refers to the financial difficulties of the committee. 'They refuse to sanction or support the Chinese school, so that we have the children and their heavy expenses thrown upon our

hands, for give them up we cannot. We are pledged to their parents to educate them; we have baptised them, and cannot leave them uninstructed, so that we are in no small perplexity. I have no doubt that a few months' patience will set all to rights, for the Rajah is extremely interested in this school, and when he reaches England his influence with the members of the committee will lead them to see things differently. Until then we must rub on as we can. A month ago before he left he desired Captain Brooke to set apart 50*l.* a year from Government money for Frank, to compensate him for the loss on the exchange on remittances from England. This was just like our Rajah, but we, being stopped by the committee from finishing the church, devoted the twenty dollars a month to that purpose. This kept two carpenters at work, for the exterior aisles have not yet the doors up, and we want to use them as soon as they are ready for day schools, Malay and Chinese. Now we must take our twenty dollars for our home schools until times mend, and that will scarcely pay half its expenses.' As already mentioned, she had given up her mourning dresses to save money for this object. The committee were greatly hampered by want of funds at that time, and until the S. P. G. undertook the support of the mission, and no doubt felt that they had no alternative to that of reducing their outlay. The school was not abandoned. On June 10 Mr. M^c^Dougall writes to the honorary secretary: 'I have had a very nice letter from the good Bishop of Calcutta promising to do what he can to help in the support of the increased number in the school, which, he says, must not be given up by any means, and he adds most urgent remonstrances against any such step. "I look," he says, "upon this school as the one great fact that has resulted from our labours in Sarawak, as the nucleus of an institution which will one day supply a native ministry for Borneo, and in the meantime as a point of attraction which fixes the attention of the natives upon the mission and causes them to regard it favourably. It is, more-

over, the first attempt in this part of the world—I include the Straits—*μαθητεύειν* those who are baptised and those only, in contradistinction to the system which now obtains out here in the missionary and other public institutions. This is to cram heathen children with Christian doctrines (just as we were taught the mythology of Greece and Rome) without making them Christians, or teaching them that they are responsible for the privileges and light conferred upon them. The consequence of this system of casting pearls before swine has been to pour contempt upon the very faith which it has been sought to teach. The fact of every one of the boys from the L. M. Institution at Singapore who have come over here having embraced Mohammedanism as soon as they were their own masters, is a sad and painful lesson to us." He then quotes the case of a candidate for baptism, whose sincerity he had doubted, who had followed the example of the others, and he continues: "How can I send my little Christians back to their heathen homes when I have pledged myself to support them for ten years?" I cannot therefore disband the school, but will take the charge of the extra eighteen children on myself. He adds: "The Rajah takes such interest in the school that just before he left he told me that he would do all in his power for its support and increase." With regard to the hospital, that is now well established and supported by the Government, and has not cost the mission a penny. The Rajah when he returned to Siam did all that was necessary —all that I wished— and it is a most important accessory to the mission.'

Urging various modes of raising funds Mr. McDougall thus writes: 'If it cannot be done otherwise, would it not be better to throw the mission into the hands of S. P. G., who I believe are willing to do what they can for us, and with their organisation I do not think that they would find much difficulty in raising the necessary supplies to carry it on effectually?' At a later date, viz. in April 1852, he returns to the charge

of teaching the more esoteric doctrines of Christianity to the unprepared heathen, and impugns its wisdom. He says: 'I own my opinion has greatly changed since my visit to Singapore, Penang, and Malacca last year. In the three stations there are schools, where Malay and Chinese children are taught daily the elements of English and the usual routine of commercial school knowledge, and together with them are instructed more or less in Christianity, even its deepest mysteries being made common lessons. The children grow up and follow the religion of their fathers, and very often not that; they have learnt enough to make them despise their own religion, and yet they do not embrace Christianity, but become practical infidels. As far as I have been able to learn, the same system in India is attended by the same results. The splendidly maintained and ably conducted school of Dr. Duff has for years been receiving hundreds of pupils, who are instructed, it would seem from the reports, in the highest branches of knowledge both secular and religious, and I am told that thirty converts are the outside that have been gained thereby in all these years of labour and expense.' From these observations he drew the conclusion that it would be wrong to give up or make a secondary affair of his professedly Christian school of even twenty-five baptised children, for any schools, however numerous the pupils, where the teaching should be only intellectual to those who had no intention of becoming converts. It must be noted that his argument was simply one of experience, and the application of common sense to the facts under observation. It was in accordance with the practice of the early Church in the first century, but there is no pretence for supposing that he was governed by any old Oxford teaching as to the so-called 'doctrine of reserve' and the 'disciplina arcani.'

On Mr. McDougall's return home after the arrival of Mr. Chambers, he describes their daily life and the work which he had cut out for his missionaries.

'Our general routine is as follows. School begins at 7 A.M. We meet for church at 8; at 9 we breakfast; from 10 to 12 I am employed with Fox and Nicholls at the hospital and dispensary, showing them practically what I can, and giving a daily lecture on the principles of medicine and surgery. Between noon and 2 P.M. I give them all three, Chambers included, a Malay lesson, and at 3 they take another lesson from a native until chapel time again at 5, after which we walk or ride till dinner time at 7, and are all pretty well ready for bed at 9.' They found at once that without Malay they could do nothing. He had rapidly acquired Malay, and desired much to learn Chinese, although it does not appear that he did so to any great extent. The rudiments of medicine which he imparted were very useful, and in truth saved many and some very important lives.

This expedition, in which Mr. McDougall took part, was a political one, and had no warlike meaning. It was for the consolidation of the Sarawak rule over populations which sought its protection, and to arrange for the future government of the country, and as a first step to compose and heal ancient feuds among tribes formerly divided, but whom the Rajah decided to weld into one people, and so give peace. To Mr. McDougall it was one of discovery, and the introduction of his mission by kind words, and the practice of medicine. Much interesting information was gained respecting the natives and their country; but as the stories collected have been told elsewhere, and especially in Mrs. McDougall's book, they will not here be repeated. One event alone was too personal to him to pass over. When sitting at night on the deck of the 'Jolly Bachelor,' Captain Brooke's gunboat, the wood to which he was trusting broke, and he was precipitated over the stern of the vessel. Had he fallen into the water the rushing stream, then very rapid, must have carried him away, had he escaped the sharks and alligators which abounded in it; but through God's mercy, to which he thankfully ascribes

his safety, the ship's boat, which a few minutes before was the whole length of its painter from it, swept up into the swing of the vessel, and as he fell he caught hold of the boat, and dragged himself into it, escaping only with some bruises.

On his return his knee became much worse, the consequence, he said, of many falls and bruises which he had incurred in crossing Dyak bridges and mounting their hills, and brought to a climax by a visit to Lundu, and rheumatism afterwards attacking the joint. He made a rapid visit to Singapore for advice, and returned somewhat better, but not cured, brought over in the 'Amazon' by Captain Barker, who had succeeded to the command of the ship on Captain Troubridge's death. After some fluctuations he at last writes in the month of October that he is confined to bed with his knee, and doubts whether it will ever get well in Borneo. 'It has been a sad trial to me the last seven months, and the constant use of severe remedies, and the pain and discomfort that it has put me to, in endeavouring to do my necessary duties, have shaken me not a little. I have used perseveringly the remedies usual in such a case—bleeding, blisters, issues, mercury, iodine, &c., but I cannot get well. It is a sad business, and weighs much upon my mind.' The idea, too, haunted him, from the persistency of the complaint, that it might not only be rheumatism, but perhaps a false cartilage which only an operation could remove. At the same time he mentions that his wife had again, alas! lost a boy, and was very weakly, and he feared would hardly ever be herself again until she had a winter to set her up.

In November, 1850, being no better, and much against his will, but at the urgent entreaties of his friends, he found himself again at Singapore with Mrs. M^c^Dougall for fresh medical advice. Dr. Oxley recommended him to go at once in the Dutch steamer to Java to try the hot springs in the hills; but the expense frightened him, and he declared that he already felt better for the voyage, having lost the nightly pains which

deprived him of rest. A relapse, however, following, he accepted, at the beginning of January, the invitation of the Bishop of Victoria to visit Hong Kong, having again the kind offer of a passage in H.M.S. 'Amazon.' He had long wished to visit Victoria, and was particularly desirous to enlist the good-will of the missionaries in China on behalf of the Chinese converts at Sarawak, who were constantly revisiting their native country. During his absence he left Mrs. McDougall at Singapore with Captain and Mrs. Man, from whom she went on to visit Mrs. Traill at Malacca. If she felt his absence she made the best of it, for she wrote home: 'We cannot afford my passage, so I shall stay here with my kind lady friends, whose society is a great treat to me after my college-life at Sarawak.'

Shortly before leaving she wrote to her sister in England a letter, from which the following amusing story may be given; it illustrates her sympathy for others, as well as her sense of humour: 'I enclose you a card of invitation, which I received the other day from the richest Chinese merchant of this place, to a ball which he gives in a new range of warehouses, that he has just erected near the river. I declined on the score of going to Malacca, but had I remained here I must have found some other reason, as I do not go to balls, although I dare say that this will be well worth attending, as the Baba has fixed the time of the Chinese new year as his fête day, and on these occasions the Chinese are lavish of expense, especially in fireworks. All Singapore will be there with very few exceptions. One very singular young man, the adjutant of the regiment, received one of these cards, and wrote back to Baba Ken Sing that he was too much engaged in the salvation of his soul to attend the ball. Upon this note followed two more, entreating the Chinaman to consider the mercies offered him by Christ's salvation. The Chinaman, much puzzled, but convinced that these notes were somehow intended as a great compliment to him, carries them round to the English merchants to read, and so poor Mr. —— is stared

at more than ever. He is, however, a favourite of mine, the gentlest, kindest creature, with such earnest eyes. He dined here last night and tried to persuade me that only statesmen should study history; he thinks that the Bible is the only book worth reading, and looked coldly at me when I said the book of God's providence revealed to us by history was also a worthy study for every Christian man. "I have no leisure for it," said he. What strange people there are in the world!'

Mr. McDougall speaks of the climate of Hong Kong—where, as well as at Canton, he was very kindly and hospitably received—at that time of the year as cool, clear, and dry; and in a letter dated February 23, 1851, written on shipboard halfway to Singapore, he describes the good ship as bowling along before a fine and fair monsoon, no doubt very invigorating. But, notwithstanding the voyage and the use of a hot spring at Malacca recommended as a specific against rheumatism, when he rejoined his wife there and they were ready to leave that place he was himself very far from well, while she was still ailing. He therefore thankfully accepted the proposal of the committee that they should return home for a season for their joint benefit.

Want of health must have brought them home very shortly, for he felt that nothing except a complete change of climate would get the rheumatism out of him. But there was another motive which induced his friends to urge his return. In the preceding year the proposal for a bishopric in Borneo had first taken form, and it was felt that his presence would greatly assist in carrying it into effect. A step had been taken to forward this object by the Rajah, for when, shortly before starting for England, the expected arrival of three new missionaries was announced, he was struck by the necessity of a more complete organisation to control the subordinates, whose zeal, he feared, might run ahead of discretion. On January 28, 1851, he therefore addressed a letter in the following terms to Mr. McDougall: 'The Dyak population must be moved in the

mass, and as a rule the jealousy of the Mohammedan population must not be roused. We have now toleration, charity, and peace, and these blessings must not be risked by the indiscreet zeal of Christian men striving to introduce their faith among others.' 'You are aware of this danger and know that I speak the words of sober reason, when I say that, let the bigotry of Islam once be roused, the mission will not succeed, and wars and bloodshed may attend an attempt to introduce Christianity.' 'The Government is of course the ultimate judge of what concerns the public peace, but there ought to be some power in the Church itself to give unity of design and execution, and to prevent and to check the slightest tendency towards the evil I have mentioned. How is this to be done? Have you ecclesiastical authority to control the other clergymen? If you have not, and I do not perceive how you can have, what objection could there be to making you Bishop of Sarawak? There would be no objection on my part, and I consider certainly that some authority within the Church itself is necessary to control the clergy, and to offer the Government a responsible person, with whom it could treat and in whom it could confide.'

At the same time, indeed by the same mail, a letter was received from Dr. Jacobson, the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford and in later years the venerable Bishop of Chester, in which he said: 'I have been much struck by the language of a letter addressed to you by Sir James Brooke from Penang Hill on April 27 last, which has been subjoined to an address of the committee. He calls on you to urge efficient organisation and a supply of labourers to till the field, for you can do no more than regulate and superintend those under you;' and adds afterwards: 'In the event of this increase being made, there should be powers vested in you of controlling and arranging their functions. Was the foundation of a bishopric in the Rajah's mind when he wrote this? The language certainly seems to point to that, though the word does not happen to be

used. You are aware, I doubt not, that when he was at Oxford a commencement was made towards the raising of a fund for the endowment of a bishopric in Borneo. *No effort* was made, but a sum of 530*l.*, if my memory serves me correctly, was raised and funded. If once it were understood that the time was considered to have arrived, there would be, I believe, very little difficulty or delay in raising that sum to the amount which might be deemed necessary for the purpose. Clergy have invariably, as far as I am aware, clustered round a bishop, and, if you are consecrated to fill the see, you would soon have help in some sort adequate to the wants of your position, whereas thus far a great part of your labour has been single-handed, and you have at no time had more than one coadjutor. I shall be very glad to know how this matter strikes you on the spot.'

These letters were at once sent by Mrs. M^c^Dougall, in a joint letter from herself and her husband, to her brother, mentioning that by the very same mail they had received the most depressing despatches from the managers of the Borneo Church Mission, calling upon them to curtail all expenses and even disband the Chinese school. They urged their brother, therefore, to take the initiative by calling a meeting of the subscribers and throwing the undertaking into the hands of the S.P.G. They paid a tribute to the efforts and goodwill of the old committee, but pointed out the necessity of placing the mission upon an enlarged footing. There was, in fact, no difference of opinion on the subject, and, with the consent of all parties interested, the Borneo Church Mission became a branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The erection of the bishopric was a less easy matter.

But before returning to England both Mr. and Mrs. M^c^-Dougall felt it imperative upon them to revisit Sarawak. It was necessary to make arrangements there before they left, and to decide on the location of the clergy after their departure. They had also pledged themselves to be present at the mar-

riage, which was to take place from their house, of Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Scott, the Governor of Labuan, with Miss Cooke, a lady friend who had come out from England for that purpose and was to sail with them for Sarawak. They reached Kuchin in May 1851, after a tedious and unpleasant voyage in a native trader swarming with scorpions, centipedes, and minor vermin, and so crammed with Chinese coolies as passengers that it was hardly possible to move without treading on a sleeping or sea-sick fellow-creature. They suffered a good deal in this voyage of fourteen days, which they would scarcely have undertaken in such a vessel had better means of locomotion offered, for four days appears to have been the usual time of passage in a steamer or Government vessel between Singapore and Sarawak. 'Most glad, therefore,' Mrs McDougall says, 'were we to land and thank God for His mercies in our dear little church again.' And in a letter of May 9, observing on her own sufferings from sea-sickness, and their escape from being stung by poisonous reptiles in the ship, which they killed every day, she says: 'It was, however, almost worth a fortnight's discomfort on board the "Sultan" or "Scorpion," as we called it, to get home and see how lovely, fresh, and clean everything looked.' She describes the wedding, with many kind remarks about the persons concerned, their anxiety for the appearance of the bridegroom, as the gunboat in which he was expected was late: 'Every gun we hear,' she said, 'makes us jump, and every tide we look with wistful eyes down the river.' She mentions the wedding cake, which had cost them two days' work to make, and which when ready iced they had put into a box nailed down to keep it from the air, but which was so large that they feared it would break asunder before it was cut; that she was to give the breakfast, and that after the wedding the newly married pair were to be Captain Brooke's guests or live at Mr. Crookshank's new house, or picnic at Santubong. All went off satisfactorily, and such details of past events would be out

of place were it not to mark the lively interest which after all her troubles she took in all persons around her. She sends messages to her boy, who had parted with a tooth, and says: 'I did not set Charley's little peg in a ring, but gave it a kiss and threw it away. It has a good substitute, I hope, and by the time I see him all his first teeth will have vanished.'

In all the letters received from Sarawak at that time, there are constant accounts of baptisms of school and other children, as well as of adult Chinese catechumens. They are not all repeated here, as they do not usually greatly differ, and it is not desired to measure the success of the work by the number of the converts and the relative cost of converting them, but rather to describe the life and views of the founders of the mission. Nevertheless, it must be observed that the progress among the Chinese was remarkable when contrasted with that of other similar undertakings elsewhere. On the visit of Mr. M'Dougall to Hong Kong he was applied to for employment by the Rev. A. Horsburg, who, having received deacon's orders in Scotland, had been ordained priest by the Bishop of Victoria, and was then doing duty, residing at St. Paul's College there. His offer was accepted, and he proceeded at once to Borneo, after the departure of Mr. M'Dougall for Europe, to take the charge at Sarawak, and he then made a report to the society at home, in which he spoke with astonishment at the progress made among the Chinese. The efforts of the mission among them he declared to have been crowned with a success which to him who had just come from China, and had witnessed the little apparent fruit which had attended the labours of the Protestant missionaries in that country, was no less surprising than gratifying. This he attributed to the mode in which Christianity had been presented to the people as a system.

It is more than thirty-six years since that report was written, and during that period much has been done by the Protestant missionaries in China. Injuring each other by

their want of unanimity, and the variety of their denominations, they have nevertheless founded Churches which have experienced and triumphed over persecution, until we are now told that Christianity has taken its place among the *religiones licitæ* of the empire. To the cause of law and order at Sarawak its reception must, even to a limited extent, have been an unmixed good, and a notable proof of the fidelity of the converts to their European teachers may be found in the fact that had their warnings conveyed by the Bishop to the Sarawak Government been attended to, the great rebellion of the Chinese gold-workers, which nearly destroyed the settlement in 1857, might have been prevented.

It must not be supposed that the heathen Chinese approved the adoption of Christianity by his fellows. Writing in Nov. 1857 on this subject Mr. McDougall says: 'Our Chinese converts and catechumens progress satisfactorily and attend both the daily services and the cottage lectures very regularly. Some evil-disposed persons among their countrymen revile them, and subject them to all sorts of petty annoyances because they have turned Christians, but it is very encouraging to see them steadfast under this trial of their faith. One argument used by the gainsayers is a quaint one and will amuse you, as it did me when I heard it. They say that God is very manifestly displeased with me for persuading the Chinese to forsake the religion of their fathers; that whereas the Padre used to be an active man and walk like others on two legs, since he has led the Chinese to follow him he has been compelled to crawl about on four legs like a beast (alluding to my crutches), and that, as God has punished him for misleading them, so will He punish those that follow him. However, in spite of this threatened Nebuchadnezzar-like fate, new inquirers come, and the old ones continue.' And in the May following, mentioning four baptisms of children, he adds that three Chinese women had offered themselves as candidates, of whom the cases of two were remarkable. 'One was the wife of a

Chinese writer or teacher, who when her husband was baptised went into a paroxysm of grief, declaring that she would leave both him and her children, as they had ceased to be Chinamen. She was for some time a great trouble to the poor fellow, but has at last brought her two infants for baptism and proposes herself as a catechumen. She is what is very rare out of China, a true born and bred Chinese. The other was the wife of one of their most consistent converts, a Government workman. He was baptised last August, and was much annoyed and railed at by his fellows on that account, and his wife took the persecution so much to heart, that some weeks after, as I left the church, he came running up in the greatest distress declaring that she had poisoned herself while we were in church, and was nearly dead. I immediately went down and found her as he had said. She had swallowed a large dose of opium, and I was obliged to use the strongest measures to restore her, and with God's help brought her round, though not without great difficulty.'

Under the circumstances of the mission, Mr. Horsburg, with his knowledge of Chinese, was evidently the man to leave in charge at Sarawak, with the assistance of Mr. Fox. Mr. Nicholls was to return to Bengal by the advice of the Bishop of Calcutta, and Mr. Chambers was settled at Sakarran. The Rev. W. H. Gomes, a Bishop's College man of Cingalese extraction, but described as well-informed, modest, and ready to work, had instructions to proceed to Lundu, where he was afterwards for many years established, and in this manner Mr. McDougall's arrangements for his clergy were made.

At the end of July they returned to Singapore, looking out for a ship. On August 7 he writes to this effect, and adds: 'Meanwhile my dear wife has again had another trial and sad disappointment in the loss of another boy, who was born on the morning of the 1st. He came into the world to all appearance healthy and strong, but notwithstanding every care and precaution on the part of Dr. Oxley, a very experienced prac-

titioner, who attended, it pleased God to call the infant to Himself a few hours after his birth, just as was the case in the three preceding instances. I am now very glad that this did not happen at sea, or at Sarawak, as my wife's mind is more at rest, so far that she feels that everything was done for her that could have been done.' In the former cases she had had no help, alas! but that of her husband. Absolute rest for a time was then necessary for her, and as she favourably recovered he left her at Singapore to make a rapid visit to Labuan and Sarawak, and proposing they should both leave together by the October mail.

During the interval she wrote to her brother (August 30, 1852) rejoicing over their expected meeting, but she says: 'During these five years I have had nearly all my sorrows, for I have lost five children, and I do not think that I can ever forget this, whatever else I may be talking or thinking of. You must not expect to see me very sad or grave—I do not think I am that—but I am more absent than formerly and always have this on my mind.' 'I am living a quiet and pleasant life with dear Mrs. Man, whose husband is at Moulmein.'

After such trials many people might ask how she could ever think of returning again to the East, and whether she did not hate the country which had inflicted them. A year before she answered that question herself. In 1851, shortly after the death of her infant, she wrote to her sister-in-law: 'When I think of our little Edward, Tom, and Robert lying side by side at Sarawak, and Harry at Singapore, I wonder that I do not hate the place and everything belonging to it. However, it is equally true that I do not, that the place seems consecrated to me by sufferings, and that I feel that it is really worth while living here without children, that Frank may follow his vocation.' When he returned to her on September 25, 1852, he found that a serious accident had befallen her. She had recovered from her illness, when, about the 15th of that month, a friend, Madame Gautier, the wife of the

French Consul, 'a very lovely and charming person,' had sent her pony-carriage for her that she might spend the day with her, and the pony descending a hill bolted and fell, rolling over and over down a steep pitch. The carriage, a palanquin, was smashed. Mrs. McDougall escaped, but with a fractured arm and severe contusions. Both bones of the right arm were broken, and she was greatly shaken; but when the time came for leaving by the October mail, although the doctors counselled delay, she would not consent to stay behind or linger at Singapore, where their passage by the steamer had been taken; and, as reported by her husband's letters to her brother from Point de Galle and Malta, she was rewarded for her courage by a rapid recovery.

CHAPTER IV.

SECOND VISIT TO THE EAST—CHURCH WORK IN BORNEO—CONSECRATION AT CALCUTTA.

THE October mail from Singapore brought them to London in November, and they were met at the Waterloo Station by their brother and sister, who took them straight to her mother's house at Kensington and there established them at her brother's, which was to be their headquarters while in England. They had the delight of receiving their boy from the hands of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robson. In January 1853 Mr. McDougall made a long report to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—which had now taken up the work of the Borneo Church Mission—on the subject of his operations in Borneo. He recapitulated his plans, with which we are already familiar, proposing, in addition the establishment of a mission ship, the enlargement of the medical part of his work, and the gradual introduction by the missionaries of industrial and agricultural teaching among the Dyaks.

June 1853 found them at the rectory of Forncett St. Mary, in Norfolk, with her sister, Mrs. Colenso, and the future Bishop of Natal, and there her eldest daughter was born, Mary Colenso McDougall, who is still living, and is so often mentioned as Mab in her mother's letters. The birth of this child was a great cause of rejoicing to her parents, who had suffered such distressing bereavements with their children. But their sufferings on this score were not over, for in the same month in the following year they lost their eldest boy, who died at the

Grammar School at Ipswich, where he had been sent in the previous February. Dr. Rigaud, who was then head master and some time after became Bishop of Antigua, where he died, was very anxious to receive him, and sent his own son of the same age into the school with him; but it must be doubted whether the child was strong enough for so large a school, and, although he was kindly treated, his health failed, and he succumbed on receiving a chance blow from a cricket-ball and a chill in the cricket field. He was buried in the centre of the school chapel amid much lamentation; and certainly no more piteous sight ever struck the eyes of the narrator than that of his little coffin lying in the midst of his school-fellows great and small, but all in health and vigour, around it. He had never been a strong child, for the keen north-east wind at Norwich on a bright sunny day had stricken him when an infant, and his chest never wholly recovered it.

His death is mentioned by his mother in the following letter, which was written to a relative of Mrs. M^c^Dougall's, a lady whom they had wished to accompany them to Sarawak, a fund having been raised for sending out female missionaries, of which her sister-in-law was treasurer :—

'7 Hyde Park Gate South: June 11, 1854.

'I do not know whether Ellen Robson has written to you since last Wednesday, when we all met at Ipswich for the funeral of our child, both theirs and our best and brightest hope. We laid our part of him in the chapel of the school, in the centre where no foot will pass, and where God's word will be read over him every Sunday. I think we all felt, as we stood by the coffin so dear to us, that our darling was not there but mingling his voice with the choir who sang over the grave and joining us in our thanksgiving to God, who had delivered him from this evil world to await us in Heaven. And, as John says, time is short, and we have already climbed the hill of life from whence we ought to see even through our

tears the land of promise. It makes one in love with death to lose so many sweet ones, and most of all our first-born and dearest boy. But he was spared all the sorrow of parting with us, which had long lain heavily on his gentle loving spirit, and, thank God, the pain and the fear of death came not near to him. His Saviour gathered him in His arms and laid him in His bosom without a struggle. For all this we are thankful and desire to be patient. The sting of our leaving England is taken away, and at Sarawak we shall feel our Charley nearer to us than he would have been for many years had he lived.

'And to Sarawak we turn for comfort, for in this world action is the best balm for a wounded spirit. I think we both begin to long for our departure for our Eastern home, and our quiet round of duties there and wholesome excitement. I am writing to you to-day to ask you in Frank's name and my own whether you will go with us. Some little time ago I wrote you an account of our desire to take a lady with us, or two if we could get money enough, who would help me in forming a girls' school and in visiting the women of Sarawak, either Malay or Dyak, wherever we could gain entrance into their houses. Alone I can do little, but with companions I think much good might be effected by such a system of visiting and teaching by word of mouth.'

This letter was unsuccessful so far as it sought to enlist a recruit, for neither the recipient nor another lady who is mentioned as contemplating joining the mission ultimately consented to do so.

With Charley's death their misfortunes with their children came to an end. After Mab's birth they were blessed with three other children, two girls and a boy, all of whom did well and lived to survive their parents.

During the eighteen months which followed their arrival in London Mr. McDougall was engaged for the Society and his own mission, and in the meantime the project of the bishopric

was pushed on by its supporters. There does not appear to have been any difficulty as to the funds; a large endowment was not sought for, nor was it intended to alter the character of the undertaking. 'The main point,' wrote the Rev. Ernest Hawkins, the wise and influential Secretary to the S.P.G., to whom more than perhaps to any other man the rapid extension of the Colonial Episcopate was due, 'was to add to the existing missionary the spiritual powers belonging to a bishop, and not to make him less a missionary than before, or much to add to the state or expense of his living. Some additional income was, however, required from the nature of the case, and, an endowment fund producing in interest about 350*l.* having been raised, this income was added to the missionary salary of 300*l.*, which was still to be allowed by the Society. No question arose as to whether Mr. M^c^Dougall should be chosen as the first bishop of the new see, if see there was to be. It was recognised at home that he was the man most suited to the post, and it was felt that the sacrifices and domestic sorrows which he had incurred had given him a special claim. Even the death of poor Charley, if we may judge from the letters of some of his most eminent friends, notably the Archbishop, the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), and Professor Jacobson, must have had an influence, by exciting their personal sympathies, in determining them to carry the project through; his case not being either the first or the last in which, owing to the good feeling which exists in the highest quarters in such matters, bereavement has been followed by preferment in the Church.

There were many technical difficulties. The erection of a missionary bishopric beyond the dominions of the Crown was then thought impossible, and the royal licence was required as a condition precedent to obtaining episcopal orders from the bishops of the Anglican Church. These difficulties were solved by taking the title of the new bishopric from the island of Labuan. This little island, no larger than the Isle of Wight, gave, Mrs. M^c^Dougall says, only the English title to a

bishopric which was then almost entirely a missionary one. It was the only spot of land in those seas under the immediate control of the Colonial Office; the Straits Settlements, including Singapore, Penang, and Malacca, being then under the Government of India. It was not until the transfer of the Indian Government to the Crown, and the abolition of the East India Company, that there was any alteration in the jurisdiction, so that until then, although the Bishop of Labuan became virtually Bishop of the Straits, all formal acts performed by him in his character of bishop, such as the consecration of a new cemetery at Singapore, were done under the special powers of a commission from the Bishop of Calcutta, just as the latter required a commission from England for the consecration of the church at Kuchin, which was out of his diocese.

He was anxious to return to Borneo, having been delayed longer than he wished by these negotiations. It was therefore decided that his consecration should take place at Calcutta, and that he should proceed there in October by sea, to be followed by a commission to be sent out overland to authorise the Bishop of Calcutta and his suffragans to consecrate, whenever three bishops could be assembled together for that purpose.

At the Commemoration before he left England he received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford. No other very notable events are remembered as having occurred in the summer of 1854 except their visits to Little Massingham, in Norfolk, and Kilgraston, in Scotland. In the former Mr. McDougall laid the foundations of a warm friendship with the Rev. C. D. Brereton and his family, which lasted through life, and in the latter with Lady Lucy and Mr. John Grant and their children. In the case of the Grants, this visit was followed by taking back with them to Sarawak their youngest son Alan, a child of eleven years, whose health was delicate, but which Mr. McDougall thought, and as the event proved rightly, would be established in a warm climate. Alan Grant was for some years a resident with Mrs.

McDougall, his expenses being of course borne by the laird, whose name is already familiar to us as the father of Mr. Charles Grant, who was long one of the Rajah's most trusted lieutenants in his Government, and is now himself Laird of Kilgraston. But the visit was most memorable in their then making the acquaintance of Mr. Grant's second daughter Annie, who afterwards married Captain Brooke. She, as we shall hereafter see, has passed away, but to those who can remember her at home, or galloping her pony over Kilgraston Moors, her memory comes back as that of an ideal woman to lead at once a refined and an adventurous life. It is somewhat hazardous to describe a lady, but when Mrs. McDougall wrote to her sister in Norfolk depicting Captain Brooke and the woman that she would desire to see his wife and the future Ranee of Sarawak, we may fairly say that she must have been gifted with something like second sight. 'She must have something *distingué* about her, a graceful dark creature, cheerful, for he is grave; chatty, for he is reserved; musical if possible. She must like the country and retirement, and yet enjoy seeing her house full, and have a talent for entertaining all ranks, classes, and nations. I can promise her a very superior husband, handsome and with a most winning smile, thoughtful and affectionate, with excellent abilities and judgment, a good temper and high principles; moreover, a soft heart easily influenced by love, but rather fastidious and a little inclined to satire. He is an especial favourite of mine, but I have only lately learnt to know him well; he is so fond of wrapping himself in a mist.'

It was in the autumn of 1854 that Mrs. McDougall and her sister Mrs. Colenso last met. The latter is still living, but was never afterwards in England at the same time as Mrs. McDougall.

The mission party was now a large one—Dr. and Mrs. McDougall, their child and an ayah, the Rev. J. Grayling, Miss Williams, and another lady proceeding to join the mission,

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Mr. Owen—a young man from Cambridge, who had been found for them by Mr. Goodwin, now Bishop of Carlisle, as schoolmaster to manage the mission school—and Alan Grant.

Their passages were taken by the 'Alfred,' a ship of 1,300 tons, sailing from Portsmouth round the Cape to Calcutta. Before starting a dimissory service was held at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, where many interested attended, and Dr. Jacobson preached the sermon, as he reminded his friends thirty years afterwards. In the evening the mission party met at their usual place of meeting. The rendezvous before embarkation was at the not very comfortable hotel of those days at Portsmouth, where they were joined by Lady Lucy Grant and Mrs. McDougall's brother to see them off. While there they were visited by Lady Augusta Bruce, Lady Lucy Grant's sister. This lady, afterwards Lady Augusta Stanley, was then in waiting on the Duchess of Kent, who was in the Isle of Wight, and, to Dr. McDougall's great satisfaction, for he was enthusiastically loyal, took him over by command to present him to her Royal Highness, and after lunch he was taken over Osborne. The day following was the Sunday before they sailed, and the mission party attended morning service in the Dockyard chapel, but when they were literally upon its threshold the news reached them of a great battle having been fought and won in the Crimea. It was the Battle of the Alma. There were no details: it was simply the despatch that there had been a great battle. But few were without friends in the expeditionary force, and among the officers was Captain Grant, Lady Lucy's eldest son. He bore himself bravely in the fight and escaped its casualties, but died immediately after, almost upon the field of battle, of cholera—his mother thought, sickened by the sight of the carnage. The fear of what might have happened weighed heavily on the return to London on the day following, when the mission party set out on their long voyage. They sailed on October 3, and had much bad weather, and a tedious and wearisome

passage, with a large company of somewhat uninteresting people and a great many children. Mrs. McDougall describes the voyage and makes the best of her fellow-passengers, but was delighted to arrive in the middle of January at Calcutta, where they were received at first at Bishop's College, from which Mr. McDougall and his family removed to the Palace, for on this the Bishop insisted.

When they reached Calcutta they received despatches from Mr. Hawkins, and, although there was a delay with the commission, he seems to have announced that the arrangements were practically complete, for Dr. McDougall replies:

'Bishop's Palace, Calcutta: 1855.

'I found your letter at Bishop's College, where we were most hospitably received by Professors Slater and Banergia. The Principal had kindly left directions to place the lodge at our disposal. The Bishop, however, wished me and my family to take up our quarters here, so that we have decided to do so. The Bishop is anxious to have me consecrated here. He says that if the E. I. Co. object to allowing the Bishops of Madras and Bombay to come here, there cannot be the same difficulty with the Bishop of Colombo; that there is a clause in the Indian Bishoprics Act to allow the Bishop of Calcutta and one suffragan to consecrate in the event of a presbyter out here being appointed to an Indian bishopric, and might not this rule be applied in the present case?

'For the churches' sake, I rejoice that the bishopric has been carried. As regards myself I accept the offer with fear and trembling from a deep sense of my own unworthiness, which will, I trust, cause me more and more to devote my whole soul and body to God's service and the good of my fellow-creatures.' After entreating the prayers of his friends, he adds: 'I am willing, and with God's grace will not shrink from the work that He has given me to do.'

On February 8 he wrote to his brother-in-law mentioning

that the Bishop was taking him about with him, and that he had been to the opening of the first railway in India, when they had gone as far as Burdwan, seventy miles from Calcutta, and returned after lunch. 'The opening,' he said, 'was begun by prayer by the Bishop, and Lord Dalhousie started the train, but was too ill to accompany them. The old Bishop went through the whole thing bravely, and does more than many of his juniors, but I took his Sunday's work in the Cathedral the next day for him.'

But immediately after another letter was received from Mr. Hawkins announcing further delay:

'79 Pall Mall: Jan. 9, 1855.

'Some difficulty and delay in sending out a commission for your consecration have arisen in consequence of observations addressed by the Board of Control to the Colonial Office about the injury and inconvenience of taking away bishops from their own dioceses. I have, however, seen Mr. Merivale on the subject, and I first satisfied him that this is a matter in which the bishops may be left to judge for themselves. Indeed, to allow of such an objection would be to put a veto on all consecrations in India. I trust, therefore, that the commission will be despatched ere long. It has certainly not yet gone, and, from the delays which are likely enough to arise, it may be a month or more before it is sent, and therefore three or four months before it arrives. It would be well, therefore, to submit the matter to the Bishop of Calcutta, who, doubtless would ascertain by correspondence when two bishops might most conveniently come to Calcutta. I should apprehend it would be too late to arrange the meeting before the next cold season (November or December), and in that case I suppose you would think it best to take Mrs. McDougall at once to Sarawak, set in order the things of the mission, and return for consecration at the appointed time.'

And by a letter to Mrs. McDougall dated the same day

at Sarawak, with another to the same effect to her husband, the Rajah writes: 'Do not pray let M^c^Dougall be deluded into an idea that three bishops from the uttermost parts of the East can be gathered together for his consecration under many many months. So do not allow him to defer his departure from Calcutta till the hot cholera season sets in. It will annul all the benefits derived from your sojourn at home, and the sea voyage. Come back first, and then M^c^Dougall can go and be made bishop in due season, and directly that he is made a bishop we will begin about getting him made Archbishop of Borneo.'

In accordance with this advice they did not linger longer at Calcutta, but proceeded forthwith to Singapore, Dr. M^c^Dougall and his family in a fast-sailing American clipper, the 'Eliza Penelope,' on February 21, the rest a few days afterwards in the American ship 'Beverley' under the charge of the chaplain at Singapore and his wife, who were proceeding by it. Their party had been diminished by the defection of Miss ——. This lady had discovered that she had no proclivities for a missionary life, if indeed she had ever intended to adopt it, and it was found useless to think of taking her farther. She therefore remained at Calcutta, and was reported afterwards to have married and gone up the country, and to have been cruelly murdered by the mutineers; but the history is uncertain. On April 25 they reached the mouth of the Sarawak river, where they were met by Mr. Horsburg. They were warmly welcomed by the natives, but found that all the other Europeans were away either on an expedition with the Rajah looking out for Lanun pirates, or scattered at their posts up the country. 'But there,' says Mrs. M^c^Dougall in her journal, 'stood the dear old house looking better than ever, for the trees had grown up round it in our absence, and all the children came running down the hill to meet us, with Elizabeth, who almost screamed with joy to see us, and the Chinese came about as we landed and welcomed us home. And home it is to

us. I took my Mab in my arms and carried her into my bedroom, where I used to nurse my darling Harry, and felt how poor and how rich God makes us; how scattered my treasures are from me and yet in Him how near! My old room was haunted with memories of my little ones passed away; the image of Charley I ever carry in my heart, and my little girl was in my arms. Were we not all together in that room? My good Elizabeth is just the same as ever, but much excited at our return, for she has suffered during our absence from the maladministration of the house and mission. Everything was in disorder and decay, not from the want of goodwill, but good management, and not for want of detailed direction and warning from Dr. McDougall. The services in the church had been cut short and the girls' school broken up for a time, probably from the absence of the correcting superintendence of a lady at the mission-house, and not, as the Rajah assured them, from any wrong conduct of the innocent children, whom they hastened to collect again. But the condition of the boys' school Dr. McDougall reported to be excellent, and that he did not doubt but that with Owen's assistance, and his own taking the charge, the progress of the boys would be so much accelerated that in a year's time the two eldest would be ready to send out as assistants in the Dyak, missions, to be followed by a constant succession of native labourers from the same source. What was of still more importance, was the satisfactory progress that had been made among the Dyaks at the out stations.'

During their absence the news had been bad. At the beginning of 1853 the times were warlike. Mr. Chambers wrote on February 28 that on account of the distracted state of the country he had left the Sakarran for Linga. It appears that Mr. Lee was then resident at Linga, and on the summons of Mr Brereton had joined him on the Sakarran to resist an attack by a powerful chief named Rentab, who was moving with a large force against the Sakarran Dyaks under Gassin

on account of their confederacy with the white people. In ascending the river to resist this force the Englishmen met with a disaster. They attacked too hotly, and the enemy, turning upon them with a stronger fleet, by the size of their boats swamped the Englishmen's vessels, and rendered their musketry useless. Poor Lee was killed gallantly fighting sword in hand, and Brereton only escaped by being dragged out of the water and into the jungle by his natives, after refusing their entreaties to save himself and declaring 'that the white man did not know how to fly.' In September 1854 Mr. Chambers writes of the death of Mr. Brereton by an attack of dysentery. He was much lamented. 'I feel greatly,' Mrs. M^c^-Dougall wrote, on her return to Sarawak, 'the death of my favourite, dear Willie Brereton. Sarawak is different without him.' And in another letter, 'Who can be to Sakarran what he was? No one can make up his loss to me at Sarawak. I loved him very dearly. He was a perfect gentleman in feeling and conduct, and had a most affectionate heart; besides, he was the first object of interest that we had here, and his memory is entwined with those first years when my Harry was alive.'

This check to the progress of the Sarawak rule was only temporary, and the chief Gassin, who was an old friend of Mrs. M^c^Dougall's, survived this expedition for many years. In a letter of 1850 she had mentioned him. 'We have lately had the Orang Kaya of Sakarran here with a party; he is a very powerful chief, commanding a very large number of subjects. He was present one morning at prayers. The children all sitting in rows, singing the morning hymn, and then kneeling down and repeating the Lord's Prayer, and the joining in the Amens, altogether seemed to awe these wild creatures. When the children went out Gassin said "it was beautiful, and he and his people should like to learn to pray to God." They are a very fine tribe. We shall send a missionary to them as soon as possible.'

Before their return also the Rajah, who had gone again to Sarawak, had been seized on his arrival in May by a severe attack of confluent smallpox. There was no European medical man in the settlement, and the Rajah was dependent upon Captain Brooke and Mr. Crookshank for his nurses, assisted by their faithful Malay friends, and with one additional counsellor only in the Rev. S. Horsburg. The Bishop had sought to explain to the latter, as he did to all his clergy or catechists brought into contact with him, such of the rudiments of medicine as could be learnt in their short intercourse, and had taught him to explore the medical books in the mission library. As, therefore, the malady increased, the books were consulted, and from them Mr. Horsburg learnt that in certain conditions, even under the fever of smallpox, stimulants might be necessary. When, therefore, the sickness seemed to pass all limits, and the patient to be sinking, book in hand Mr. Horsburg plied the Rajah with his stimulants, and in spite of his refusals, with the assistance of Captain Brooke and Mr. Crookshank, prevailed upon him to take them and food also. The treatment succeeded, the crisis passed, and, an improvement setting in, recovery became rapid. Great was the joy that followed, as had been the grief during the suspense. 'For three days,' Captain Brooke wrote to his mother in a letter dated July 11, 1853, of which a copy appears among Mrs. McDougall's papers, 'his life was utterly despaired of, and I may safely say that I was never so unhappy in my life.' This sickness, although for a time it disfigured the Rajah, did not necessitate his return home, or render him incapable of managing public affairs. In August he proceeded to Labuan and Brunei, where he negotiated the cession to himself of six districts in the neighbourhood of Sarawak from the Sultan on terms thought mutually advantageous, and came back to his own Government.

But to return to Mrs. McDougall's narrative after her arrival, as related in her journal. 'On April 27, at midday,

Mr. Chambers arrived from Linga with seven native converts whom he had baptised at Christmas, and on the following day we heard distant boat-music in the afternoon, which gradually approached, and soon the Rajah's boat came up the reach, followed by two others. Frank went directly to see them, and then the dear Rajah and Brooke came over to see me. I perceived a little nervous manner about the Rajah at first, as if he did not like to be looked at, but for my part I was delighted to see how little effect the smallpox had had on his features. They are not swelled, and his eye is as bright as ever. I am sure that when his hair comes back we shall see no difference in him. He looks older, though. I think that the commission has told upon his health more than the smallpox. What compensation can be made to him for all that anxiety and insult?' This commission, as will be seen in biographies of Sir James Brooke, was one issued in 1853, at the instance of Messrs. Hume and Cobden and their friends, to inquire into the existence of piracy in the Eastern Seas and into the conduct of Sir James Brooke in relation to it. The contention of these gentlemen was that there were no Dyak pirates in Borneo, no piracy properly so called, but only intertribal wars, in which the Rajah made use of the ships of H.M. navy to massacre the natives, including his own subjects, for the purpose of consolidating his dominion. As one gentleman put it, 'Who likes may enact St. George, but I don't believe in the Dragon.' The commission ended in an entire vindication of the Rajah, but did immense injury to the natives. It prevented the pacification of the country, and was at the root of all the political troubles of the next few years in Borneo. In the minds of the Rajah and his friends it caused more irritation than anxiety. In the same letter from Captain Brooke already referred to he wrote: 'For myself I am not at all cast down at the prospect of a commission, and firmly believe that it will tend to the Rajah's honour. The country and the people speak for themselves. Where was bloodshed

and tyranny there is now peace and paternal rule; where was poverty, ignorance, and sloth is now comparative wealth, intelligence, and commercial activity. No man could come here without being struck with the happy, contented appearance of the population and their affectionate regard for the Europeans. Surely it cannot be the intention of the Government in England to upset all this and throw the country back into a state of barbarism and anarchy?'

One other disappointment also awaited them. Brought over by Bishop Wilson when he consecrated the church, Mr. Fox had long had charge of the boys' school. He had acquired Malay and studied Chinese, and had received all the training necessary for his immediate efficiency, and was only waiting for the return of Dr. McDougall as Bishop to receive holy orders. He had, in fact, long been in preparation for the ministry, reading to the sick in the hospital, and having cottage lectures twice a week in the Chinese town; but when the time came he pleaded conscientious doubts and difficulties and shrank from the responsibility. Dr. McDougall believed that but for his own absence Fox would have remained constant to his profession, and he afterwards paid a warm tribute to his industry and faithfulness. Mr. Fox thereupon entered the Government service, and in 1859 fell in the Kanowit insurrection.

When they were again settled in the mission-house the usual routine recommenced. Social intercourse between Government House and College Hill was resumed. The services in church were revived, the school, under the management of Mr. Owen, carried on with vigour, singing classes formed under him, for he was musical, and the central station was visited by the missionaries from the out-stations, with troops of converts following them. Miss Williams was established in the girls' school, having charge of the little girls of the home school and some Chinese day-scholars, and learnt Malay from her pupils, two of whom, among the earliest of

the children received by Mrs. M^cDougall, not only spoke English quite well, but had picked up Chinese also. At the end of May Dr. M^cDougall made an expedition to Linga, accompanied by Mr. Gomez and twelve Dyak catechumens, who had received baptism in the church at Sarawak. It was desired that the converts of Lundu and Linga should meet and should establish a feeling of brotherhood between themselves, and that there should be a conference between the clergy to settle the use of some technical theological terms for their translations, and particularly that of the word Isa, the name by which our Lord is known to the Mohammedans in the Koran, and for which, contrary to the advice both of the Rajah and Dr. M^cDougall, it had been proposed to substitute the English-Latin form Jesus. Of this expedition we have an account in a short journal kept for the occasion by Dr. M^cDougall. It illustrates the danger of the use of native boats in those seas. 'Gomez,' he says, 'had Grant's large new warboat; I had a small native craft with four men; all the eatables and heavy things went with Gomez.

'*June* 1.—Rendezvoused last night at Qualla Samarahan; found my boat very crank and rather leaky—could not sleep because she rolled over when I turned round. Under way at daylight. Coasted along to Qualla Sadong, with a nice land breeze. Gomez, instead of following me, stood out to sea with his mat sail; and, as I saw that they could not come in against the wind, I was obliged to go out to them to get breakfast, and advised them to make all haste in to shore, as the land breeze was freshening, and the weather looked threatening. After breakfast the boat had drifted so much that I was obliged to take an oar and help to get her in. My own boat was gone on account of the sea. When we reached her I boarded her with difficulty, and then steered for Sibuyow, desiring Gomez to follow. I had my misgivings about leaving all the food and drink with him, as I did not feel at all sure when we should meet again.

'*May* 2.—Anchored off Sibuyow after a long rough pull at 8 P.M. Gomez did not reach the place until 1 A.M.; meanwhile since breakfast I had nothing to eat, and, what was worse, no water; what little there was I left for the men who were rowing, and I was too thirsty to eat their rice. I had been rowing or steering all day, and greatly I enjoyed a drink of brackish water when Gomez arrived. Then we had some supper and started again with the flood. His people were so knocked up that I was obliged to row again with them till daylight, when I made Gomez turn out and take an oar. By dint of hard work we saved our tide up to the fort, and I have just been refreshed by a couple of hours' sleep in Johnson's pretty little bungalow, which stands in the garden surrounding the fort, and is covered and adorned with creepers growing over it and peeping through the lattices. We waited at the fort during the ebb, and then went up with the young flood to Banting, which we reached after two hours' pull. Chambers's house is most romantically placed in a grove of fruit-trees on the crest of the hill overhanging the river about 300 feet. The view is enchanting. The river branches at the fort, and each branch seems to vie with the other in the tortuosity of its course through the bright green paddy grounds. About a mile off Mount Sepong rises with a graceful slope about 3,000 feet, and terminates abruptly in a ragged summit. We made a group of four clergymen. Not one of us possessed a shirt, and I alone had shoes. Chambers and Horsburg, with their beards and long staves, looked quite patriarchal. Gomez and I have taken possession of the verandah as a sleeping-place, and if there are no squalls we shall be dry and comfortable. On our return from a walk along the ridge of the hill, we found a number of Dyaks waiting for evening prayer, and among them four catechumens, who earnestly expressed their desire for baptism, but Chambers did not think them quite prepared. After prayers I spoke to them about the blessedness of

becoming God's children, and being delivered from the power of the evil one. We introduced the Lundu Christians to their Linga brethren, and sat up late discussing the use of the word Isa, in which, to my joy, we at last all agreed.

'*June* 3, *Trinity Sunday.*—Early service for catechumens. This consisted of a hymn, the Commandments, the Confession, and Creed, after which the Gospel was read, the selection being the miracle of raising the widow's son, the Dyaks repeating each sentence as it was read; then a picture illustrating the subject was shown to them, and exhortations by the clergy followed, after which the service was concluded with another hymn, the Lord's Prayer, that of St. Chrysostom, and the blessing. The second service consisted of the Litany and a celebration. I was struck last night by the energy and earnestness with which the Linga people sang their hymn to one of their own wild airs; but this morning, when the Lundus, at the request of the Lingas, sang the first hymn in service to the sweet chant which Gomez had taught them, we could hardly get the people here to sing afterwards. They broke down and told us that they were ashamed not to sing as well as the Lundus, but they would learn while we were here. It seems that Mr. Chambers had written some Dyak hymns for his people, but, not being musical, had left them to their native music. Mr. Gomez, on the other hand, had set his hymns to Church chants and tunes, giving them for the first time both rhythm and melody. The afternoon was spent in seeing and giving medicine to the sick, and hearing and answering the questions of inquirers. Several women came in the afternoon for instruction; they seem to take great interest in Chambers's teaching.

'*June* 4.—Went before breakfast with Horsburg to a Dyak house to see a case of fractured thigh, which he had put up very nicely, and the case was doing well. At breakfast the head chieftain, my old acquaintance Tongkat Langit, came in. I spoke to him of the evil of delaying to become a

Christian, urged his age and the happiness of following the example of his eldest son, who is one of the most pleasing converts. He said he meant to do so, and would come to be regularly instructed when he had leisure. Chambers thinks that the necessity of publicly forswearing the practice of head-taking is still operating in the minds of the chiefs, and prevents their coming forward lest they should lose influence with the tribe. However, I believe that old Tongkat is sincere, and that we shall receive him into the Church before long. In our morning walk we inspected the ground where Chambers means to build his church. We settled upon building a permanent bilian chancel, leaving nave and transepts to be added after the usual Dyak fashion with palm-thatched roof and mat walls as needed. The first thing is to get the money. We have only the S.P.C.K. 25*l.* in hand. We spent the day in consultation as to the most appropriate words for religious terms in our translation, in order as far as possible to secure uniformity in our theological teaching, notwithstanding the difference of dialect. We settled on thirty-six words, consulting the natives who were with us.

'*June* 6.—Sailed for Sarawak with morning ebb.

'*June* 7.—Got far towards the Morotabas, but a strong sea breeze coming on got up a heavy sea, which the boat could not stand, so, after vainly trying to cross the sands, on which we struck violently, we were obliged to run back to Sadong.

'*June* 8.—Got home safely, thank God, at 9 P.M.'

It was not until August 6 that the letters patent were issued under the royal sign-manual, which at that time was considered indispensable on the erection of a new colonial see, such as that of Labuan. Reciting that it was not desirable that Dr. McDougall should be recalled home for consecration, they directed the Archbishop to issue a commission addressed to the Bishop of Calcutta, as Metropolitan of India, together with the Bishops of Madras, Bombay, Colombo, Victoria, and Mauritius,

or any two of them, to consecrate the new Bishop, and thereupon the Archbishop issued his commission, dated August 8, under the archiepiscopal seal. The letters patent contained all the usual powers for the Bishop to exercise spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, to appoint officials, hold courts, and appoint dignitaries, with a right of appeal to persons aggrieved by judgments of the Bishop or his officials to the see of Canterbury.

In September, in obedience to the summons for which he had been waiting, Dr. McDougall returned to Calcutta for his consecration. He was not accompanied by his wife, who remained at Sarawak and saw him depart with some misgivings, and certainly with no elation. 'I never felt more loth to part with him,' she wrote to a friend, 'although I did not suspect that shadows of the future haunted us both, for he was as unwilling to leave me, and his letters contain unusual longings to return. To-morrow is the day of his consecration. I wish I could feel enthusiastic about it. Sometimes I think that I am profoundly ignorant of the results which may ensue from his being a bishop, and I try to fancy sundry devoted men following him from some mysterious love of his office; but the plain fact at present is that there are four clergymen here, one of whom is going away by the very ship that carries this letter, and where any more are to come from I do not very clearly see. As for Frank's own self, I have no doubt but that it will be wholesome for him to be consecrated; he will be more than ever devoted to his missionary work, and it will give him more influence in England to get helpers.'

He was consecrated Bishop of Labuan on St. Luke's Day, Thursday, October 18, 1855. The consecrating bishops were Bishop Wilson of Calcutta, Metropolitan of India, the Bishop of Madras, Dr. Dealtry, and the Bishop of Victoria, Dr. Smith. The account of the service is given in a letter addressed to the venerable Society by the Bishop of Calcutta: 'The Cathedral was crowded, and the clergy, thirty in number, attended

in their robes. After morning service the Bishop-elect, attired in his rochet, was presented to the Metropolitan, and her Majesty's mandate was read as well as the commission of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the several oaths were administered by the registrar of the diocese, and the service was then proceeded with, according to the form for consecrating a bishop in use in the Church of England, the Bishop of Madras preaching the sermon. 'At the offertory a collection was made for the Sarawak Mission, and above 500 Calcutta rupees were collected.' 'The new Bishop preached,' said Bishop Wilson, 'at St. Thomas's Church on the following Sunday for his mission, and a single gentleman contributed a thousand Calcutta rupees. He will preach in the Cathedral on the 28th, when something more will be gathered. The Bishop of Madras has presented the 400 rupees allowed for his voyage expenses to the same blessed cause. Thus has this great occasion passed off, the first consecration, I believe, that has ever taken place since the glorious Reformation, and perhaps of the first missionary bishop sent out by our Church; unless the Bishop of Mauritius may be considered as having preceded him.'

Dr. McDougall had been hospitably received by Bishop Wilson, who had had, he said, 'three breakfast parties to meet him (for I don't give dinners) of about forty each.' The Bishop's breakfast parties were remarkable. One of the most liberal of men, having borne the greater part of the cost of the large and handsome Cathedral of Calcutta out of his private means, his selection of that form of hospitality was not prompted by motives of economy, but by his own feelings of suitableness, and they were sometimes official receptions at which the Governor-General would appear in state with his officials. But on all occasions the Bishop rigidly followed his usual routine. Family prayers were expected in the chapel, at which the Bishop read a portion of Scripture and expounded, and afterwards in an extempore prayer was wont to dwell upon what he considered

the needs and temptations of his individual guests. In this mode of worship, at once devotional and didactic, and in those days not so uncommon as it is in the present, we may be quite sure that he did not spare the new Bishop. He excited in him, however, very warm feelings of respect and regard. Amusing stories might be told respecting Bishop Wilson, not probably related by his biographer, but their repetition would be much out of place in these pages.

'After his consecration,' says Mrs. McDougall, 'my husband undertook a confirmation tour for Bishop Wilson at the mission stations around Calcutta, and consecrated a church at Midnapore in South Bengal, and in December, after four months' absence, returned to Sarawak. On his return the Rajah appointed him Bishop of Sarawak also, "for the maintenance of religion and the promotion of piety, with power to exercise all ecclesiastical functions pertaining to the episcopal office, as recognised by the order of the Church of England."'

When he had originally proposed that Mr. McDougall should be made bishop, the Rajah had not contemplated the creation of a colonial bishopric. He certainly would not have consented to the appointment of such a bishop by the Crown of England to reside in Sarawak, and exercise authority by virtue of his patent over the clergy of the Church of England in Borneo. The attempt to confer such a jurisdiction would have been a usurpation of authority by Great Britain, and in the anomalous position of Sarawak, then the shuttlecock of parties, without protection from the Crown or even recognition, to propose the Rajah's assent to such an operation indirectly, would have been to ask him to consent to his Rajahate being treated, while unrecognised, as a dependency of Labuan. He feared also, not unnaturally, especially at a time when he was smarting from the insult offered him by the appointment of the commission on piracy, that dissensions might arise in the future from the anomalous position of a colonial bishop residing and

exercising authority beyond the limits of his own see. But by making the appointment of Bishop of Sarawak, the Rajah's rights were saved, and the jurisdiction over the clergy in Borneo became effectual as a consensual jurisdiction by the agreement of all parties concerned. The arrangements were the best that could be made at the time for getting rid of difficulties which seemed otherwise insurmountable, and under the light in later years thrown upon the law appear unobjectionable. In a similar case at the present time there is no obstacle to the consecration of a missionary bishop without any compulsory jurisdiction or letters patent.

During his absence things had again gone badly at Sarawak. The Rev. ——, whom he had left as chaplain there, had had an attack of sunstroke, and met him at Singapore utterly broken down, and in piteous terms threw up his appointment. Miss W——, the lady missionary who had undertaken the school, found the climate, the unexciting life, and the monotony of her avocation too much for her, and left them. She was a person of considerable ability and lived to do good work elsewhere, and was always ready to express her devotion both to Mrs. McDougall and the Bishop, and to bear witness to the kindness and sympathy with which she was treated by them. They were, therefore, again alone; but in March 1856 Mr. Gomez was ordained priest by the Bishop, and a few months afterwards a new missionary, Mr. Koch, arrived from Bishop's College. In April 1856 their second daughter, Edith, was born. At that time Mrs. Harvey came from Singapore to stay with Mrs. McDougall.

In a letter dated April 1, after referring to family events past and prospective, and expressing his satisfaction at the arrangements made by the society as to his income, which would enable him to do his work as bishop and receive his clergy with the necessary hospitality, and to move about as he must do to keep his work going, he says: 'Last Sunday I ordained Gomez priest, and all the missionaries are up with

us now, and as they naturally come with a full determination to make up for all privations at their stations, there is at times no small difficulty in providing, for we are now driven to get even our chickens and ducks from Singapore . . . . You all mistake my reason for wanting a mission vessel. It is not to go to Labuan that I really want her for most, it is to carry out our missions in the Rajah's rivers, and to keep up communication with them, which in small boats, our only present means, is often impossible or dangerous, and always more or less risky from wind, sea, exposure, and lastly straggling Dyak bankongs who might take a fancy for one's head. So, on the score of health, safety, and convenience, we want a suitable vessel to do our work with, and while getting one it is just as well that she should be of sufficient size to take us to Labuan direct when we want to go there. We must have one, so do what you can to help us. Our dear Rajah is ailing, and cranky rather in mind perhaps than in body; he has been so over-worried, and takes morbid views of things, especially about the conduct of the English Government towards Sarawak. I try to soothe and pacify him both bodily and mentally, and he is as kind and good and loving as ever to everything but the Government. I hope that next mail will bring news to put him in a more amiable mood towards the fatherland. Dear old England, I can't bear to hear the old country bullied, and get riled sometimes about it. I won't be Dutchman, or Yankee, or Frenchman, for anybody—no, not I!'

In his next letter in May he explains about the expenses of the crew of his boats: 'For my present boats I always keep in pay four Malays, good sailors who do coolie work when not away in the boats, and when I go to sea I have to hire others to make up a crew of ten men, which is required to paddle a decent boat. If I had a schooner I could go with eight men, and be able to take my pupils and catechists also with me, who would lend a hand in working the vessel, and assist at the missions, and we should have our house to live in and

our church with us.' He calculates in another letter that there would be little difference in his expenditure with his contemplated vessel, while he should escape the discomfort of the boating, 'in which one runs the risk of swamping, to say nothing of the dreadful heat, shut up under a low mat awning for days, when I feel just like a chicken in a narrow coop in the sun, gasping for breath and frying with heat.' And he explains that there was some talk of the Labuan Government having a steam gunboat, when they would send for him if they wanted him. But it does not appear that this gunboat was ever forthcoming.

In June the Rajah left Sarawak in the gunboat, the 'Jolly Bachelor,' and dropped the Bishop at Labuan. It was natural that he should wish to visit the island which gave him his episcopal title as soon as possible, to make arrangements for the establishment of a chaplain, and the erection of a church and chaplaincy. In the absence of authority from home he could not accomplish much, although he was enabled to write from the spot making a formal application for assistance and the appointment of a chaplain to the Colonial Office. But he obtained, and gave for these purposes, an excellent site of thirteen acres, and set on foot a subscription for a building fund, which he headed with a donation of 50*l.*

In October he writes to his brother-in-law from Sarawak, sending home a quantity of Dyak mats and other curiosities for distribution among his friends, and mentions that he and his wife had been at Singapore for medical advice on his return from Labuan, and that he was still suffering from fever caught at the latter place, but which, Mrs. McDougall said, had developed at Singapore, recurring again and again, as Labuan fever always did. And in another letter about the same date, he said: 'I had to go from my bed to preach and ordain Mr. Koch on Sunday, and then returned to it quite done for. This is my first day of being up, and I am writing with difficulty. But all here is going on well. Miss Coomes,

a lady selected and sent from 79 Pall Mall, is willing and anxious to do great things, to give her testimony to the heathen, as she says, but the language and other necessary preparations in little things will be a trial to her, which I do not think that she expected.' He expresses his great pleasure at hearing of the efforts made by his friends to collect money for the mission ship, and that he had in the meantime purchased a lifeboat at Singapore, which would not, however, render the mission ship unnecessary, as she was still only a boat, with the inconveniences and exposure entailed thereby. This vessel, about twenty-eight feet long, with watertight compartments at the bow and stern, was, Mrs. McDougall says in her sketches of our life at Sarawak, 'well named, as in her first voyage she saved the lives of her passengers.' The Bishop must immediately upon her arrival have taken her round to Lundu, and Mrs. McDougall thus continues her narrative of the event to which she refers: 'In the north-east monsoon the sea runs very high between the mouths of the two rivers, the Sarawak and Lundu, and on this occasion the waves on their return from Lundu were fearful. Seven great waves like green hills advanced one after another. The Malay crew prayed aloud with terror. The Bishop and Stahl steered the boat and held their breaths. It looked like rushing into the jaws of death, but the lifeboat mounted the big waves one after another, sometimes shuddering with the strain, but buoyant and stiff. The danger past, the crew praised Allah and the good boat; but they, as well as Stahl, who had behaved so bravely at the time of danger, fell into a fit of ague from the nervous shock. We knew on the top of the hill that a fearful storm was raging, but we did not see the white boat flying like a bird over the seven great rollers, or there would have been no sleep for us that night. The crew never forgot it, nor the calm pluck of their steersman the Bishop. I must confess that an attack of fever was the result of all this exertion when he joined us on the hill.'

In December he complains still of his health, but says, 'I shall make my visit to Labuan this next year as early as possible to avoid the unhealthy season.' At this time also he had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Harvey, the representative at Singapore of the Borneo Company, to say that he had instructions from the directors in London to pay him 200*l.* a year for three years for the establishment of a new mission at a place called Si-Munjen, on the Sadong river.

In a letter written in the first week of 1857, Mrs. McDougall mentions that on December 27 preceding, Miss Woolley, afterwards Mrs. Chambers, had arrived. 'I am delighted with her; she is gentle, kind, sensible, and clever; I think she likes the look of Sarawak, and the general prospect before her, and is very easily pleased and contented.' 'She has taken the boys' singing regularly in hand for Sundays, and means to organise a general singing class for everybody who will learn to sing in parts, and give an interest to the Sunday services. We are to have a musical service for Easter Sunday.' 'We had an evening party on December 31, and it passed off very nicely, without any over-riotousness. At midnight the boys ran to church and rang the new year in, and then sang the Morning Hymn; after which they were very glad to come home and eat sandwiches and cakes and go to bed. We went to bed at 2 A.M., which I thought quite late enough, as next day were the boat races.' At these races the children appeared; Mab very gay in pink and white sent from home, Edith in a blue muslin, 'which her ayah had sat up at night to make her, and which, therefore, I had not the heart to refuse her wearing; although it became her very ill.'

On January 2 the Bishop writes: 'One of our great drawbacks is that, whether we will or no, we must take strangers in when they come, as the Rajah's and this are the public houses, and it often entails no small cost upon us in this most expensive of places, especially with our missionaries, who

think it is the Bishop's business to fatten them up when they get thin upon their jungle fare, and it suits my vein though not my pocket to do so. Thanks for the preserved meats; they are a capital stand-by. We are thankful for them, as they cost less than half the Singapore price for such things; 100 per cent. is the least we have to pay beyond English prices for goods. The Rajah was not here at Christmas, so we had all the Christians to dinner—seventy fed at the school-house, including school children, and eighteen at our own table—so we were very gay.

'The church was beautifully dressed. I had two communions and five services, English and native, in the course of the day, and at night magic lantern and Christmas hymns, so I had a pretty good share of work for an invalid. Harriette and Mrs. Harvey were as busy as bees with the domestic and pudding arrangements. We killed a bull and a sheep, and luxuriated for once in beef and mutton. Harvey gave me the sheep, I bought the bull in Labuan. We have had nice cool healthy weather lately, and Christmas was a delightfully cool day for us. As soon as the weather moderates I am going to Sadong to see about a house for a missionary, and I purpose holding a monthly service there myself until a missionary comes; this is the sort of work I want a vessel for; I could live in her and make my voyages without the risk and exposure of boats. Chambers and Johnson got into trouble between this and Sadong the last time they came—had to leave their boat and walk for miles in the mud and surf until they found a canoe, in which they paddled themselves up here, some thirty miles. I am getting too old for that sort of fun, and it makes me ill, moreover.'

On July 9 he enumerates the duties falling on him personally. 'I will just give you a brief sketch of the work of this station alone, that I am responsible for. First, there is the school, of which the teachers, Koch, Owen, Rijab, and Toon Fa, have to be instructed by me, to fit them for their present

and future work. Koch, indeed, I ordained deacon in September, to keep up the services whenever I go away on Sunday, which I have not done but once since, to confirm at Lundu; but he is still my pupil, and is not yet licensed to preach. Then there is the general superintendence of the school and the examination of the boys, which I conduct myself always. The daily services of the church are always said by me morning and evening, also the weekly evening lectures to the Chinese Christians, and all parochial visiting and work, which is now something, falls on me, and also every case of sickness among Europeans is, as it were, forced upon me, and will be until there is a medical man they can trust here. Then, on Sundays, bell rings at 7.30 A.M.; I then say the Litany or Communion Service alternately, and directly this is over Chinese morning service begins, which I conduct in Malay; I get home about a quarter or half-past ten. At 11 A.M. English service; I read prayers, &c., and preach (Mr. Koch plays the harmonium and reads the lessons only); afternoon Sunday school; 4.30 P.M. English service; 5.30 Chinese prayers—which last I leave to Mr. Koch. In fact, on Sundays I am in church some five hours, working myself the whole time, and on Communion Sundays longer, as I have separate communions for natives and English. On all saints' days I give a lecture at morning service. This is the regular home work. Then there are to be visited once a month:

'1. Bow, twenty-five miles by water, and a ten miles' walk up the right branch of this river.

'2. Quop Dyaks, on a high hill about twenty miles from this up the river of that name.

'3. Sadong, or rather Simunjen, up the Sadong, which I reckon seventy miles by sea and river and land. Eight of my Europeans are there, and some of my Chinese Christians, and from eight to ten thousand Dyaks.'

This Simunjen, or Simunjan, was the station for which the Borneo Company's grant had been made.

CHAPTER V.

SOCIAL LIFE AT SARAWAK.

BUT, hopeful as the prospects of the mission seemed in its early years, there were unexpected trials which beset it from its commencement. When Sir J. Brooke invited it to Sarawak it is certain that his motives were in the first instance political. He was anxious to civilise his people, and acknowledged in Christianity 'the highest form of religion,' 'and invited the Church of England to be the channel,' as his biographer writes, 'because he believed her to be the most free, as he trusted that she would be the most patient and loving,' of communions. But his views were scarcely those of the persons who set the Borneo Mission on foot. The conversion of the Malays was probably never contemplated by him at all, and that of the Dyaks was looked to as a counterpoise to Mohammedan influence, and very desirable as a matter of statecraft for the consolidation of the power of a European ruler. There was a strong element of scepticism or agnosticism in the little community, which soon showed itself.

At a very early date it was determined to try of what sort of stuff the new missionary was made, and after dinner at Government House words were spoken which it was impossible that a clergyman who was loyal to his faith could tolerate. M^c^Dougall did not hesitate for an instant, but rose from his chair and left the room, to be followed by the Rajah,

who lamented what had passed, and promised on his honour that it should not happen again. Nor did it in that offensive form, but the feelings which prompted it bore bitter fruit afterwards, and there was an undercurrent of opposition which may be traced in the events that followed. This story was told by the Bishop within the last two years of his life, but is also referred to in his most confidential letters to his brother-in-law. The position in which Mr. McDougall was placed was a difficult one. The English community was too small to ignore any part of it, nor could he well refuse to associate with any of its members, and the alternative that he adopted was, by steady kindness and constant exercise of influence for good, holding his own and preaching the truth, and in his medical capacity ministering to all in sickness, to seek to win rather than repel those who differed from him. It is certain that at one time he possessed great religious influence with the Rajah, whose turn of mind was sceptical and controversial rather than unbelieving, and this is proved by the Rajah's private letters to the Bishop, and perhaps by the history of his last years in Cornwall. Why then, it may be asked, revive forgotten controversies? The answer is clear. It is not desired to refer unnecessarily to any individual, far less to give any pain, but if this subject is wholly suppressed justice cannot be done either to the Bishop or his work. A good argument was the Rajah's delight, and all who knew Sarawak at the time of which we are writing speak of the noble library which he had collected—perfect, we are told, in everything except the classics in the original, which were presumably useless to those likely to consult it; all the poets, the best historians and essayists, books of reference, theology, and philosophy, from Hume and Toland to 'The Vestiges of Creation,' were collected in it, rendering all other teaching superfluous, and justifying every man who had the privilege of access in creating a *summa theologiæ* for himself. Fast and furious ran the arguments and debates on

the abstrusest subjects at many a social gathering at that time, not much harm being done beyond plunging the disputants into the great Serbonian bog of utter confusion, or leaving them in the land that leads to nowhere. It was the complaint of an adverse critic, that Bishop M^c^Dougall did not give encouragement to these free inquiries; but in this some of his friends may think that he showed his discretion, for it could scarcely be expected that with his reverent mind he should be prepared to treat as open questions the doctrines that he had been commissioned to teach.

Unless the society in Sarawak was very different from that of most far-distant settlements at that period, it must have happened that the Bishop felt himself called upon, if only on rare occasions, to act as *censor morum*. But even when he felt compelled to admonish, those who knew him will feel sure that it was done in kindness and without undue austerity. His method is well shown in an anecdote which Mrs. M^c^Dougall tells as happening in 1851 at Sarawak: 'Frank was sitting in his library and I in my tent, when he called to me, "Who is that shooting close by, for a ball just now whizzed past the window?" I could see no one, but presently Stahl came up to say that a certain young Scotch captain of a brig in the river, who was living in one of Stahl's houses just below us, was madly drunk, and had been firing with his pistols at our house, and that Captain Brooke had had him locked up in the fort for the night, to recover his senses. The next morning Frank sent for him, gave him a serious talking to on the evils of his besetting sin, and appealed to the religious education which you may be pretty sure that a Scotchman has had more or less of. The young man wept heartily, and professed repentance, and promised to amend his life, and Frank (who was alone) finished by asking him to dine with him that day. The following day he lent him some books. I do not know how long the good resolution will last, but he has been regularly to church every afternoon

since, and his conduct is blameless. He is quite young and good-looking—how shocking that he should have fallen into such a bad habit! Neither can we tell whether any permanent reformation followed. His name is not mentioned, nor that of his ship either, and they sail forth unknown, never again to be "spoken" by us on life's voyage. We may hope that the lesson was not thrown away upon him.'

But notwithstanding abstract differences of opinion, the Rajah, as he soon said, liked the McDougalls, and the liking grew into friendship and a warm affection, which with them was lifelong. And he for many years did all that was in his power consistently with his policy to forward their work and their wishes.

Sir James Brooke was a very attractive person and a delightful companion. Full of interest in all manner of subjects, his conversation wandered over the broad fields of human knowledge and he talked well in all. Politics and religion, philosophy and social life, all had their interest for him, and, with an ever-present love of giving pleasure, his delight was to surround himself with a little court of worshippers, to whom he would give all his sympathy, and from whom he expected in return unbounded devotion. He had a kind heart, and possessed the faculty of friendship alike with men and women, and he was, says his biographer, 'one of those men who are able to be the close and intimate friends of women without a tinge of love-making.' His voice was kind and gentle, his smile charming.

In his little court at Sarawak his personal influence was boundless, and he had lived so long with his Malays that his manners, naturally fine, had received an extra polish. 'A Malay,' we are told, 'is a very refined gentleman, as calm, self-possessed, and averse to any great attack upon his feelings, as any reserved Englishman can be. He never wonders; but those who knew the Rajah in England, and remember his manner, know quite well what a Malay man of rank is—

either there is a great sympathy between his character and theirs, or he has caught their bearing from living among them.' But if offended or hostile the Malay is dangerous, and strikes before he shows his resentment. In this also the Rajah could sympathise with his subjects. In politics he seems to have cared little for party but much for his country. In his later years, if asked his party he might have been content to reply in one word, 'Sarawak.' In 1842 he expressed his views in words very applicable to the present, and true for all times. 'At a distance I view these party struggles with all the indifference of philosophy; I only desire the good of the nation, and a firm government. Whig as I am, it is a matter of congratulation that the Tories have a sufficient majority, for a very equal division of parties is the very demon of discord and faction.'

As Rajah of Sarawak he had distinct views of policy which he carried out unswervingly. The form of government is despotic, and none other would be understood by an Oriental people, such as the Malays and Dyaks; but with himself he associated a council of the principal natives, so that the will of the chief, the synonym of despotic rule, carried with it the consent of his subjects.

It was the fashion of the place to live very much in public, the natives having admission at Government House at all times and all hours, and they naturally thought that the same rules should hold good at the mission house. They would not, therefore, hesitate to troop in uninvited, assuming themselves to be welcome guests, and it was thought unwise to rebuff them, when the first thing desired was to gain their confidence. On one occasion Mrs. McDougall writes, when they had first taken possession of the mission house: 'Frank and I were alone and I very tired, and we were hoping for a quiet evening, when in rushed quite unexpectedly a crowd of Malay women, men, and boys, with the Datu Patinghi at their head. It was bright moonlight, and so they thought

that they should like to come and see us, to look over the house and to see the magic lantern. Frank was half inclined to send them all off on my account, but that would never have done. They cannot understand our English ways, so we made the best of it; the lantern was got ready, and they looked all over the house, every corner, the bath-house not excepted—which I think pleased them most, when they discovered the hole in the brick floor where the water runs away—our beds too, my iron one and Harry's, in which he slept "all alone," which they thought wonderful—"how was he to get milk in the night?" They nurse their children to three and four years old. The worst of these inundations of Malays is the smell—joint cocoanut oil, sirih, tobacco, and stale fish, which is their favourite food, to say nothing of dark skin. The only refuge is to set the men smoking as a covering to the rest. I do not now dislike smoking as I used to do, as it drives away the mosquitoes, which on this hill are a complete pest—two nights out of three we cannot sleep for them.'

Nor was it only an occasional and unexpected visit that they had to look for: sometimes Mrs. McDougall would send out invitations for a soirée for the natives—when it was no sinecure to entertain them. 'You cannot think,' she writes, 'how much the Malay ladies enjoy an evening with me, but they scarcely let me cease playing and singing. "Go on, lady, we shall certainly dream all night of this," being their expression of delight. They are enchanted with the picture of Winston Vicarage. It is an English house, there are little rooms in the roof for the smoke, and my boy lives there.'

In so small a community it could not fail but that the intimacy between Government House and College Hill should be great. At the beginning of 1849 Mrs. McDougall writes: 'It is an established rule now that we go to the Rajah's on Tuesday evening, and he comes to us on Thursday, and we are to dine together once a month.' And in these social meetings there was much harmless merriment, especially

when one of H.M. ships came in, or one of the H.E.I.C. vessels, when the officers came up the river distributing themselves between the Rajah's and the Bishop's houses, and gave occasion to little festivities. You have no idea,' continues Mrs. McDougall, 'how merry we are, but there is no resisting the fun of this curious patchwork society. Last Tuesday, Mr. H——, a tall and immensely stout man, would persist in dancing a *minuet de la Cour* with a little midshipman. He mounted a Dyak cap and feathers, and made us laugh till we cried. All the officers of the "Nemesis" were present, and the ship's fiddler, and quadrilles and reels were danced' (we do not hear of round dances), 'the gentlemen being driven to dance with each other as partners, for there was only one lady present besides myself, a surgeon's wife on her way to Labuan in the "Nemesis." I danced a quadrille with the Rajah, who dances beautifully, and is as merry as a child. A charade was acted, which, with the dancing, infinitely amused the natives, of whom I should think 150 were present; and the evening closed with singing "Rix Rax," the National Anthem of Sarawak, the Europeans clapping their hands and the natives yelling a war yell for the chorus. Now, however, we shall be quiet enough while they are all away at war with the Sarebas. These Dyaks have been murdering in a most wholesale way at Sadong, which I can see at the mouth of the river from the ship's deck. They took seventy heads the other day, men, women, and children, and a fortnight before a boat was found with blood and one finger in it, which was known to have started with a crew of seven men.' Of the necessity and result of this expedition we have already heard.

In one respect social life in Sarawak presented a pleasing contrast to that which was sometimes tolerated in the Presidencies—namely, in the treatment of inferiors and domestics. The proud Malay will not stand a blow; 'Gare qui touche' is his motto, and he is apt to repay an insult with his kris.

This habit is a salutary warning to the uncivil, but it was backed up by the example of the Rajah. In a private letter to a country friend, in which Mrs. McDougall mentions to her correspondent how much they had been shocked by the manners of some Indian visitors, and says, 'No wonder that the Mussulmen in India have little respect for the religion of their masters, if they treat them with so little fellow-feeling,' she adds, 'We are not subject to such things here, for the Rajah sets an example of unvaried kindness and indulgence to his servants, treating them as brothers, and of course he is loved. I hope that you will see Sir J. Brooke. I should like him to go and stay with you. He would be very happy if you would let him have a fire in his bedroom and a sofa by his fire, and would not have parties to meet him, but let him sit all the morning in his room and come out as he liked, and have some music in the evening and a long discussion about everything in heaven and earth with you and your sisters, and C. and E., who ought to be there also. All very fine: nothing of the kind, I suppose, will happen, for society will be as polite, stiff, and formal as ever. It is so different here: if anyone comes to Sarawak the only trouble is, who shall have the pleasure of entertaining him. Not that I mean to question your hospitality, dearest F——, which I know to be perfect.'

In a letter written some years after Mrs. McDougall recounts her experience with native servants, and says, 'In dealing with them I find that a good lecture in a gentle tone of voice goes much further than an angry word.'

We have received from an eye-witness a lively account of an afternoon and of one of these dinner parties at Government House, which must have taken place in the autumn of 1855, before Captain Brooke left for England. After describing tiffin and the fruits which formed part of it, concoctions of sun-made creams and 'limonade divine,' contained in red prickly caskets lined with white satin, the narrator adds that the announce-

ment was made that the first durians of the season had come in. 'Their votaries,' said the Rajah, 'are always wild on the occasion. It is a passionate fruit and must be loved or hated.' A mixture of ambrosia and cream, tainted with the aroma of ancient pigsties and garlic, was beyond the capacity of the novices; but the plates of yellow pips extracted from their rough envelopes, pouring forth fresh perfume every time the fork ran into them, were irresistible to the veterans. With many jokes and much laughter the spoil was seized upon, although the indulgence carried a retribution with it. 'After this it was a relief to get out of doors into the fresh air and upon the water. On reaching the opposite shore, "We must go round by the mission house, and make sure of our party for the evening," cried the Rajah, and we diverged into a narrower pathway leading past the wooden church—a model structure for its beauty of proportion—up to the mission house. This was by no means equal to the church in elegance of form, but large and commodious, better inside than out, as all houses should be, and very sheltering with its heavy umbrella-like roof of wooden tiles against the tropical rains.

'After a renovating bath and white jacket toilet, the correct thing in Sarawak, unless a very wet day or special occasion call for European costume, the royal household, then composed wholly of bachelors, awaited the arrival of the Bishop's family, and with pleasure, except where conscience had made cowards of the durian eaters. On assembling for dinner some little banter followed, but "Never mind," cried the Rajah, "I'll make them all eat durian before we let them off this evening;" and after receiving his guests he led the way to the dining-room. When lighted up for the evening the house looked more Oriental than in the daylight. The windows opening into the verandah served as the framework for several half-lengths of Dyak chiefs, who, their approach to their sovereign being one of gradation and delay, would stand without for hours until invited to enter. Their fine

figures, some in brilliant jackets of satin or gold embroidery, displaying their broad sinewy chests, others covered with an infinity of brass rings and chains, their earrings being circlets of brass frequently depending from the ear to the shoulder, made a magnificent setting to the picture; while their great black eyes, as they cast admiring looks upon their lord and his guests, or flashed telegraphic glances to each other, were more suggestive than reassuring to the stranger.

'Dinner proceeded until a discussion arose, which the Rajah cut short by exclaiming, "Do help the pudding that is waiting—that is the one which the ladies will prefer;" and, that which was before him being in a glory of flame, while the other looked deliciously cool, all took the hint. The pudding was served with a very pleasant sauce like rich apple, and was greatly admired, much to the satisfaction of the host. At dessert he announced that durians had arrived and were only awaiting the permission of the ladies to enter. Oh no, they never could or would think of allowing it. "Vile things," ejaculated the Bishop, who, being both physician and botanist, was an accepted authority upon esculents. "Well," was the reply, "I can hardly ask you to eat them twice, as I know that to-day you have done so once already." Their quick denial was met by a burst of triumph, the white teeth of the Bengalee domestics bearing conspicuous witness to the laughter of the sahibs. "You have all done it; you have all done it," cried the votaries of the fruit; and truly it was so. The Rajah, skilful in the diplomacy of the cuisine as in the management of native potentates, had contrived a sauce which, under the belief that it was apple, had beguiled us for once into becoming durian eaters.'

After dinner great was the mirth, 'and some moving anecdotes were told by the Bishop of his Chinese patients. Laborious and helpful to all, willing, and able for any good work at any time or season, the Bishop was strong and happy in the exercise of gifts which would have sainted him in bygone

ages. Had all his reverend brethren done half his part in publishing the Gospel and ameliorating human wretchedness, our national Church would stand in a much better position than she does at present. Certainly the best people are the best abused, and both he and the Rajah had a full share of the obloquy cast by the sharp tongues of narrow-minds.' The evening passed in the great library, where the Rajah delighted to spend his leisure hours.

Captain Brooke's insect treasures were produced, for a visit from Mr. Wallace the naturalist had given rise to a rage for collecting, and some Dyak shields were examined adorned by locks of human hair taken in warfare. 'Among them were two wavy light brown tresses, so long, so soft, and curling as to raise a melancholy surmise as to the victim's sex and nation;' and then some natives were introduced. 'The Imaum that night paid a visit of ceremony. He was a finer man than most Malays, having high Arabian features set off by a grand turban and flowing caftan of sea green. Much speaking was evidently the chief part of his office, but even his Malay was wanting in the polish and elegance of pronunciation of the Rajah's. When he departed, with a profusion of compliments and a profound salaam, an old Dyak chief came just within the door, and, perching himself upon his heels upon a chair, engaged the attention of the Bishop. He wished for a missionary to be sent to him, to teach him and his people "the right way." Then followed some observations respecting God. "Yes, He is a great Spirit, very strong, and very good, he could believe that; but what does He require?" Clearly and tersely the Commandments were spoken, with approving nods from the seeker. Then there was loud satisfaction expressed, which my informant, who gave me the benefit of his superior knowledge of the language, told me was caused by the precept, "Thou shalt not steal." "Then," he exclaimed, "when they follow this, the neighbours will take no more of my paddy; now they rob me shamefully." And at the

conclusion the unsophisticated savage said, almost in the words of the Apostle, "All these commandments are clean, and just, and good."'

'The conversation now became more general, the Rajah leading the subject to the theories of Hume, not that he concurred in his views, but he would have it that a man calmly contemplating a green old age must have some virtue in him; and he read a passage to prove his words, adding that it was to the quiet close of a life so described that he was looking forward for himself. The Bishop, having arranged that the chief should visit him at his house next morning, here joined us, and gave a good-natured but firm denial to the idea that happiness was attainable by the historian's theory; while Mrs. McDougall, visibly grieved, exclaimed, "Such an old age, like that of the sceptic's, would be dry and withered." Sir James laughed gaily at their warmth, and his young staff smiled. Presently the ladies declared that it was getting late, the company rose, the evening was over.'

Nor was it only that social intercourse took place between the gentry and the mission house. The church services were in themselves a bond of union between the clergy and all who attended them, but Bishop and Mrs. McDougall also strove in various ways to extend the feeling of fellowship, and continued to carry out the same or like plans during the whole of their life at Sarawak. Thus on one occasion Mrs. McDougall writes:

'Frank has set on foot a weekly gathering at our house on Wednesday evenings; anybody may come at eight o'clock, when we all read the Bible together till nine. Frank expounds; then we have tea and a little sacred music, prayers at ten, then good-bye. We have had two of these evenings and fifteen visitors; they have been very successful. Frank's expositions were very interesting and the people attentive. Our first-class boys and Mary and Julia came in also to the reading. We have invented this plan to bring the second-class people about us.'

And in another letter of early date, 'I have established a music class every week and have eight pupils; we dine at five and sing from seven to nine. Mr. Crookshank, Crymble, Steel, Peter, the Stahls, and Susan are among the learners. We practise the hymns for Sunday and chants, and I deliver a small lecture on thorough bass, which I write out and give them copies to learn in the ensuing week. This part of it is, I think, more trouble to me than use for them, for I do not find them very apt at learning the theory. The only thing is, that it gives an interest to the whole affair, and makes them think themselves wonderfully wise. It really has made some of them regular at church since it began, for they must come and sing their parts in the chant, and this is the principal use of it.'

At any times of special festivity, such as weddings among these converts or followers, or at Christmas time for their Chinese Christians, with whom, in the days of their heathenism, feasting formed a principal part of their religion, the Bishop's house was thrown open, and his purse provided the cost of the entertainment.

When Captain Brooke and Mr. Grant came out with their brides in 1857 there was much pleasant intercourse between the ladies, and, except when prevented by their arrangements for their nurseries, they were very much together. But there was a slackening in the intercourse between the Europeans and the natives. 'In the earlier days,' observes the Rajah's biographer, 'every evening after dinner the chiefs would assemble in the great hall, sit amongst us, and conversations were freely carried on as between equals. But when the ladies arrived all was changed. After dinner the ladies retired into the drawing-room, where the gentlemen soon followed, or remained impatiently waiting for the natives to go. This they soon observed, and gradually they left off coming. No wonder that the bonds of sympathy between the native and European became slacker.' 'And this showed itself still

more after Sir James left at the end of the year.' It was not that there was any intention to throw off the cares of State in the management either at the capital or in the districts, however content the young married people were with their own society; on the contrary, their interest in public affairs was enhanced, as their stake in the country grew larger, but they were, as a very friendly observer remarked, 'like boys and girls playing at Kings and Queens,' and the settled order was too much taken for granted. The peculiar fascination which the Rajah exercised over the natives thus grew feeble in his absence, and was not possessed by his successors in the same degree, until, perhaps, in later years by the present Rajah, who seems to have been endowed with much more of his uncle's special faculty than any other administrator, and is now a still more powerful ruler in the increased prosperity of the State.

One of the delights of such a country as Borneo must always consist in the little excursions which may be made for health or relaxation. The Rajah had a sanatorium upon the mountain at Peninjaub, more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, which was constantly in use although difficult of access.

The Bishop had a cottage at Santubong on the very edge of the shore, a thing of reeds and palm-leaves, originally built at the cost of sixty dollars, but afterwards added to. This also the McDougalls delighted to fill, until the readers of their letters might marvel at its expansiveness. When unoccupied by them it became a pleasure-house for others. 'We often lent it,' Mrs. McDougall said, 'to invalids and sometimes to newly-married couples, who certainly had a good opportunity of studying each other's characters and tastes in that lovely solitude.' When the Bishop had his mission ship afloat it was especially convenient to them, as he could visit his family there more readily than if they had been at Kuchin. Writing from it in June 1859, Mrs. McDougall says: 'While the "Sarawak Cross" was here, Frank and baby and I, the Crook-

shanks and the Grants, went on a two days' excursion in her to the islands of Satang and Sampedian. We enjoyed the cruise very much with the exception of two hours of sickness, for the cutter is, it must be said, very lively. We landed at Sampedian, Mr. Crookshank's island, where he has a cocoanut plantation and a flock of goats. We had a most romantic walk over the rocks by the seashore, under great flowering trees with scented blossoms, and wax plants and air plants waving from them in full flower. The shore was one mass of those minute shells which are so delicate and pretty when you look closely into them. We all separated and wandered, each alone, enjoying ourselves, and drinking the purest water out of any big leaf that we could hold under the little streams from the rocks. The next morning, after sleeping on board, we landed at six to bathe under these rock streams, and as bathing in the open air is a laborious business, more romantic than convenient, we did not return until eight. I got a fine sun headache, but I wish you could have seen ayah and baby bathe! Fancy a pile of dark rocks and a little stream like a *douche* pouring out into arock basin, in which sat ayah holding up the fair fat child under the *douche*, which splashed all over him, and he crowed and jumped, stretching out his arms to the water.'

Such scenes to the wanderers must have represented an Oriental paradise full of enjoyment; and have not, to all the minor poets since Milton, 'paradise' and 'picnic' had a tendency to become convertible terms? But Mrs. McDougall delighted to dwell upon the fact that they sometimes reached solitudes which seemed as if the foot of man could have never trod them, and where Nature revealed herself in peace and perfect beauty, as she did when first called into existence for 'the pleasure of the Creator.' Listen to her description of one of these wildernesses: 'In the north-west monsoon, we sometimes went to Buntal, a bay on the other side of the mountain of Santubong. No soul resided there, but it was the resort

of great flocks of wild fowl at that season. We rowed into the bay while it was still high tide, and then left the boat; and our men made little huts of boughs at some distance from the shore, where we could sit without being perceived. As the tide ebbed the birds arrived—tall storks, fishing eagles, gulls, curlew, plover, godwits, and many others that we did not know. They flew in long lines till they seemed to vanish and reappear, circling round and round, then swooping down upon the sand, where the receding waves were leaving their supper. I never saw a prettier sight. The tall storks seemed to act like sentinels watching while the others fed. At a note of alarm they all rose into the air, flew round screaming, and then resettled on the sands in long lines, the smaller birds together, the larger ones in ascending rows. At last, alas! a gun fired into their midst caused death and dismay. A few fell dead, and the rest flew to some distant shore, where no destroying man could mar their happiness. And there are many such spots in Borneo, where no human foot ever trod, and where trees, flowers, and insects flourish exceedingly; where the birds sing songs of praise which are only heard by their Maker, and where the wild animals of the forest live and die unmolested. There is something delightful to me in this idea. We are apt to think that this earth was made for man alone, but after many ages there are some parts of his domain still unconquered, some fair lands where the axe, the fire, and the plough are yet unknown.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHINESE INSURRECTION.

WE now arrive at an important epoch, well known to all those who have been interested in the fortunes of Sarawak as that of the Chinese insurrection. The story has been told by several pens, and from more points of view than one. In these pages, therefore, it seems most appropriate to give it in the Bishop's own words as contained in his first letter to the Rev. Ernest Hawkins after the catastrophe :—

'Linga, Borneo: March, 1857.

'My previous letter will in some measure have prepared you for the sad events which I have now to communicate.

'On the night of February 18 the Chinese gold miners from Bauh came down in large force and simultaneously fired the Rajah's and other European houses, having first surrounded them in order to prevent the escape of their inmates. The two forts were at the same time attacked and soon taken, when the insurgents possessed themselves of all the arms and ammunition in the magazines and money in the treasury. We were startled out of our sleep by the firing and fearful yells of the rebels, and our hearts sank within us when we beheld what was going on. I had long feared this, but the Rajah and others made light of the reports and symptoms which alarmed me, so we were found unprepared when the danger came.

'I soon concluded that all resistance on our part would be vain ; so we all assembled together, and after prayer and

committing ourselves to our Heavenly Father, I directed each one to prepare for flight into the jungle. The females got such little bundles as they could carry, and I armed myself and the men to protect their retreat. While, however, we were waiting in suspense expecting the foe to come upon us, a message was sent to me from the chief of the rebels saying that I and my people had no cause for fear—they would not harm the "teachers," but I must keep them at home, and not shelter the Rajah or any of his people, as they must die. On this I recalled all our arms and hid them, and secreted some of the Europeans who had fled to us. The Chinese Christians, with their wives and children, next fled to us for protection, saying that the Kunsi, or gold company, had determined to put all who had turned Christians to death. The reason of their exasperation against their Christian countrymen was that the Christian goldsmith and another Christian who lived at Bauh had endeavoured to warn us of our danger. They tried to come down to us, but, being prevented by order of the Kunsi, a letter from them was intercepted and the bearer put to death.

'In the morning I heard privately that our dear Rajah was safe; that poor young Mr. Nicholetts, the resident at Lundu, Mr. Wellington, an *employé* of the Company, and Mr. Middleton's two children were killed; that Mr. Crookshank had escaped badly wounded, and that Mrs. Crookshank was left dead on the grass near her own house. The Kunsi sent for me early, and asked me to look to their wounded. After dressing them, I was called to the Court-house, where the chief rebel, sitting on the Rajah's chair, said that the country was now theirs, but as they did not wish to undertake the government of the town, they wished me, Mr. Ruppell, and Mr. Helms (sago manufacturers, who each employed a large number of Chinese), with the head Malay chief, to take charge of it, and to make an engagement that they should not be molested by the Malays on their way back to Bauh. This we were obliged to agree to. I then, having heard that poor Mrs. Crookshank was

not dead, asked leave to remove her to my house, and after great difficulty obtained it. Sad, indeed, was it to see her fearful wounds, and marvellous to me that she had not died of hæmorrhage. Of course we did our best for her, and thanked God heartily that there was hope of saving this interesting young creature, who had only just married and come among us. The Thursday was spent by the rebels and rioters in plundering. On Friday the Kunsi people returned with their plunder, and, knowing how little their promises could be trusted, I directly sent off my wife and children and Miss Woolley to get to Singapore in Mr. Ruppell's schooner, which was still in the river, but it was so crammed with refugees that they could find no room, and landed at Jernang, a village near the mouth. I kept Mrs. Stahl and Miss Coomes to help me with Mrs. Crookshank, who could not then be moved without endangering her life. I then sent to the Rajah, urging his return. At night, when it was necessary to watch to protect life from murderers and thieves, I and those with me kept up a constant patrol, but my colleagues were not to be found. Mr. Ruppell had gone to his own schooner to sail for Singapore, and Mr. Helms was obliged to hide, as the Kunsi sought to take him up the river to Bauh as a hostage. They had asked me to go in the morning, but I got off because I was a "Queen's man." The Malays all this time were panic-stricken; all they could think of was running away with their wives and children. On Saturday I went to the Rajah, who was then at the Quop, and he arranged to return the next morning. I was most anxious for this, for I knew that his presence would encourage the Malays if anything could do so. On my way back I met numbers in flight calling on us to follow them, as the Chinese were coming down again; but this, being then in a good war-boat of the Rajah's, and two of our best Malay chiefs and some fifteen men with me, we did not of course do, but pulled on to the town. I advised taking possession of the abandoned lower fort and

endeavouring to make it good by unspiking the guns, &c., and myself went home to prepare my poor patient and the other women and children for removal. Then the difficulty was to get boats. The Chinese had stolen mine except the life-boat, which was with my wife, and all that they could lay their hands on. At last, providentially, I got three together, and on Sunday morning sent all my helpless people, and those of the Rajah who were with me, off with a small stock of provisions to join my wife at Jernang. They were not fifty yards away when I heard the shouts and shots of the enemy close upon us. The Rajah's boat came up at the same moment. Owen and the other Englishmen with me being armed rushed to the upper fort, for which the Rajah's boat was making. I ran to my house for my knapsack, which I had packed with some medicines and a change of clothes. When I got there the rebels were at the church firing away. I retreated to the lower fort, which was deserted, and at the last moment, as the Chinese opened fire and were rushing down upon it, I escaped, by God's mercy (as he afterwards wrote, 'amid a shower of balls'), into a Malay sampan which was hurrying by. I was told that the Kunsi meant to kill me for communicating with the Rajah. I then got into the Rajah's boat with the rest, and, as we went down the river, we watched with heavy hearts the black volumes of smoke and the lurid flames that rose from the burning town. We all collected at Jernang—Crookshank, severely wounded, joined his wife—and the Rajah appointed Linga as our rendezvous. Fancying that the rebels were following us down the river, we took possession of a small schooner of Mr. Steele's which was fortunately there, in which I at once embarked all my party that I could stow away—fifteen Europeans (eight of our own party and seven of the Rajah's), fifteen of our scholars, and several servants—and sailed out of the river with my lifeboat in tow, with three of our most respectable Chinese Christians and their families, in all twelve in

number, in her. The next day, through God's mercy, we reached the mouth of the Batang Lupar, and on Tuesday came on here, where we were heartily welcomed by the Rajah's nephew, C. Johnson, and our good missionary, Chambers. Miss Woolley and Miss Coomes went in another vessel hired by Mr. Helms to go to Singapore. We expected to find the Rajah here before us, and were very anxious at his not arriving on Wednesday; but on Thursday we heard the good news that a steamer had come in, that he had joined her, rallied the Malays, and driven the rebels back.

'Here we have settled ourselves as well as we can, not overburthened, indeed, with our possessions, some of us without even a change of clothes. I fortunately have some twenty dollars, which will suffice to buy us rice and salt, and we try to economise our small stock of tinned meats and groceries so as to make them last until we get relief or are able to return to Sarawak.

'Now that the Malays have recovered from their panic, and the whole country is roused, fearful vengeance will be taken. Thousands and thousands of Dyaks are on the track of the Chinese, who have, we hear, again been defeated, their leaders killed, and their chief fort taken, and are endeavouring to escape into the Dutch territories, whence they came. Hundreds are being slain daily, and before long there will not be a Kunsi Chinaman alive in the country. It is frightful to think of—the innocent suffer with the guilty, and my heart bleeds for those of my flock who are among them, and who, if not killed by their own countrymen, have fallen or will fall into the hands of the Dyaks, who thirst for their heads and will not and cannot discriminate. Meanwhile what sad loss has been sustained by us all, and what evils will this poor country suffer until the storm is allayed! The old head-hunting and war spirit of the Dyaks is again kindled, and, although this time in legitimate warfare, one hardly knows when it will be appeased. May God direct all for the best! some good I

already see out of the evil. It has proved and brought out the loyalty of the native population to the Rajah in a wonderful degree, and the power of the Kunsi, which was a kind of *imperium in imperio* and a focus of rebellion, is destroyed. In three or four years, I believe, Sarawak will be more flourishing than ever.'

He then speaks of their material losses, grieving most for the loss of his papers and church furniture, but saying that they were too full of thankfulness for the saving of their lives to trouble themselves much about the spoiling of their goods. He adds in a postscript: 'My dearest wife has shown us all a noble pattern of cool courage and patient endurance throughout; but short commons and roughing it are telling badly upon her and our children. My wounded ones are doing well. I must add that our matron, Mrs. Stahl, has behaved admirably, and been an excellent nurse and general helper to everybody. I live in a flannel shirt, which is the chief part of my wardrobe, and for want of a razor am fast turning into the likeness of an Eastern Bishop with a long beard. Chambers has a splendid one. It will take me some time to match my presbyter in that respect.'

Among the strange features of this insurrection was the suddenness both of its outbreak and collapse. The authorities were taken by surprise at midnight on February 18, and the country was lost. The Borneo Company's steamer, the 'Sir James Brooke,' a small vessel armed with two 18-pounder guns and some light swivels, came boldly in with the Rajah on board on the 23rd of the same month, and with a few rounds of shot the town was retaken. That day he wrote to the Bishop:—

'Steamer "Sir James Brooke:" Feb. 23, 1857.

'My dear Bishop,—We picked up the steamer after you left, and matters are now retrieved with a high hand. On arriving here the bad Chinese in the bazaar fled after a shot or two, and we found that the Banda and his people had en-

gaged the Chinese sampangs and another prahu—ten in all, and recaptured stores of arms, powder, money, plate, &c. This deprives the Kunsi of the means of water communication and insures safety, so your minds may be quite free from anxiety on your own account as on ours. My purpose now is to form a place of strength here as a basis of operations. Then Dyaks—then starvation—then attack. You are all better at Linga than here, as you could not live aboard, and ultimately the weaker and dearer ones may depart if needful in her—the steamer. We will provide for all this in good time. Helms, Miss Woolley, and Miss Coomes are safe. Your house stands, but has been plundered. Church, school, and Helms's likewise standing. Your library is said to be safe in part. Make yourselves as comfortable as you can and quite easy. We are anxiously expecting C. Johnson and his force. Tell the Linga people our plan of operations. Our Banda and people have behaved admirably, roused to the pitch of desperation. We hope to shut up and destroy the 300 men who were here yesterday. My tender love to dear Bertha and dear Mrs. M^cDougall. The good God be praised, the safety of the dear ones is provided for, the rest is what a man can bear. But matters can be retrieved now one way or the other—i.e. by native means or foreign assistance. God bless you. The mail has arrived, but, as I have no direct opportunity for Linga, I do not forward it. Ever, my dear friend, yours sincerely and affectionately,

'J. BROOKE.'

On March 3 he writes both to Mrs. M^cDougall and the Bishop. To the former he says: 'We have much to be thankful for, something to grieve for and suffer, but mere privations are of small account, and our personal losses are as nothing compared with the happiness of a people. So base a treachery still excites my surprise. The conspiracy doubtless had its ramifications in Singapore and Sampas, and was a deli-

berate attempt to seize the country, and establish a Chinese power.'

To the Bishop he writes hopefully. 'We are getting on with our forts and awaiting the Sakarran balla' (that is, the large force headed by Mr. C. Johnson, of which they were daily in expectation), 'but pray do not hurry it, for more is lost than gained by impatience. The Chinese have lost a number of men, and all our interior Dyaks have been killing and harassing them, and they are now confined to Balidah, Siniawan, Tanjong, and Bauh. We may reckon that not less than 400 or 500 of the Chinese have been destroyed.

'With regard to the steamer, it is indispensable that she should remain here until we are relieved from Singapore, or we are in a state of defence, rearmed, and our people in heart again.'

The Bishop's report to Mr. Hawkins appears a manly and modest account of the part that he bore in those terrible scenes; but it did not reach England until June 1, enclosed in a letter dated April 3, at Sarawak, which place he and his party did not reach until March 24. The Bishop accounts for this delay by the fact that the Rajah had sent the steamer away, before he allowed them to return, and had left them to find their own way back. The lifeboat had been wrecked or rendered useless by a mishap occurring to one of the missionaries, and their only resource was to repair the little pinnace in which they got away, and in which their 'large party was packed like herrings,' with many distressing incidents in a three days' voyage of sick people. This was to his brother-in-law, to whom he always wrote with more freedom than to others, and he continues: 'The forced restraint made me utterly ill, and being obliged, sick as I was, to keep my watch in the rain, and without sufficient clothes, I got back with fever, liver, and diarrhœa, and cannot get well.' In this letter he says: 'I find that I made a most providential escape from the advancing Chinese, who, it appears, saw me in the veran-

dah of my house when I returned after packing off the women and children, and they came up to kill me, as they said I had betrayed them and brought the Rajah back, and great was their rage when on getting into the house they found I had escaped. Fortunately neither they nor their balls caught me, but they were monstrous bad shots. I had made up my mind, though everybody had bolted, to keep the place until the Rajah's return, but, as his boat was in full retreat when I made a bolt of it, I did so with a light heart, seeing that I had got my dear ones, and those who depended upon me for protection, away. I shook my fist at the rascals, and wished but for one company of the old 42nd, or as many blue-jackets, with whom I could have paid them in full for the mischief they had done us. However, this is very unepiscopal, and I am heartily glad that I was not obliged to shoot or wound anybody in my own defence; but I could not help grinding my teeth with rage and shame when I saw everybody flying without making a single good fight for it, before these ragamuffin, undisciplined Chinese. The only consolations that have come to me out of this bad business are that I was enabled to save and protect others, and that my Christian Chinese proved so staunch and true to me. My school, I am happy to say, has kept well together; all but five are here again at work. The poor lads who were forced away from us by armed men, their own relations, did all they could to escape and return. Perhaps the scattering of our infant church may, as in older times, be the means of spreading the faith where we could not have gone. God grant that it may be so.'

There must have been cogent reasons in the mind of the Rajah for leaving them at Linga and sending the steamer away, 'for he made many subsequent apologies for so doing;' but that did not mend matters, except to remove any unkind feeling on the subject.

But there was one great advantage in the absence of the Bishop. Not only was no blow struck or blood shed by his

hand except by his surgical instruments, but he was relieved from all concurrence in, or express approval of, the severe measures which followed the first overthrow of the insurgents. Many prisoners were taken and executed with the express assent of the European inhabitants, and the pacification of the country which was carried out by the natives, who were beyond restraint in their savage warfare, meant the indiscriminate slaughter and expulsion of the rebels, in which many innocent people must have suffered with the guilty. With all this he had nothing to do. But to return to his letter of April 3. He advises his correspondent that he was going at once to Singapore for medical care, as they were weakened by their stay at Linga, and the exposure to starvation and bad water, from which he had especially suffered. 'It is absolutely necessary,' he says, 'for me to go away. I can cure others here, but, it seems, not myself. Sometimes, when medicine fails, a slight change to sea or otherwise cures.' A further object for going was to replenish their clothes and linen, and get such things as were indispensable, as they had been utterly sacked: the heavy furniture left, though broken and mostly capable of repair; but everything portable and valuable gone. At the most moderate computation, he said, 600*l.* would not replace the things that they had lost, and many family articles, such as plate, no money could replace.

The subject, however, upon which he dwells, are his missions, urging that the past events gave no ground for withdrawal. He says: 'The Dyaks have all proved themselves good men and true, and shown the greatest devotion and love for the Rajah, and respect and consideration for us, both as teachers of religion and white men in distress. The conduct of the Chinese in sparing us, and allowing this house to be a general refuge for all who claimed its protection, proved the influence that the work of the mission had acquired. It is true that on their return (when I mercifully escaped on that Sunday) the good feeling had given way, and I was marked

for vengeance, because I had done what I could to bring back the Rajah, and had hauled down their flag; but that was as natural on their part as it was the plain path of duty on mine.' And the subject nearest his heart was the welfare of his converts and schoolchildren.

'The conduct of our Chinese Christians while I remained here was exemplary. They helped me even against their friends, brought me back what of the Rajah's stolen arms and ammunition they could find, and warned me of the evil intentions of the Kunsi against me on their second attack. Poor fellows! My heart grieves over my scattered flock. They seem to have been all forced away by the rebels on their retreat, lest, I suppose, they should give information of their plans. How many have been killed? some, I would fain hope, have escaped into Sambas, and when I get my schooner, which is now more than ever necessary, I shall go to Sambas and try to find them, and perhaps by these means establish a new church among the Dutch Chinese; and the Dutch will, I think, assist me. They have shown themselves very friendly in our troubles, sent round a steamer and soldiers, and would have come to Linga to bring us away if they had been encouraged to do so. It is a sad thing to look upon our dismantled church, and only six men left of our late promising congregation of Chinese. The rebels forced away some of our scholars, and three escaped to Singapore with their friends. The rest are still ours, and all is going on as usual. I shall try by degrees to make up our numbers.'

The story is also told from another point of view by Mr. Helms, who was present at Sarawak as the chief representative of the Borneo Company, in his interesting book, 'Pioneering in the Far East.' He gives a detailed and graphic account of what occurred in the form of a journal kept by an eye-witness, whom he does not name, but whose truthfulness he attests, and for whom the author is now able to vouch as a gentleman of high character and unimpeachable veracity—the late Mr.

Paul Tidman, who died while these pages were preparing for the press. He points out that the immediate cause of the outbreak was taxation. The Government kept the opium trade in its own hands, and at one time the consumption at Bauh amounted to sixty balls of opium a month. But, although the population increased, the demand for opium fell to one-half from smuggling; whereupon, to save itself the trouble of detecting the culprits, the Government ordered that the Kunsi should pay, as heretofore, for sixty balls, whether they took them or not. 'Who,' he remarks, 'could object to such an exercise of authority on the part of a paternal Government? Apparently the Kunsi did.'

Nevertheless this decree, if arbitrary in appearance, was entirely justified afterwards by the fact that, upon the suppression of the rebellion, when smuggling was put an end to, notwithstanding the expulsion of so many of the resident Chinese, and the consequent loss of its principal consumers, the revenue from opium increased rather than diminished. A further immediate cause of the outbreak seems to have been the punishment of some of the Kunsi for a breach of the law in the forcible abduction of an offender. But no doubt, as suggested by the Rajah—and this was also the opinion of the Bishop—there was a political movement in the air, and the Chinese at Bauh were in communication with the secret society, or Hué, at Singapore, and both communities, as well as all other Chinese settlements in the East, were in a great state of excitement about the Chinese War and the troubles at Canton, in which the British were represented to have been worsted.

'After the first departure of the Chinese on the 21st,' Mr. Tidman wrote, 'there was the greatest difficulty in preserving anything like confidence, and, but for the Bishop, there would have been chaos. He was commander-in-chief, and organised everything. He kept us up to our work, as the whole night through we had to walk about the town fully armed.

'The greatest care and wisdom was required in the management of affairs. It was due to the warnings of the Bishop that the Chinese left, for he pointed out to them that Mr. Johnson, at Sakarran, was not likely to "approve of their conduct in killing his uncle and his friends," and that the best thing that they could do to escape the vengeance of the Dyaks, who would come up in thousands by the river to attack them, was to return to Bauh and defend their town. On the other hand, during the absence of the Rajah and without European leaders, he foresaw the extreme risk of an attack by the Malays upon the Chinese, who were by far the most numerous, and in possession of the arms of the Government. And this he prevented by the exercise of his influence with the Malay chiefs.

'As boat after boat of the Chinese passed up laden with plunder—cannon, rifles, plate, and money—' writes our journalist, 'the Datu's eyes flashed with rage; and it was, I believe, only the quieting influence of the Bishop's message that prevented him and his followers making an attack. When the boats were out of sight, we went together to the mission house, where the meeting of the Datu and the Bishop was really affecting. A few hours after this some of the other Malay chiefs got boats ready and started in pursuit of the Chinese before any of us knew of it.' But this only assisted in bringing back the Chinese in force.

In the evening of the 21st they heard that the Rajah, who had escaped down the river to the Quop, was ready to come up, and the Bishop took a boat to meet and hasten him. Having seen two English women (Mrs. Manby and Mrs. Middleton), who had been entrusted to his charge, safe on board a friendly Malay trader, the narrator also dropped down the river to carry the news to the Rajah. 'Very soon,' he says, 'I met the Bishop returning in a large war prahu.' He had found the Rajah utterly depressed and with few followers. 'This was disheartening, but nothing checked the Bishop.

He was not in the sweetest of tempers, it must be owned. "Come on board," he called to me; "if the Rajah deserts his country I must look after my diocese;" and so the twelve paddles struck the water, and we flew up to the town. All that night we were sent from house to house with a party of Malays searching for arms, of which we collected a large quantity, and all the night long the Bishop was about like the rest of us, keeping everyone together, encouraging everyone, and directing everything. Like us all, he was armed to the teeth with sword, double-barrel, and revolver. He recalled the olden times when lord bishops could strike a blow, if need were, in a good cause.

'Early on the 22nd we received positive news that a fresh attack was to be made, and the Rajah's solitary boat was seen pulling up, but the Malays gave way and the flight became general; the Bishop escaped in the Rajah's boat as he relates, and subsequently started with his large party to Linga. The Rajah left in his warboat for Samarahan, a nearer river in the same direction, leaving this parting direction to the representives of the Borneo Company: "Offer the country on any terms to the Dutch."'

Such a cession of rights was happily not needed. It could only have been suggested by a moment of despondency arising from ill-health; nor can we believe that after the first shock the Rajah would have thought of such a step. The fidelity of the Dyaks was at that moment doubtful, and, had they revolted, an anti-English party might have been formed among the Malays also, and a long and tedious civil war have ensued; but, once that he was assured of their loyalty, his recovery of the country was certain. He had a secure base of operations at Linga and Sakarran; he was himself a brave and skilful commander; while the Chinese were without efficient leaders, and were as unwarlike as they were presumptuous; and finally there was the certainty of European intervention in the long run in his favour.

Of the impression made by the Bishop's conduct we have a further example in the case of another eye-witness. An horticulturist, well known in the botanical world, some time afterwards settled himself in a western English county: an intelligent person of extreme (shall we call them?) liberal views, he could not be persuaded to come to church, but was very willing to have a talk with his clergyman if he called upon him. In one of these conversations he observed that he had been at Sarawak during the Chinese insurrection. 'Then,' said the curate, the relator of the anecdote, 'you must have known Bishop M^c^Dougall.' 'Ah,' he replied, 'that was a bishop! if there were more bishops like him more people would come to church, and there would be more Christianity.'

In her book, 'Sketches of our Life in Sarawak,' Mrs. M^c^-Dougall gives an animated and detailed account of these events. Her story is admirably told and is full of incidents, and will amply repay the perusal, but some portions relating to her own adventures we must borrow to complete our history. She mentions the eve of the outbreak. 'The Rajah and the Bishop had determined to start the next day in the lifeboat for Sadong, and thence to Linga and Sakarran. The Rajah had been ailing for some time, and we hoped that this little voyage would do him good. We had prepared all the provisions for this trip—bread and rusks had been made, salt meat cooked, and everything was ready packed in the provision baskets. This was a matter of great importance to us afterwards. We all went out walking on the only riding road of those days. Rajah spoke to the school-children, and we all amused ourselves with the little Middletons, boys of four and five years old, strutting along with turbaned hats and long walking-sticks. It was a dull evening, and we all felt unaccountably gloomy. We fancied that it was because the Rajah was not well enough to dine with us, as he had proposed in the morning, but I afterwards remembered that

the Bishop had said, " If any sudden alarm were to take place to-night, it would rouse him and make him all right."'

But they had no idea of any impending danger, and went to bed without expecting anything to happen. They little thought that shortly after midnight the Rajah would be a fugitive, his house in flames, and the town in the possession of rebels, the two poor little boys, with whom they had laughed a few hours before, murdered before the eyes of their mother by those inhuman wretches, and they themselves uncertain of their own escape. She describes her own flight with Miss Woolley, Alan, and her own two children in the lifeboat at the desire of the Bishop. 'It seemed very hard to me to leave my husband in such danger, for that morning the Kunsi had flourished swords in his face and threatened him, knowing very well that he wished to bring the Rajah back; but he would not desert his post, or his wounded patients, and declared that it would be a great relief to think of us in safety. We were therefore to go to Singapore in a trading schooner which had been detained at the mouth of the river, and to start for her in the lifeboat. At last it was ready. Stahl went with us to steer, and said that there were plenty of Chinese to row. When we got down to it we found it not only fully manned by Chinese, but full of their women, children, and boxes, so that we could scarcely find room to squeeze ourselves into the stern, and we were so heavily laden that we made very slow progress. It was no use protesting, however; we were only English folk, and the Chinese had it all their own way in those days. About 8 o'clock we got down to the mouth of the Morotabas, where the schooner lay. Pitch dark and very wet it was, but it was a relief when all the Chinese passengers climbed up the schooner ladder, and the men hauled the boxes up one after another, last of all a very heavy one, which it took six men to lift, full of dollars—so no wonder we were overladen. Last of all I climbed into the " Good Luck," leaving the children still

in the boat with Stahl and Kimchack, one of our schoolboys, whose family were moving away in the schooner. I found the deck covered with Chinese, and when I said to the Portuguese captain, "Where is the little cabin Mr. Ruppell promised me that I should have?" he answered, "Oh, ma'am, pray go back to your boat; I have neither water nor fuel for the people who are already on board. The cabin is filled with the family and friends of the Chinese owner of this schooner, and I cannot give you even room to sit down anywhere." It was indeed true. My friend the court scribe's wife, said, "Come and sit by me on deck. But the children—they cannot be exposed day and night on deck." "Oh, well, there is no other place for them." So I jumped into the lifeboat again and reclaimed my treasures. "Rather," said Miss Woolley and I, "die on shore than in that horrid schooner." Indeed, we felt quite cheerful now we had the boat to ourselves, and Kimchack said he had already been two nights on board the "Good Luck," and had had no room to lie down. There we were, however, in the middle of the river, with no one to row the boat, and Stahl could not move it by himself. At this moment a small boat pulled alongside and Mr. Helms's face appeared in the darkness. We were truly glad to see him, and he, faint and exhausted with wandering all day in the jungle, was thankful for a glass of wine, which was soon got out of the provision basket. Then we opened a tin of soup, and fed our tired and hungry children, who behaved all through these terrible days as if it was a picnic excursion got up for their amusement.

'They enjoyed everything, and were no trouble at all, neither Alan nor Mab. Edith was a baby, and suffered very much from want of proper food; but that was later on. Mr Helms and his crew rowed our boat into Jernang Creek, where there were some Malay houses. In one of these he and Alan went to sleep, but he advised us to remain in the boat until the morning. We laid Mab and Edith on one of the seats; Miss Woolley lay on the other, and I sat at the bottom of the

boat to prevent the children from falling off. The mosquitos were numerous on that mud bank, and I was very glad when the morning dawned. At six o'clock Mr. Helms came to say we could have an empty Malay house on shore for a few days, so we gladly mounted up the landing-place and found a kind and hospitable reception from our Malay friends.

'Late on Saturday night I had a note from my husband, saying that he thought that we might return to Sarawak, for all was quiet, and he hoped that the Rajah would come back early the next morning.' This they did, but only to find the Malay town on fire and all panic and confusion. 'We lay off the town in the lifeboat, and saw one boat after another rowing fast towards us; in one Mr. Koch, the missionary, with a number of schoolboys; in another Mrs. Crookshank, laid on a mattress, Mrs. Stahl, and Miss Coomes, and the schoolgirls; then the Channons families and some Chinese; then the Singsongs family and more boys. "Where is the Bishop?" I shouted. "In the Rajah's war-boat. We had the greatest difficulty in getting boats enough for us. The Chinese were running up to the house when he sent us off." This was an anxious moment; but before long a message arrived from my husband to return to Jernang and wait for him there. Our Malay friends then left us to join their families anchored in boats by the banks, and I filled the lifeboat with the school-children to lighten the other boats. Then we pulled slowly back against the tide to Jernang. The little landing-place was crowded when we arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading the Malays to give shelter to the Chinese Christians and children. I answered for their good behaviour, but all Chinese, whether rebels or no, were in sufficiently bad odour.

'No sooner was all arranged than the Bishop appeared in his little boat. It was like receiving him from the dead. Presently appeared the Rajah's war-boat, he standing in the stern. We all ran down to meet him and Mr. Crookshank, and take them to Bertha, who had been carried into a house.

The Bishop then decided what to do with his large party. Mr. Helms, who had a schooner close by in which he was going to Sambas to seek assistance from the Dutch, offered to take Miss Woolley, Miss Coomes, and two of our eldest schoolboys with him, but they ultimately returned to Sarawak by the steamer. The rest of us could go to Linga, where there was a fort, as a little pinnace belonging to Mr. Steele lay handy at the mouth of the river. The Chinese, however, implored to go with us ; and, indeed, it would have been cruel to leave them a prey to the Malays, the bad Chinese, and the Dyaks. The Bishop, therefore, packed all our Chinese into the lifeboat, which was attached by a rope to the pinnace, so that we were all together. It was nearly dark when we weighed anchor and left the mouth of the river. There was a tiny cabin just large enough to hold Bertha on her mattress, a fowl-house into which our native children crept, an open hold where we women sat on our bundles with our children in our arms, and there was a place for cargo forward, where the men settled themselves. The night was very dark and wet, and the deck leaked upon us, so that we and our bags and bundles were soon wet through. But we neither heeded the rain nor felt the cold. We had eaten nothing since early morning, but were not hungry. Although for several nights we could scarcely be said to have slept, we were not sleepy. A deep thankfulness took possession of my soul ; all our dear ones were spared to us. My children were in my arms, my husband paced the deck over my head. I seemed to have no cares, and to be able to trust to God for the future, who had been so merciful to us hitherto. I remember, too, that when Mrs. Stahl opened the provision basket and gave us each a slice of bread and meat, how very good it was, although we had not thought of wanting it.'

On reaching Linga they took refuge in the fort, and on the next day, when Mr. C. Johnson joined them from Banting, moved to his house, which he kindly placed at their disposal,

but which they had found shut up on their arrival. Their first care was for Mrs. Crookshank, and it is pleasant to be able to state that eventually she completely recovered from her very serious wounds. They suffered much, however, as already related, from starvation and bad water at this place, and became seriously ill from these causes, following on the exposure and excitement of their flight; and after a detention of some weeks, including a few days at Banting with Mr. Chambers, started, as we have seen, for Sarawak. They then left for Singapore, from whence Mrs. McDougall writes on April 19, having reached that place by the next steamer, and where she was daily expecting to meet the Bishop, who, with Alan Grant, had been kindly offered a passage by Sir William Hoste in H.M.S. 'Spartan.'

There was certainly no lack of sympathy shown to the Rajah. His neighbours the Dutch sent round a steamer and troops as soon as they heard of his disaster, and Sir W. Hoste came over from Singapore with the 'Spartan.' There was, however, nothing for the man-of-war to do but to show herself. Her presence was in itself a support and protection, just as the cessation of the visits of British cruisers, as the result of the attacks of the Rajah's enemies at home, had done much to weaken his position.

Such times of trial brought out men and women's hidden qualities—many virtues and some failings. Mrs. McDougall mentions two persons especially helpful to her, Miss Woolley, 'so brave, calm, self-possessed, and thoughtful for others;' Elizabeth Stahl, 'who had nursed Bertha as if she had been her own child day and night, and, as usual, been most useful to us all.' On the other hand, one of the missionaries in the flight down the river had greeted the Bishop with, 'My lord, my lord, I beg to resign my post as missionary in Sarawak.' To which the Bishop replied, 'Well, you will completely cut your own throat with S.P.G. if you resign now.' An unlucky answer, because not understood; for this wise man, ignorant

of the vernacular, for he had not been educated in England, afterwards gave out that the Bishop had threatened to cut his head off if he resigned his post. And there were, as is usually the case, ludicrous incidents as well as both heroic and vexatious ones.

'I do not think that I told you,' Mrs. McDougall wrote some time after, 'an anecdote of Miss ——, the night of the Chinese attack. We had all gone to the school-house and were watching the Middletons' house burning, when she said to me, "If we have to run into the jungle, ma'am, you have brought nothing for yourself; shall I go to your room and put up a few things which would be useful?" "How kind of you!" I replied, "I wish you would." So off she set, and what do you think she brought me? a pair of stays and a black silk apron, nothing else. The idea of myself in the jungle in this attire made me laugh until I almost cried when I told Lizzie the night after our return to our own house.' This poor lady was one of their bad bargains. She was not engaged by the McDougalls or their friends, but she cost the mission a good deal of money, and gave up before she had done any work. She had been sent to an out-station, where there were a missionary and his wife in charge, and she resigned, declaring that the dirt and smells at the Dyaks' houses were too much for her. But the missionary wrote to the Bishop that he did not think that this was a sufficient reason, for Miss —— was accustomed to keep two small pigs in her bedroom, and he thought that they might overpower everything else that could be complained of. She retired, like a great many incapables, to be an assistant at a school, not in Sarawak.

Having spoken of the severity with which the insurgents were dealt with, it is right to add that there does not appear to have been a desire of vengeance on the part of the Rajah, nor was there any intention to punish indiscriminately. On the contrary, it is noted by one of his biographers that, a few days after they had been driven out of the town, 'news came

that several hundred Chinese fugitives from the Dutch territories had crossed the border, towards the sources of the left-hand branch of the Sarawak river, and were seeking the protection of the Sarawak Government; and the Rajah, although harassed by incessant work, did not neglect their appeal, but immediately despatched trustworthy men, who safely piloted them through the excited Dyaks, who thought that every man who "wore a tail" should now be put to death;' and that many unfortunate Chinamen 'who had by force been made to join the rebels,' afterwards 'obtained permission to return, and re-established themselves in their old quarters.' This was, however, natural; for 'Chinese,' when under control, meant 'revenue.' In speaking of the Chinese fugitives, it is satisfactory also to be able to add that the faithful Chinese goldsmith, who endeavoured to warn them of the impending danger, escaped and returned to Sarawak.

Much sympathy was felt and expressed by the Bishop's friends and the Venerable Society at the events we have been relating. At Penang alone a sum of 150*l.* was collected and presented to him for the restoration of the church, which he described as only bare walls and chairs remaining. The communion plate, altar cloth, harmonium, and church furniture were all gone, and this sum he sent over to England to be expended in replacing them. Grants were also made by the Society to make good losses, and amongst them a sum of 500*l.* was voted to him, and his personal friends were not behindhand. One gift that he received seems worth mentioning. Bishop Armstrong, the first Bishop of Grahamstown, had died in the preceding autumn, and on hearing of the sack of the church mission house his widow at once forwarded the late Bishop's robes to replace those destroyed or carried away by the insurgents. At the same time the completion of a fund to provide him with a mission ship was accomplished, as he had earnestly desired. The sympathy expressed was delightful to the sufferers. 'I think,' said Mrs. McDougall, 'that our trials

have been abundantly compensated by the kindness they have called forth at home.' (August 1857.)

But it was not until the arrival of their letters in England in June that their losses were known, and in July, it would seem, they were both disappointed by their mails, for their letters were few, and those who wrote did not realise that they had suffered much.

On April 23, 1857, the 'Spartan' arrived at Singapore, the Bishop still very ill, and the doctors advised that he ought to go home at once; but he refused to do so, determining in the first instance to try their old sanatorium at Penang Hill.

'My health,' he writes on May 21, 'is, I hope, improving, but is at present in an oscillatory state, better for two or three days, and then I retrograde again; but I hope this place will so far patch me up as to allow me to hold on for another year or two, until the new men coming out are settled, and I have some good man to leave in charge at Sarawak.'

After speaking of replacements that they required, he continues: 'However, I care less for my own wants than those of my church, and I hope and pray that Christian friends at home will help us in that at least. I fear, my dear Charley, you will say, What a horrid bore that fellow Frank is, always in trouble, and always begging! I am indeed an unlucky wight, and have to draw largely on the patience of my friends, and none more than yours, my dear fellow; but I can only thank you for what you do for us. I feel sure that He from whom all good things do come will reward and repay you for whatever you may be able to do towards helping on His infant struggling church confided to my care.' Nothing had then been done by his friends at Penang for the church.

At the same time Mrs. M^cDougall writes to her sister-in-law announcing the last news from Sarawak, namely, that of the engagement of Miss Woolley to Mr. Chambers. She says: 'I should like to have seen your face when you heard of this! (assuming that a letter must have previously been sent from

Sarawak). Most likely you wished, for the fiftieth time, that you had not undertaken the management of that Ladies' Mission Fund.' It was, no doubt, a disappointment. 'But the subscribers have sent out a good missionary, who will have fulfilled one of the purposes which, in my prospectus, I pointed out as a most useful object to them. She will have become a missionary's wife, and will make it her duty to teach the Dyak women and children, who will receive her with great rejoicing, and who would never be properly instructed by a man.'

In another letter, a few weeks later, she speaks of her uneasiness about her husband, and of a great drawback to his recovery which he had incurred in the dangerous illness of the chaplain at Singapore, who had come over to Penang for his health, and refused to attend to any medical advice except that of the Bishop, who, on his part, was very desirous that he should be guided by his own doctor, who was that of the McDougalls also, and whom he had had to nurse day and night during Dr. Johnstone's absence at his own station at Singapore.

But shortly after, she writes rejoicing in a real amendment, and saying that they hoped that they need not be haunted further by the fear of having to leave for England. She speaks of her children: 'I wish you could see Edith running about; she is the smallest mite; one feels inclined to pick her up with a finger and thumb.' The child had ceased to grow during the privations at Linga, and was then troubled with her teeth, and a cough consequent thereon. 'But we wrap her up in cap and flannel overall coat, and she rolls along like a ball. She tries hard to speak, but can only say the word "pretty" plainly, except of course, papa and mamma, and kaka, the Malay for elder sister.'

And of her elder daughter: 'To-morrow is her birthday, and Papa has a little box of ninepins for her, if she repeats the Lord's Prayer correctly. Some little friends are coming to spend the afternoon with her, and I shall put a wreath of roses on her head, and give her a raspberry tart! How good

God is to us! This day last year she was so ill that we dared not think of her birthday. Now she is stout and pretty strong, and a great pleasure to us.'

They returned to Singapore at the end of July, but found no ship starting for Borneo, and were obliged to wait for the 'Sir J. Brooke' steamer, which brought them back in August. On August 10 the Bishop writes that the day after their arrival both children had been taken ill with influenza, followed by fever. 'Would that dear H. and the bairns were safe with you in England! I wish her to go, but she won't without me.' After speaking of the political aspect of affairs, he adds: 'I think that my health is sufficiently improved to enable me to stick to my post until things are quiet again, both in Sarawak, India, and China.' On the 16th, Mrs. M'Dougall, after describing the children's illness, which was sufficiently alarming, writes: 'I hope we shall set off the day after to-morrow, when the purer and cooler air of home will quite refresh them again, and the three days at sea, too, will do them good. I hear my dear husband coming home from his evening service. To-day has been a day of prayer for India, and collections have been made in the church for the poor destitute people who are flocking into Calcutta. It is heartrending to hear the accounts. How many have committed suicide, rather than suffer more than death from these savages! One officer shot his wife first, and then himself. Many have been brought in mutilated, without ears or noses, or hands or feet. Many have been left in this condition to die in water-tanks. Some ladies have not been able to walk into Calcutta until clothes were brought them: they were all but naked. Alas! how many delicate creatures, accustomed to a luxurious Indian life, have had to fly on foot over the burning plains of India, glad to escape only with life! There have been many martyrs, too, but it cheers one to think of them, and gives one confidence that God will surely avenge the blood of His saints. Our former missionary, Mr. Nicholls, stationed in the

Central Province, had to fly from his bungalow, which was in flames before he was well out of it. Some people in this place think proper to be nervous lest the Sepoys, the convicts, and the Chinese should make common cause against the English; but there is not much reason for apprehension. The Sepoys here are from Madras, and their families in India are all supported by their pay, so that they would scarcely ruin their wives and children, when there is nothing to be had for it. However, all the merchants and their clerks are enrolled in a rifle corps, and practise and parade very regularly. It is as well to be prepared, and meanwhile to keep up a good courageous spirit. At Sarawak I believe no shade of danger remains.'

Whatever doubts have been since expressed respecting the authenticity of the atrocities alleged to have been committed during the Indian Mutiny, it is clear that they were fully believed in at the time in the Straits Settlements; also that our friends were no parties to any panic, and that they were able to keep cool heads, as well as bold and compassionate hearts.

Two events of interest to them occurred at this time at Singapore. The Bishop ordained Mr. Wright, who came out with him in 1846, priest for a chaplaincy at Malacca, and a daughter was born to Mr. Charles Grant, with which and his family he returned, rejoicing, in the same ship as the McDougalls to Sarawak.

CHAPTER VII.

SARAWAK AFTER THE CHINESE INSURRECTION—THE MISSION SHIP—THE MALAY PLOT—THE SEAS AND RIVERS OF BORNEO.

ON their return to Sarawak in August 1857, they found the little English society increased by the presence of Captain Brooke and his wife, and some important events were awaiting them. In the first place, the Rev. W. Chambers and Miss Woolley were to be married. 'The wedding,' Mrs. McDougall writes, 'went off very nicely. The Rajah's party all came to church in full uniform, which gave a distinguished look to the assemblage. Mrs. Nicholetts, Mrs. Crookshank, and myself were the only ladies, and our children were bridesmaids. We had the usual morning service, and the marriage service after the lesson was read. The children sang very well, and Mr. Koch played with great spirit. After church the children had each a huge piece of cake, and we sat down eighteen to breakfast.'

On September 22 the Bishop writes to his brother-in-law, announcing the birth of an heir to the principality. 'We are all now pretty well, thank God, and shaking down into our old work and ways. I find a frightful lot of damages to repair, and it will take a year at least to set church and all to rights again. I have been rather heavily worked in the medical way lately. Besides other cases, I had, *malgré moi*, to attend two births in a fortnight. Rather queer for an episcopal dignitary, after four services on Sunday, to be taken away from his dinner and have a night of it with a troublesome case!

Mrs. Brooke and the baby are both now doing well, thank God. No sooner did the Chambers depart than the Gomez and Co. arrived—one child with the whooping-cough, which has kept me in a precious state of alarm about our own little ones. We have also with us all the Grant family—Charley, wife, child, English maid, Newfoundland dogs (2), Skye terrier, and three cats, one cow and two calves. So you see our house is, as usual, in the Noah's Ark style. But it can't be helped; to be "given to hospitality" is as necessary here as as it was in St. Paul's time.' He then speaks of political matters. 'This Indian revolt and Chinese row make everything uncomfortable and unsettled throughout the East, and I often wish that I had my dear ones at home with you. We are apparently all quiet here now, but I am not quite easy. I fancy that I see a change in the people, and that there is not the same confidence in the Government that we used to have.'

After discussing the position of the mission towards the State at some length, he mentions a special cause for apprehension, which, it afterwards proved, was not unfounded. 'While we were in England the Rajah banished the principal Malay chief, the Datu Patinghi, for life. He was found out in a scheme to make himself supreme. This man went to Mecca, has become a bigoted Hadji, and now, at this particular crisis, the Rajah having allowed himself to be talked over, he has returned, I fear for no good. . . . I tell you this in your ear, because at times I fear that late changes have much diminished the value and importance of this place as the position of a bishop's see to act on Borneo and the Archipelago. Much as I prefer Sarawak as a place of residence, I feel more and more that Singapore ought to be the centre of the Church's missions for these parts, and the site of a missionary college and cathedral church. If, as it is anticipated out here, the Straits stations are turned over to the Queen's Government, my station ought to be Singapore, and the noble

church there now in erection, with the design of which I have had a great deal to do, ought to be my cathedral. The present free schools at Singapore, Penang, and Malacca would be excellent feeders for a missionary college, as they contain lads from all parts of the Archipelago, as well as from Siam and Burmah. Why should not our Church take up as large a field as the Roman Catholics, who are making the Straits their *point d'appui* for their missions, not only to the different parts of the Archipelago, but also for Siam and Cochin China? Late events have brought these views into my mind. The more I think of them, the more desirable I feel them to be for the Church's sake, and that it is my duty to put them before my superiors, as that which will tend most to spread the Gospel in these parts, and the best way of using up the Church's faithful servant, Francis Thomas.'

This is the first time that the Bishop expresses his views on the subject of the chief seat of the mission, and their justice is evidenced by their ultimate adoption. But the time was not yet for such an extensive change, which only became possible some years afterwards, on the transfer of the Straits to the Colonial Office, and subsequently to his resignation of the see of Labuan.

After the events mentioned in the last letter, Mrs. McDougall appears to have been seriously ill, overdone by the fatigue which accompanied them. She mentions her illness in a letter dated October 21, and, in part repeating the story told by her husband, adds: 'Before the Gomez left, their child had given both mine whooping-cough, which they have had badly for a month. There is baby now coughing violently. This put a climax to my fatigues, and it was not surprising that I should suffer. I only wonder I have got off so well. However, here I am, staying at home and writing to you instead of going to the grand christening party at the Brookes'. The baptism of the two cousins took place this afternoon, and a very pretty sight it was. The church was

decked with flowers and moss; all the English were there, and a great many Malays and Chinese, and the little church was full. Frank baptized the children—Lucy Blanche Cordelia Grant, and Francis Basil Brooke. Both the little ones were beautifully dressed, and looked very lovely. The Rajah and his two Charleys, and the Crookshanks and the Helms came home to us to dinner, and then they all went across, till midnight, I suppose. The children have been very busy all day putting up an illumination in the fort opposite the Brookes' house—a shield with the Sarawak cross in coloured lamps, and a rising star in the quartering: you will recognise the Bishop's seal, but it does nicely as an allegory on the birth and christening of our little heir-apparent. The steamer fired a salute for him as we finished service; and I now hear a din of crackers and guns, which are no doubt a compliment from the native town. It is, I hope, an auspicious beginning of his life. The party—which includes all ranks in the settlement—is partly a farewell to our Rajah, who goes home to England by the steamer the day after to-morrow.'

Both mother and children must, however, have rapidly mended, for on November 5 the Bishop writes from Singapore, *en route* for Labuan, which place he seems to have thought it necessary to visit at least annually. Had he known that an attack of cholera would shortly visit Sarawak he would scarcely have left them, but speaking of their recovery he says: 'I think the change to Santubong will quite set them up.' It was hazardous to risk it, but she seems to have been content.

On December 5, 1857, she writes: 'I am at Santubong, at our cottage, "Sandrock Cottage." I gave it this name as it stands on the sands, surrounded by scattered rocks. Lovely sands they are, and the grass grows to their very edge. The river expands into the true sea just beyond, but opposite to us it is quite narrow, and a fine belt of casuarina trees, with Matang in all his majesty behind them, and further on the

blue Lundu Hills, prevent the monotony of a horizon touching the water, though we can see that also. It is long since I put a brush to paper, but here I cannot resist it, and so I shall make a series of sketches all round.' 'This house took three weeks to build; it is an exceedingly primitive affair, and cost us about sixty dollars. It has three rooms, no ceilings—you see the inside of the roof from every part of the house; the walls are palm mats about seven or eight feet high, so that you cannot see into the next room, but of course you can hear everything; the floors are lantiles, and dance with every step; but I like the house very much, and shall stay here as long as I can, just going home for Christmas Day, the school feast, and Chinese Christians' entertainments, and to have my school people to dinner, and then return here till Frank comes home. He will like being here with me for a few days, but that will content him.' 'I brought down Mrs. Stahl and three Chinese boys, besides Julia, Polly, Thomas Dyak, my children's ayah, cook, and water-carrier.' 'Frank will not hear a word of or from us till he returns, which is hard measure for him, poor fellow, as he left us somewhat ailing; but Labuan is the end of the earth.' 'I should like, by the next opportunity, a supply of little tins of essence of meat; they are so very useful for the children.' 'As for the meats, they certainly kept us alive at Linga, but they are very nasty, and taste as if Noah had stored them in the Ark, and they had been soldered down ever since.' 'It is very ungrateful of me to abuse them, but I laughed when I saw what a quantity of "roast beef" you sent, no doubt out of consideration for Frank, whose face when he ate a modicum with his rice was something like Friar Tuck and his parched peas; but the essence of beef and mutton is a very packable commodity, and invaluable for us jungle folks.'

On their return to the mission-house they found the place, for the first time, visited by cholera, for on January 22, 1858, the Bishop being still away, Mrs. McDougall writes: 'We are

just now living amidst cholera, which has never been known at Sarawak before. It is bad amongst the Malays, and there is a great deal of diarrhœa about, as there always is in a cholera atmosphere. One of my Malay servants died yesterday morning, and in the evening another was attacked, but he tumbled down in Mrs. Stahl's room, crying, "Help, help!" and Elizabeth soon applied all sorts of remedies which we keep, the chief being camphorated brandy, a teaspoonful for a dose, with three drops of kajuputeh oil (called cajeput oil in England), a strong aromatic, and a hot salt-and-water bath. This treatment has relieved everybody who has tried it. The man is carrying wood again to-day, and E.'s Chinese cook, who was very bad yesterday, is all right this morning. You may imagine that it is anxious work without any doctor. For a few days I was excessively nervous; I could not look at the children without fancying something was the matter, and if they cried out in the night, I was on my feet in a moment. But I am better now, partly, I suppose, from being more accustomed to the idea, partly from being fairly ashamed of my want of faith when God is so very good to us.

'As February draws near we begin to recall the horrors of last year and the deliverance we experienced: we ought to have learnt to trust our best Friend then, or surely nothing will teach us. I thought yesterday of David's choosing pestilence rather than war, as "falling into God's hands"—yet it appeared last year as if God guarded us so closely. The Malays are struck with panic; they will not let anyone work or sell, consequently we can get no fowls, and are again glad to have recourse to our preserved meats, which fed us at Linga, but here I can cook them up with vegetables, which makes them eatable. Last Sunday 500 Malays went down the river, in twenty-five boats, to carry the "Antou" out to sea. They called out, "Here, sickness, come along; we will give you pork and dog's flesh!" However, the sickness did not depart, which they attributed to their not taking the Rajah's yellow

silk umbrella with them, so another expedition took place, which, I fear, they will imagine had the desired effect, for the cases are fewer and less severe; and last night we had the eight o'clock gun again, which has been stopped at their request while there was so much death in the place. It is most vexatious that Frank is not here: he would have been in the Malay town doctoring and preaching, at a time when, perhaps, their hearts would have been open to listen to Christ's Gospel; as it is, there is no one to go. They go to Brooke, who doctors them, and rejoice that "Hadji Mahomet is such a wise, good man to trust to at such a time." If the Roman missionaries were here they would be in the Malay town day and night, for they would have no consideration of wives and children to keep them at home. I am sure, though, that Frank would go if he were here. The Chinese have been laughing at the Malays, and saying, "Ah, you killed plenty of Chinese last year, now God is killing you!" However, they have not quite escaped. My cook went to bury a friend of his yesterday who died of cholera. I am looking for Frank some day next week, when we also expect our three new missionaries from England. They reached Singapore, we see by the newspaper, on January 1, but the little schooner which brought the paper brought no letter from them—probably they did not know of it; and the "Sultan" comes next week, which has accommodation for them. I am preparing the house for such an influx of folks—a Mrs. Hacket too—but whether they are accustomed to rough it or no, I know not—at any rate, they will have a welcome to this far-away place. I wish Frank were at home to receive them, but he may come with them. I have heard nothing of him since November 24, nearly two months ago, when he set off for Labuan in the P. and O. steamer, going to Manilla. It is weary work, but it is a great comfort to have the Chambers here—Lizzy is so kind and so fond of the children. They are very well—Edith growing at last, and Mab is rather large for her age. She has a little lesson every

day, which, by-the-by, I must go and administer, so good-bye.'

When the Bishop returned he immediately took up the medical work. He speaks of it as a very anxious time, and describes his remedies, which were a good deal more diversified and elaborate than those mentioned by his wife, although the cajeput oil seems to have been used invariably. He added, 'I have scarcely lost any cases that were taken early.'

On January 13, 1858, he had written from Government House, Labuan: 'I arrived here November 30, by P. and O. steamer "Rajah," which dropped me on her way to Manilla. My visit seems to have been well timed, and I trust of some use and comfort to my small flock, who, as you may well suppose, are beset by the proselytising fervour of the Roman Catholic missionaries here. A petition has been signed by the residents to the Colonial Minister, asking him to appoint a chaplain to the colony. I have consecrated a new burial-ground, too necessary a thing, I grieve to say, in this feverish place, and have settled upon the site and secured the land for a church and parsonage. I had, when I first arrived, an attack of fever, succeeded by a severe bout of rheumatism, but I am well now, thank God. I find the Romanists here in great force—one Spaniard from the Propaganda, five Italians from the mission college of Milan. They have three armed vessels (old Spanish gunboats), and are daily expecting a brig of 200 tons, which they have lately purchased at Hong Kong for $10,000. M. Courteron, their chief, is going on in her to Singapore, as he says, "to arm her properly, as it is necessary to be fighting apostles in these parts."'

On January 21 he writes from Singapore: '*Me voici*, after a speedy but stormy voyage from Labuan. We lost a poor fellow overboard, but could not lower a boat to save him in the heavy sea that then was running. I find Hacket and his wife here; Chalmers and Glover have gone forward to Sarawak. There is nothing on for Sarawak, but the

very sorry native schooner, the "Sultan," in which Mr. and Mrs. Hacket thought of going; but as there is such a very heavy monsoon blowing, and she is likely to make a very long and uncomfortable voyage, beating against it in such boisterous weather, I have thought it right to advise them to wait for a better vessel, or the next trip of the "Sultan," when the heavy weather will, I hope, be over. I purpose sailing to-morrow in this said "Sultan"' (their former friend, the 'Scorpion'). 'God grant us a safe passage, for she is a crazy craft in bad weather. If I do not go now, I shall be delayed another month.'

On February 3 he arrived at home. 'We had not heard,' his wife wrote, 'of the "Sultan" being at the mouth of the river, so Frank got into a little boat with one man, and helped to pull himself up. He looks very stout, and is, I think, well for him. It is such a comfort to have him home again. I feel as if I had no cares.'

On February 8 he writes from Sarawak. He describes his arrangements for the newly-arrived missionaries; that his house was 'as full as a beehive, without even a room in which they could put their own little daughter;' the severity of the attack of the cholera which began in his absence, and had carried off hundreds of the Malays, but was then abating; and that he had purchased a cutter of about fifty tons, which would cost him about 1,000*l.* when completed, from which he hoped great things, as she would be a comfort and a safeguard in those unsettled times. He adds: 'What I most want is some European belonging to the mission who can manage her as well as myself—some half-pay sailor who is looking for missionary work, and could act as skipper and catechist.' And on April 20 he writes again from Sarawak: 'Most of our Chinese converts and catechumens were lost to us in the disturbances of last year. Of some I have heard: they were in the power of the Dutch, who will not allow them to return here, although they have asked leave to do so, and I, at the

request of some of them, have written to the Resident of Sambas, but have received no answer.' He hoped, he said, 'to get round in the missionary yacht and recover some of them.' He speaks of repairing losses, and that he had heard from time to time from three others of their absent pupils, who held to their Christian profession, and promised to do well in life. He also mentioned the increase of the home school to forty-two. He says: 'On reviewing the past there is no doubt that the events of the last year have considerably dimmed those hopes of present visible fruit in our work which, before the Chinese outbreak, seemed so promising. The late visitation of the cholera, the want of confidence, not yet restored, and, above all, the jealous and hostile attitude of the Mohammedan population, are against us, for the pulsations of the Indian heart of Islam are now vibrating strongly through the Malay Peninsula.' But, above all, he urged the necessity of assistance being given from home to enable the Government at Sarawak to support itself. 'I hope,' he says, 'that Sir J. Brooke, who is now at home, will be able either to procure such assistance from his friends as will give him sufficient power to carry out his own policy with a firm and strong hand, or will be able to persuade the English Government to take these countries under its protection, which will otherwise fall into a more and more disturbed and unsettled state. I cannot think that the people of England, who know what great things, political and social, have been effected by Sir J. Brooke's noble and persevering efforts for the good of this section of Borneo, will refuse him the little help and countenance which would soon set things right, especially when they consider that our difficulties have been caused by the reaction of the English quarrel with the Chinese at Canton upon the Chinese here, and are now kept up by the reaction of the Indian revolt upon the minds of the most influential part of our population, the Malays. For a whole year no English man-of-war has visited us, and the people very natu-

rally begin to doubt whether England has not cast us off. When I am in the bazaar I am often asked why an English man-of-war never comes now. There was plainly a doubtful and puzzled feeling manifested the other day, when the Dutch sent round a war-steamer, which came up here, and is now cruising on the coast after the Illanun pirates, who, from the long absence of English cruisers in these parts, have again taken courage, and are scouring our coasts and the neighbouring islands.' And again and again he recurs to the same theme. 'Political affairs are still, to my mind, in a very unsatisfactory state, and unless England takes this country over, or affords us some efficient protection, there is no saying how long our position here may be tenable.' And in January 1859: 'Unless things improve, and we are afforded the same protection that English subjects, merchants, and missionaries on the coast of China and elsewhere are afforded, by the regular visits of men-of-war, and the usual consular authority, I shall, I fear, be obliged to state that this is no longer the place where an establishment like ours, with women and children, can be safely or permanently kept up. It would be a sorrowful thing, indeed, for us all to have to withdraw.' He did not perhaps fully allow for the parliamentary necessities of the Government, in having to meet the opposition of the Rajah's enemies and critics in the House of Commons.

The arrival of the three missionaries, all of whom were from St. Augustine's, Canterbury, was an important event, and great preparations were made for the Easter services, at which they were to be ordained deacons by the Bishop. Mr. and Mrs. Hacket were, as we have seen, delayed at Singapore, but before their arrival Mrs. M^c^Dougall writes: 'We like Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Glover very much; they are amiable, and fit into the house very well. I have put them into the two attics, and they have the dining-room for study in the daytime when it is hot, so they are very well off. Mr. Glover is very musical, and they both sing nicely, so that we are really

going to have full choral service in church on Easter Sunday.' About a month after their arrival Mr. and Mrs. Hacket appeared, and were established in a separate suite of rooms, also in the mission-house, and the ordination took place at Easter, as proposed.

1858. 'We had a glorious Easter,' Mrs. McDougall writes in a later letter. 'Mr. Chambers preached a most impressive sermon to the candidates for ordination. Frank's charge on Easter Eve was very interesting. Then the young deacons each took part in the Sunday afternoon service: one baptized two children, one read prayers; Mr. Chalmers preached. The following Sunday Frank preached a sermon of missionary advice to those who were going away. The music these two Sundays was exquisite; the children sang the two sopranos perfectly. Mr. Glover has a very clear, pleasant voice; Mr. Chalmers a strong one; Mr. Hacket nicely in tune. They each took a part, so that, with Owen and Mr. Koch, there was quite a strong force. We shall hardly have such a musical service again for many a long day. Our best voices among our boys are fast breaking, and not enough coming on to take their places.' Then, mentioning the new harmonium, she adds: 'I fear, dear, that the barrels will not give us much variety; however, they will often come in usefully when Mr. Koch is planted out and I am infirm.' The missionaries were soon scattered to their various destinations: one 'to Lundu to learn Malay, and to learn the language of the Dyaks also, under Mr. Gomez, before he will be fit to teach them;' Mr. Glover with Mr. Chambers at Banting, while Mr. Chalmers was destined for the land Dyaks.

During the rest of 1858 the Rajah was in England, and on October 22 was struck down with paralysis. Captain Brooke was in command at Sarawak. The state of the country was unsettled, and the Bishop continually wrote to his brother-in-law urging the importance, or rather necessity, of the interference of the English Government for the protection

of British subjects in those parts. He expressed his own anxieties, which were the more oppressive in that he felt compelled to keep them to himself; for, whatever his own apprehensions, he seems to have been careful not to alarm his wife, who, with great courage, herself describes the unsettled feeling of this time:

'We live in a state of panics just now. I never saw such a set of cowards as people are. On Saturday a Malay, who was being tried in court for debt, suddenly seized his parang, and ran amuck up and down the village. The court was cleared in a trice. Peter nearly shot Brooke in trying to shoot the man, the whole village turned out, and the Chinese shut up their shops in a twinkling. Our servants, who were in the village, came rushing up to the house. "Shut the door, ma'am; people are all fighting!" "Who is fighting?" "Oh, we don't know, but there is something dreadful the matter!" I could have horsewhipped them all round, they looked as white as cowards could; and there was poor little Mrs. Hacket, not knowing the ways of the world here, all in a tremble, crying and wringing her hands. I assured her that it was doubtless nothing, laid her on the sofa, and sprinkled her with eau-de-Cologne. It might have been serious to her in her condition. The man was shot down after seriously wounding a poor Chinese carpenter, whom Frank went forthwith to sew up. He was cut something like Bertha last February, but not so deeply, and is mending. To-day we have had another rush to our house—some row amongst the Chinese at the sago factory, I fancy, but forthwith everybody coins a story: "Three armed boats;" "The father of the man who was shot on Saturday running amuck," and so on. Mrs. W. Channon runs in with her baby three weeks old, Mrs. J. Channon with hers—both looking scared. Frank shouts to the carpenters and Stahl to go back to their work instead of running to the village with loaded guns, and drives Owen back to school. I administer a glass of port wine to Mrs.

Channon, and threaten to punish ayah if she dares tell me that she is frightened, and then send the people home, and come back to my writing. It is so ridiculous that I cannot get up the smallest palpitation on the subject.'

On St. Andrew's Day, November 30, the Bishop writes again: 'We have just returned from baptizing our little son, Herbert Alan Hosier, who was born on October 15. You were duly represented as godfather by Mr. Chambers. You see I have made no doubt of your consent to be our boy's godfather, but consider that as done and over, although without your ken.' He then relates a sad event, which was a real calamity to the community at Sarawak. 'Poor Annie Brooke died last Thursday, on the twelfth day after her confinement, of most violent puerperal fever, that seemed to attack all her organs at once. It would not yield to medicine in any way. I tried all that I could for nine days and nights, but it was God's will to take her. Harry had a similar attack in 1849, but as soon as the mercury affected her she began to mend; but it would not touch Annie, which was a bad sign: indeed, the case was so violent that I had very little hope from the first. It was the more disappointing to me, because all seemed to be going on right and well until the fourth day, when the attack came on. I cannot account for it in any other way than that this has been a very unhealthy year, with much fever here. One Englishman has died, and several others have been at death's door, and the miasm (or whatever it might be that caused it), acting upon Annie in her state, brought on the fever which carried her off. Her hopes and faith in the Lord Jesus were bright and firm to the last. One of the last things that she said was, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," which was some time after I had administered the Holy Communion to her, and not long before she breathed her last. Poor, poor Brooke! he is sadly cut up, but bears it well. I too am knocked up, and altogether upset with the anxiety and watching, and the sorrow too, for I was very

fond of Annie, and so was dear Harriette, who was always as a mother to her. I meant to write to the Rajah, but it is painful, and I have put it off too late for this mail; perhaps you would communicate to him what I have said about her illness. It would be satisfactory to him.'

This communication appears to have been made, for the following letter was received from the Rajah, who was then slowly recovering from the attack of paralysis which had seized him three months before :—

'White Lackington: Feb. 3, 1859.

'My dear Bunyon,—Thank you for your kind note. There is nothing to be said on so sad an occasion, but it is a comfort to think that all was done that could be done, and every means and every appliance and every care at hand. It is no uncommon disorder whether here or elsewhere, and there is no occasion to seek for local causes that might have produced it; and in communicating, should you communicate, with the family, what the Bishop suggests as possible had better not be mentioned, for it might aggravate the affliction—we know that it was in the course of nature, and we all profess to believe that the universe is rightly governed. Our folly is in regarding death when it comes to our own door as something extraordinary. The Bishop and your sister have felt poor Annie Brooke's loss severely. I heard from her on the subject. For myself, I am cheerful and well for a half-dead man, and they say I am to get better. But it is of no great importance excepting to my vanity and self-love. My work has been done.

'Farewell, and with my best regards to your wife and mother and my best wishes for you all, believe me, yours very sincerely,

'J. BROOKE.'

It was very hard upon the Bishop that the anxiety and responsibility should have been thrown upon him, and this

Mrs. McDougall felt keenly, but all parties interested—the Rajah, as we have seen, and especially Captain Brooke and his wife's parents—were satisfied that all had been done which the occasion required. In a letter to the Bishop from Mr. John Grant on behalf of himself and Lady Lucy, on the announcement of the calamity, he wrote, 'Your tender care for our beloved Annie as a physician, as well as your holy office as a Bishop, we shall never forget,' and much more to the same effect. To Mrs. McDougall the event was a deep distress. Speaking of Mrs. Brooke, she writes: 'She was a most warm-hearted, affectionate creature by nature. I loved her very much, and it is a dull blank to me her passing away like a dream after two years of married life. It is piteous to see the two babies, one a fortnight old, the other fourteen months, both fine boys;—but oh, what a thing it is for them to be motherless! Matilda Grant will supply their mother's place so far as she can, and she is very good, kind, and self-denying. Brooke cannot bear Basil out of his sight; he is his only comfort. Dear Brooke takes his trouble with real Christian patience and gentleness; but who can comfort him? It is a bitter thing for a young man to be left a widower, and he has so many other cares too. Annie was buried the day she died, in the afternoon. I went during the funeral to be with poor Matilda; everybody else went to the funeral, and the whole place is in mourning. The scramble to get some black ready the very same day—hanging the church, practising the funeral chant, and other preparations, made it such a hurry; but in this climate it cannot be helped. I can see her grave from our porch. The church was crowded with natives, guns fired all the time, the coffin was carried by eight Englishmen and covered with a large flag from Frank's cutter with a cross on it; and I placed a wreath of white flowers upon it. She loved flowers so dearly. This is quite a break-up of Sarawak life. Our house will again be the only one where there is a family. The Grants live at Balidah, and if they take the children,

Brooke will continually be there. Till Rajah comes again this will be a desolate place.' And a week after she writes: 'Oh, it is such a tragedy! that melancholy house! that poor motherless babe looking like an old man, and gazing at you with his sad large eyes—the poor broken-hearted widower always with his eldest boy in his arms – the great noble boy looking about and saying, "Mamma, mamma, where's mamma?" in Malay. I went over there yesterday with Lizzy, but will not go again for some time, for it is too much. She is very happy—how strange that is when we are all mourning for her!' Of her happiness she had no doubt: 'If ever there was a Christian death-bed full of faith and hope it was hers—so patient, cheerful, and resigned. Those dearest to her thought that she gave them up too easily, but I am sure that God set her free from too fond affections in His mercy.'

In relating such an occurrence it seems worth adding that, however comforting to the survivors an ecstatic death-bed may be, it was Mrs. M^c^Dougall's opinion that it was very often the result of physical causes, and the alleviating effects of medicine, and that the want of it was not, therefore, a cause for despondency.

At this time they had a visit from Sir Robert M^c^Clure, in command of H.M.S. 'Esk,' who did much to cheer the Bishop, and of whom Mrs. M^c^Dougall speaks in warm terms.

It was not until December that the news of the illness of Sir James Brooke reached Sarawak, and immediately upon hearing it Captain Brooke, urged by the Bishop, left for England. They did not expect that he would find his uncle alive, but in this they overrated the severity of the attack.

When Captain Brooke left his brother, Mr. C. Johnson took charge of the government, and proved himself from the first, there as elsewhere, a skilful and energetic ruler. He seems to have at once put new life into the place—'cultivated the natives, and interested himself in everybody's affairs; mended the roads, built a new Court-house, pulled down old

and crazy buildings and replaced them with new ones. Ever since the Chinese insurrection,' Mrs. McDougall wrote at the beginning of 1859, 'we have been without a hospital, and all Frank's representations were insufficient to make Brooke see that it was necessary, or, at any rate, he thought it too expensive; but now there is to be one, Charley having joined cause with Frank about it, and Frank having stirred up the wealthy Chinese to assist in building and maintaining one.'

In December Mr. and Mrs. Chambers returned to England on a visit for health and refreshment of mind and body; and at the same time Mrs. McDougall lost her old servant, Mrs. Stahl, whose husband had settled in Singapore. She was therefore left very much alone, but she wrote: 'I assure you that mine is not an idle life. My own three children, the girls, the boys, the dairy, with Mary as my handmaid, the housekeeping, the endless sewing, keep me going from six in the morning until nine at night, when I beg to have prayers and go to bed tired enough.' But she declined to have another lady missionary sent to her. 'We have not any place now for a single woman's mission, nor since the Chinese outbreak has there been any definite work for one to do, as the Malay ladies are no longer so approachable as they were formerly. The Banda's wife has no longer a large house and a school in it, and does not desire that we should visit her. There is also more care than ever requisite not to call forth the jealousy of the Mohammedans, so that we must be content to wait until the place becomes more enlightened, before we try to improve the women. As for a school, Mary and I can do all that is likely to arise for us for some time to come.' She mentions, however, that she had some assistance from Mrs. Hacket, and Mrs. Channon, the widow of a Government officer, had become the matron of the school.

This last letter shows the ill effect upon their work of the political troubles, and how continually, when they thought that they were making way, some disturbance—such as,

notably, the Chinese rebellion, or the wars and rumours of wars, accompanied by the continual 'letting-out' of the Dyaks on the war-path—threatened to bring everything to a standstill.

In January 1859 she writes to her mother: 'A Happy New Year to you, my beloved mamma. The past year has had both sunshine and sorrow; it has been eventful to us in giving us our baby boy; to the mission in bringing us three new helpers, all good men and true, and the wife of one, an excellent young woman, peace-loving and industrious. But it has taken the Chamberses home, and my heart often misgives me as to their return; but Mr. Chambers has a sincere affection for his Dyaks, and the work at Banting is so promising, that it would grieve him, I am sure, to forsake it and let other men reap the fruit of his five years' labour there; besides, his health is better fitted for this climate than a colder, so we shall see. If Rajah gives up Sarawak to the Dutch, it will scarcely be a safe home for English missionaries; and we seem as far as ever from any arrangement being made with the English Government. Rajah's illness is a very, very sad event; coming as the news did to us just after dear Annie's death, it seemed trouble upon trouble. I was glad that Brooke decided immediately upon going home. This place presents no relief for such a loss as his, and although he would never have thought of leaving on his own account, it will be well for him too, as also for the Rajah, whose cares he will now share, and they will take counsel together about Sarawak. Charley Johnson stays here during Brooke's absence, and Charley Grant comes up and down from Balidah to help. Of course, Sarawak is quite changed by poor dear Annie's death. There is only our house again available in the place, and a kind of blank is felt, although Annie's health never made it possible to leave home much. You will have seen Brooke, perhaps, ere this reaches you. He said that he should make a point of seeing you when he reached London.

'We had the Crookshanks with us for Christmas. Bertha

was sadly cut up about Annie, and needed a little sympathy. She looked quite different when she went home last Monday, after a fortnight here. We did not, of course, give any merry parties. No one felt very merry when death had been so near us; but our school-children had their feast, and our Chinese Christians and Frank killed an ox and fed our mission people, and we sold the rest to the natives and realised the wonderful sum of nineteen dollars; and I made the Christmas pudding, which was excellent, and Mrs. Hacket the mince pies, also capital, although Mrs. Stahl was not here to help. Mr. Hacket dressed the church as it has never been dressed before, with flowers and emblems; and the bouquet on the altar was from Annie's garden, in memory of her having made the one for the Christmas before. Alas! it was that very day the month previous that we laid her in the grave. Frank preached on St. Stephen's Day from those words of His, with which she commended her soul to her Saviour at her last hour, and spoke of her faith and patience. . . . All that has happened has been a great trial to Frank, and for a long time it will run like a continuous thread through our thoughts, whatever else happens. The poor baby, who looked the first month as if he would be laid beside his mother, is now picking up; he has a Malay nurse, and, as he is a very strong child naturally, I hope he will physically get over his great loss, though he cannot but suffer from it in other ways. Basil is with the Grants at Balidah. His little cousin Blanche is just his age, and the two are very good friends.'

She then goes on to speak of her own children and their governess, and of her management for them—that she is going to take them to Balidah on a visit to the Grants; and then, recurring to home subjects, she adds: 'I was very grieved both for you and for Natal to hear of dear Miss Maurice's death. The loss of a good friend is the heaviest of losses, and she was a most devoted friend to Natal.'

In the first week in February she writes from Balidah

Fort, where she had been staying for a fortnight with her children, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Grant, and waiting for a little fine weather to ascend the hill of Peninjaub, where the Rajah's sanatorium was placed: 'I enjoy my visit here; dear Matilda is so kind and thoughtful, and we have so many common subjects of interest; but we are such a large party that I begin to feel as if we ought to flit somewhere—Miss M^cKee, the three children, ayah, Julia, and myself, and Frank in and out paying us a visit now and then.' She speaks of Mrs. Chambers, who was on her voyage, and says: 'I count on her getting home as a sort of prelude to our own departure, and yet, my dear brother, it will be very sad to leave home next time. It will seem incredible that we should live to return again, or at any rate find our dear ones there if we did. Death has been so near us of late that he is a more familiar idea than he used to be; sometimes I feel very old myself—indeed, it is only the children who prevent my being quite antiquated. Children are such a spring of life, it is not possible to be dull or long sad when they are buzzing about one. I have been painting since I came here. Frank shall send you some photographs of my sketches, if successful.'

The Bishop was at this time busy with his episcopal and clerical work. In March he wrote: 'I shall have an ordination, and then I shall visit our out-stations, and go on to Labuan; and as I have now got what I believe to be a trusty skipper, an Orcadian, Spence by name, and a certificated master, I think that I shall take Harry with me, if she will come, as I fear leaving her behind.'

This visit she did not make, for when the time arrived she did not like to leave the children, who were well, and, that being so, she was content, and dared not venture on a change; but while her husband was afloat she stayed at Santubong at her cottage, where she saw more of him than she could do at Kuchin.

The mission ship had arrived about July 1858, and was

thenceforth put very constantly into active work. She was but a tiny craft of fifty tons, yet she was able to play her part in the history of Sarawak, as will be seen at the end of this chapter, describing the Malay plot and the expedition against the Kanowits, when the Bishop lent her for some months to the State, and she became, cockle-shell as she was, the flag-ship of the admiral. But to the Bishop, with his scattered and maritime diocese, the 'Sarawak Cross' was invaluable, and as much a pleasure as she was a source of health and security. In June 1859 he describes the use that he had made of her. 'I went from this place to Labuan on May 22, and was back here on June 19, having visited the Sultan at his request on my way back, doing in the cutter in less than one month what it had taken me more than four months to do last year. I hope that I have now escaped all chance of fever; but some of my crew are still ill, one man very much so, and one of my schoolboys was dangerously so for a while, but he is now better. My visit was well timed and I hope did good, especially as regards the Roman Catholics, whose sole business it is to make proselytes of our people. They had got hold of a lad I baptized last year, whom I recovered, and baptized two others, whom, if I had not gone up, they would have had. In going up I met with the heaviest gale of wind, and the nastiest sea, that I have ever seen in these parts. It blew twenty-four hours, and I was obliged to lay to. The cutter rode it out beautifully, when I had made it all snug, which I had some difficulty in doing, as my crew were all so frightened, that they skulked below, and went to their prayers. I was obliged to turn them out by force, but all night through there was a great calling out of "Allah il Allah," and shouting the Koran. Some of my little boys behaved admirably [it appears that his crew consisted of a certain number of Malay sailors, and the elder boys of his school], and my old skipper, Spence, proved himself a thorough seaman. Both up and down I had to do all the navigation, as no one on board knew the coast,

and the weather was so thick going up that we could scarcely see where we were. I came down against a strong monsoon, in five and a half days, nearly 400 miles, which is remarkably quick. The cutter sails like a witch, and goes so close to the wind that I can make a course when other vessels are obliged to beat. The barque "Juliet," which left with troops just before I got to Labuan, was twenty-four days getting to Singapore. I am glad my own voyage was not longer, for I came back thoroughly knocked up with want of sleep. I am getting old, and as nervous as a woman; the least thing upsets me!' To this last announcement the compiler has added the note of admiration. In reporting the events of this voyage to the Society, in another letter of the same date, he says: 'I preached and held full service morning and evening on two Sundays at Labuan. Baptized and administered Holy Communion on Whit Sunday. I held service at Brunei at the Consulate to a small congregation. I saw the Sultan. He is evidently jealous about the Roman Catholic mission, who are building a handsome brick church there, but have done nothing yet in the way of converts. They at first looked for success among the coloured Manilla men, of whom they say there are more than a thousand in and about Brunei, but they have become Mohammedans, and do not seem at all disposed to return to Christianity.' He thought that the Sultan would gladly welcome an English mission, and he continues: 'I leave this again on Monday for Linga and Sakarran, and after that I go to Lundu, and perhaps, if the season holds up, on to Sambas to visit my distressed Christians there; but that depends much on what may happen, as the people are rising on the Dutch on all sides, and sad murders are committed. Even four of the German missionaries, with their wives and families, have been killed. No one can say where these things will end. May God help us—we are only safe in His keeping, for man cannot help us here, if our people rise, and England is too long in sending the promised gunboat to make any whole-

some impression on their minds.' And here the letter breaks off to say that he had been called to the assistance of one of the missionaries' wives, whom he safely delivered of a daughter, both mother and child doing well.

During the year 1859 the political aspect of affairs was not satisfactory. The great losses of 1857 had rendered money very scarce, and affected the revenue. The Rajah was in England, and required an income which had to be provided from Sarawak. Although unostentatious and far from extravagant, either in his wants or habits, a Rajah of Sarawak could not reduce his expenditure below a certain point, and Sir James Brooke loved the society of his own people, and had for a time adopted as a *protégé* a young man who did not appear to have any claim upon him, but excited some jealousy, perhaps not unnaturally. In the meantime the Government of Sarawak must go on, and Captain Brooke found himself surrounded by many anxieties. His views and those of his uncle then became in some respects divergent. They both wished for the protectorate of some powerful European State, if possible of Great Britain; while, failing a proper recognition from their own country, the protection of Holland, Belgium, or even of France, was thought of; but in addition to a recognition or a protectorate the Rajah began to wish for the restoration, at least in part, of the private fortune which he had sunk in Sarawak, and sought to make that a condition of any arrangement. When he reached England, he was cordially received by the Ministry, and, according to his biographer, both Lord Palmerston and Lord Clarendon, who was then at the Foreign Office, offered a protectorate. And if he had accepted it at once the affair might have been so far advanced that no change of Ministry could have unsettled it; but this he did not do, and after some agitation among the Rajah's friends, meetings in the City, speeches, and deputations, Lord Derby, who succeeded Lord Palmerston, determined to have nothing, at least

at that time, to do with Sarawak, or to entertain the Rajah's proposals, and so told a deputation that came to him on the subject. In this state of affairs, with the Rajah stricken with paralysis, Captain Brooke returned home, to find him, it is true, much better in health than he had feared, but that no political advance had been made.

In the meantime the Bishop was alive to the weakness of the Sarawak Government. 'It was not,' he said, 'that the people were ill-disposed, but that there was no strength in the Government, no money—no means, in fact, of meeting any emergency that might arise from intrigue, foreign or domestic, to which all Malay countries were subject.' 'All the reasons I gave you last year for the removal of our head-quarters from this still exist, and with increasing force. The Rajah's illness, poor Brooke's absence and misfortune, give rise to an increased feeling of uncertainty and distrust among all classes.' He mentions that Captain Brooke's brother, Mr. C. Johnson, was then in charge, and his popularity with the natives, but adds: 'But, poor fellow, he can't pay the Government debts, or coin money out of nothing.' Speaking of the cutter, he says it is 'no small comfort to us all to have a sea-going craft like her in case of emergency. We have no regular communication with Singapore. The Borneo Company have taken off their steamer and the native craft are very irregular.' It was not, then, surprising that when the report of Lord Derby's speech was received at Sarawak it was felt to be a great blow and heavy discouragement. The view in which it was presented to the non-official part of the community was probably unnecessarily depressing, for they seem to have thought that they were cast off by their country.

The case presented itself to the Bishop with a double aspect. He earnestly desired the prosperity of the state of Sarawak, and, in common with Captain Brooke and his friends, urged the acceptance of the protection of the British Government on whatever terms it could be fairly obtained;

but in the absence of the protectorate or formal recognition which the Rajah was then demanding, he considered that the ægis of Great Britain should be extended over her subjects in Borneo in the same way that it was afforded in other foreign countries. It was therefore a blow to him to be told that this also was to be denied, and that if British subjects went to foreign countries they did it at their own risk, a doctrine very different to that of the 'Civis Romanus sum' of Lord Palmerston. His standpoint was, moreover, in a paramount degree a religious one, and he felt and wrote as head of the mission and as a teacher of Christianity, the spread of which was far above any question of politics. In a letter written to his brother-in-law while Mrs. McDougall was at Balidah he thus expresses his views:

'Sarawak: Feb. 5, 1859.

'I have written to S.P.G. to request that they will take such measures as they can to procure us such Government protection and care as all British subjects living in a foreign country are entitled to. For instance, those who live in China, in such places as Foochow, Ningpo, or Amoy, where, if there are only a few residents, much fewer than we have here—for with our recent reductions we are still some fifty English, men, women, and children—vessels of war on the station pay constant visits to let John Chinaman and others know that their own country has an eye on their welfare. Here it appears from Lord Derby's declaration this is not to be the case, but that all English subjects who come here are no longer to look for that common care which all European nations accord to their subjects living in foreign states. Neither I nor any of my clergy ever came here to live as such exiles and outlaws, and the simple declaration that we are to be thus cast off from all English protection is calculated to do us the greatest mischief in the minds of the Chinese and Malays. Our position was ticklish enough before, and it is now made doubly so that the fear of an occasional visit from a man-of-war is taken

away from them. This has hitherto been our chief security, and it is unfair and cruel to us to remove it now, when the Rajah's life is hanging by a thread. The native mind is in a disturbed and uncomfortable state, the revenues of the Government wholly insufficient to meet its necessary wants, and the Dutch more than ever bent upon getting this place into their hands, as they are going largely into mining operations on the west coast of Borneo, and would be too happy to get the mineral produce of this country into their hands, as well as to upset a free-trade port on this side, which doubtless interferes with their customs revenue.

'On the whole, looking at Lord Derby's speech to the deputation, I cannot say that I expected much else—with the exception of denying our rights as British subjects—for there are two sides to every case. The exaggerated reports of ill-judging though well-meaning friends such as T—— and others on this place, who have been too sanguine of success, and made facts appear too bright, must have done us harm, for doubtless Lord Derby has heard both sides and judged accordingly. The revenue is far less than has been stated even by Lord Derby:' 'As regards our imports and exports, what I have seen given as pounds ought often to have been dollars. And as regards our missionary success, I read in one reported speech of the Rajah's that forty families of Quop Dyaks are all Christians, whereas the truth is that, though they had all consented to be and were under instruction before the Chinese outbreak and the cholera, they have since dispersed, the old chief is dead, and not one yet is baptized, though I hope to baptize them when they settle again and are sufficiently instructed. Misconceptions never help a good cause, and outraged truth will always vindicate itself. So Lord Derby very sensibly argues as regards the importance of Sarawak that he cannot believe what has been said in its favour, and does not think it worth while to take it over. I think he is wrong, for with money and power I believe Sarawak would soon be a

really important place in itself in a commercial point of view, while its geographical position is most important in these seas. If poor dear Rajah had a few years' more life and sufficient means to make ends meet, I believe that it would turn out all that he hoped for; but now I fear for the future. Although I try to quiet other people's fears, I have my own serious ones, and unless we get the care and privileges of Englishmen given us by our own country, I do not see how S.P.G. can carry out the work here. Among the Dyaks single men may safely and hopefully work, but we cannot keep our wives and children and pupils here without alarm and discomfort at the least, and the constant risk of the work of years being undone by any row that may be got up and which the Government cannot prevent. Even now C. Johnson has the order to curtail expenses by reducing the police force, and new taxes on salt and tobacco are being enacted; but one of which the Chinese combine to evade, and the Malays are discontented at the other. A better and nobler set of young men than C. Johnson, C. Grant, Hay, Alderson, and the rest there cannot be; their hearts are in their work, and their desires and efforts are to govern the people well, and benefit them without a thought of self. But with Malays, or Chinese at least, nothing is permanent and effective without money and power, and the want of these keeps us ever on the verge of difficulties and troubles.'

In speaking of the Government officers it is not desired to impute anything but praise for their devotion; but if their courage is to be compared with that of the missionaries, as was once done by a hostile critic, it seems fair to observe that the latter were in a far more defenceless position than the former. The one class all lived in forts or fortified houses, with guards against surprise. Of the other it was said, 'We are all in the open, but our trust is in God.'

In the next three letters, addressed to his brother-in-law,

he relates the *dénouement* of what is known in the history of Sarawak as the Malay plot:

'Santubong: July 21, 1859.

'I arrived here last night from Banting, where I consecrated the church and confirmed. I had intended to have gone further, where there are some Christian Dyaks, but some epidemic sickness (cholera, I fancy) had driven them away from their villages, and dispersed them in the jungle. I went up the Sakarran with the view of seeing my old friend Gassin and others, and to take measures for settling new stations for Sakarran and Undop; but, alas! the morning after I got to Sakarran the verification of my fears—expressed in my last letter to you—concerning the massacres of white people in Dutch Borneo was brought home to us by the sad intelligence that Fox and Steele had been murdered in their fort at Kanowit by the tattooed Dyaks. Johnson, who was with me, determined to return at once to Sarawak, and meanwhile sent to the Sakarran and Sarebas Dyaks to let them loose on the Kanowits. So I returned to my Banting Christians and the Linga Dyaks, whom I found in a very excited state, and much vexed that they had not been sent out too—which, I suppose, will be done, and our work thrown back again. The Lingas are certainly our most trustworthy people, and perhaps the only Dyaks we can thoroughly confide in now, for amongst both Sarebas and Sakarrans we have enemies. Our hope with regard to this Kanowit business is that it was an act of private revenge; but there are great doubts whether Seriff Musahoor—who not long ago was disgraced and banished by the Government, and since then has been (I think unwisely) allowed to return to the Rejang—is not at the bottom of it, and if so, Musahoor is sure to be in league with the Datu Hadji, the old disgraced Patingi whom the Rajah, after disgracing and banishing for life, in a moment of weakness allowed to return. A Malay never forgives, so when he is punished it is a folly to give him a chance of

doing harm again. I find a note from Johnson, saying that he is convinced that the Sarawak people have nothing to do with the affair, and that it is not part of a political move—indeed, the Sarawak Malays could gain nothing but misery by killing us out here, for the Brunei people would soon have them in their clutches again, and then woe to them! But if Musahoor and the old Hadji are implicated, we know too well how these half-savages may be excited to any mad act by a cry of bigotry or revenge. Johnson, in his note, asks me to lend him the cutter for three months; he wants to make a show of force and go to the Rejang himself, and stay there until Brooke comes out. I am going up this tide to talk to him about it and dissuade him from so doing—that is, from staying there after he has arranged matters. I want him to return and hold the reins, and send some one else to carry out his arrangements on the Rejang. The people here want very delicate handling just now, and they have confidence—and so we all have—in his management.' 'My present notions as regards ourselves are that, if Seriff Musahoor prove himself innocent in this affair, we need not fear at Sarawak, and that our stations at Lundu and Linga are safer places still; but if, on the other hand, there is reason to fear treachery, I shall take measures, with God's help, to call in the missionaries from the out-stations, and concentrate all our European men at Sarawak, to help to hold the fort in case of necessity, and shall send all the women and younger children of the school to Singapore by the first opportunity. I mean, if I can, to go to Lundu next week to see how things are with Gomez. Johnson's taking the cutter rather puts me out, and disarranges my plans,—which were, after I had been in her to Lundu and Sambas, to take my wife and children over to Singapore, to get baby vaccinated, and to prepare for going home round the Cape. Now, if I think all safe here, and I can leave my people in good heart—or, if not, and I can remove the helpless to Singapore (as, in either case, the country

is not in a state for me to push our work just now)—I shall, if I can find the means (for which the money that you spoke of in your last, and for which I thank you very much, will go some way), bring Harriette and the children overland myself. I think I could do more good in England than here just now, besides setting myself up in health, which I much require. Pray for us all, my dear fellow, especially that I may have a right judgment in all things, and strength and courage to act as a Christian bishop should.

'I hear that there has been a regular panic at Sarawak among the wives of the second-class Europeans, who all packed up and wanted to start for Singapore; but their fears have been allayed, and only Mrs. Middleton, who suffered so much in the insurrection, persists in going. The Chinese are scudding away too, I hear.

'Please communicate what you think fit of this to S.P.G.

'I am now about to write to Sir Robert M^c^Clure and ask him to come over.

'P.S. (Sarawak).—Tell Brooke from me that if he hopes to keep this country he must get a steamer, and have a sprinkling of Englishmen or Germans to help to hold his forts. Johnson takes the old Datu Hadji with him in balla. Alas for our work! War and bloodshed will keep our Dyaks and people in excitement for a long time to come. We can only lie on our oars at these times.'

And a month afterwards, to the same correspondent:

'Sarawak: Aug. 16.

'By the same vessel that I last wrote to you, I wrote also to Sir Robert M^c^Clure, telling him of our troubles and danger here, and requesting him to come over as soon as possible, to show the people that we were not altogether helpless. He has most kindly done so, and his presence even for two days has done much good, and restored confidence in the bazaar, and will, I doubt not, serve as a check to the disaffected.

'Johnson is still at Kanowit, where he has taken the cutter as his house and floating fortress. We have news from him this morning, which is, that the tribe of tattooed Kanowits, who were engaged in the conspiracy and murders, have been utterly destroyed. He sent 1,000 Dyaks, their former enemies, up to attack their fortified village. These were repulsed, but he led them on again himself. With 200 Sarawak and other Malays, and a reinforcement of Dyaks, he took one of the gunboat's brass sixes overland to their place, and pounded them for a day, and then the Dyaks and Malays attacked and fired the place, and put them to the sword. I fear the slaughter has been very great, but they have brought it on their own heads; for, before attacking, a flag of truce was hoisted, and all who would come over and submit were promised their lives. Some few women and children accepted the offer, and were saved; of the rest, nearly all were killed. All the fortmen but one were implicated, and have been taken and executed, also old Hadji Mahomet and that rascal Tanee. The report spread by Tanee and others that all the Europeans here, and at Labuan, at Banjermassim, and elsewhere, had been killed, seems to have been thoroughly believed, and the people at Kanowit Fort thought that they could kill Fox and Steele, and possess themselves of the arms and goods in the fort with impunity. Those who were openly connected with the plot have suffered, and I hope that it may be a salutary lesson to all secret conspirators who may be in the background. So far all seems right, and our Sarawak Malays have come out well. The Dutch have severely avenged the murders at Banjermassim, where sixty European lives have been lost; but, in spite of that, we have accounts to-day that the Malays in Coti have risen, and killed the Europeans there. Doubtless a fanatical hatred has sprung up in these parts—as elsewhere in the East—towards the white man.' 'All these troubles are a sad check to our work: we are again thrown back.

'I have just returned from Lundu, where I have allayed Gomez' fears, and was much pleased with the attachment and good feeling of my old friends the Dyaks there. I really do hope that Kallon, the Orang Kaya's, heart is being touched with the power of the truth, and that we shall one day see him a true Christian. An old acquaintance of mine, Itak, I found also an earnest inquirer. He has been until lately one of our strongest opponents. I confirmed five of Gomez' converts. Our work is not indeed rapid, as I once fondly hoped it would be; but still there is some present encouragement, and hope for the future.

'When things have settled down here again, and our leaving will not excite the fears of others (which it might do just now), I shall take Harriette and the children to Singapore, to prepare for home. I shall come too, as it seems to me that I can be better spared just now than at a future time, when we may push ahead, and have our fresh hands out. At present we must lie on our oars until this ferment is over. Oh, that poor Rajah were well and back with us! But I see from Brooke's note that he will not come, so the sooner that Brooke comes out himself the better; and if he expects to keep the country, or ensure safety of life and property in it, he must either get English protection—not nominal, but real—or make up his mind to spend a good part of the revenue in buying and keeping up a small war steamer, and a sufficient force of organised soldiers, not Malays or natives of the place.'

'Sarawak: Oct. 17, 1859.

'We have just passed through another of the many panics with which we are so often troubled here.

'You will remember that in my letter concerning the Kanowit murders I mentioned my suspicions of the old Patinghi (now the Datu Hadji) and his connection with Seriff Musahoor and others. On Johnson's return from Kanowit it was declared that my suspicions were groundless, and that

the Datu Hadji and Seriff Musahoor had behaved admirably and were quite to be trusted. While he was there in the cutter I went to Lundu in the lifeboat to confirm, and while there I heard from Gomez and the Orang Kaya an account of some Malays of the discontented party who had come from the Quop, near the Merdan Dyaks, with a heavy crew, with no ostensible purpose. While there they alarmed Gomez and the Dyaks by recounting the same story which was employed at Kanowit to rouse the people, with the addition of Fox and Steele's death, to which they added others, and said that I and all the Europeans in Sarawak were shut up in the fort and dared not leave for our lives. Kallon, my friend the Orang Kaya, said "his heart was all troubled, but, as he expected me there daily, he would wait for a day or two to see if I came, and, if not, would start off with his people to succour us." I arrived two days afterwards and calmed their fears; but I did not know the result of the Kanowit affair. On my return to Sarawak I informed Grant of my suspicions of these people and what they had done, advising that it should be at once inquired into. I do not think this was done. On October 4 I received a note from Gomez, whom I had desired to be on the *qui vive*, as I also did the missionaries at Linga, owing to things I had found out there, saying that the Datu Hadji and a Nakodah Matjapar had been at Lundu tampering with the people [*vide* App., Extract No. 1]. I at once sent the note off to Johnson, requesting him to give it his most serious attention, and he answered that he would [*vide* App., Extract No. 2]. Upon inquiring further we found the Datu Hadji had been with the Merdan Dyaks, who live near Abang Hassan and another, friends of his, who had spread the report that I got at Lundu. I therefore proposed, as the Merdan Dyaks were old friends of mine, and Johnson had never been there, that I should make them a visit, and he come with me, to inquire what the Datu had been doing there. He agreed, but afterwards sent to say that he did not like to

leave the place, but would send to make inquiries; and one of the police went with a Linga Dyak, the brother of one of our converts. They returned the next day, but before I heard anything of them, Chalmers came into my room in the greatest alarm, saying that it was all up—that the Merdan Dyaks and a Lundu chief had joined the Datu Hadji in a plot to kill us all and put the Datu and his friends in power; that Johnson had already issued an order to all Europeans not to go out unarmed, had put more men in the fort, loaded the guns, and anchored my cutter and the "Jolly Bachelor" off Government House, which was fortified. Of course, a panic was the consequence; but up to this time the affair had been known only to him and me, as I had advised secrecy, and did not even tell my wife. I have since armed all my people, and hired ten stout Chinese to guard my house. H—— is frightened out of his senses, and engaged his passage with his wife and children in the "Planet" to Singapore. This being the case, and finding that Chalmers was for going up the country to his Dyaks, I stopped him as an extra hand for defence if need be, and prepared Harriette and Mrs. Channon and the children for going down to the ship, and kept a boat ready manned for the purpose; but as poor Mab was very ill with fever and delirium, I determined not to move until the last moment, or until Johnson requested me to do so. In the afternoon of the 14th I had a note from him [*vide* App., Note 3], which of course made it necessary for me to place all I could out of harm's way; and so at night I sent down Edie, baby, and Miss M^c^Kee to the ship, the captain kindly escorting them in his gig. Mab could not be moved but at great risk, so Harrictte remained with her. We feared that the old rascal's friends might rise that night, so we kept strict guard on our premises, but all passed off quietly, thank God! At noon the next day I got a message that the old Datu had knuckled under, and would go off of his own accord without fighting. He is to leave to-day in a brig going down the river, and this

letter goes with it. Meanwhile I trust that all immediate danger is past, and that things will settle down for a while—for a year or so, perhaps; but sure I am, my dear Charley, that neither Rajah, Brooke, nor anybody else can long hold this country unless we have a steam gunboat and better men in our forts. Communicate what you think fit of this to S.P.G., to whom I do not write officially for prudential reasons. When I go home I can speak my mind and arrange about the future.'

In writing to her sister respecting the expedition against the Kanowits, Mrs. McDougall says (August 24): 'The war fleet returned in procession yesterday, and was saluted at the fort with twenty-one guns, and we had a dinner party in the evening. The expedition has been perfectly successful, and I think that our Malays have redeemed their character for bravery, which has been under a cloud since the Chinese insurrection. They stood by their guns very well, and Charley Johnson had to depend on them entirely, for his own Dyaks did not get up in time, and he saw many amongst the others there who would have as readily taken the opposite side as not, if any chance of success had appeared. The sumpitans used by the Kanowits were very deadly; the wounds from them killed in a few minutes, so strong was the poison on the arrows. How thankful I am that our dear friends have returned safe! But some eighty or ninety of our people were killed, which we think a great many, not being used to the horrors of modern warfare. How sick it makes one to read of the battles in Italy: perhaps while I write they are also raging on the Rhine, and brave English hearts are falling amongst them! There seems to me something quite wrong in Christian nations thus dealing death and misery. Oh, I hope we shall keep clear of it—it will be almost a miracle if we do!' Happily we did.

She speaks also of her daughter's serious illness and re-

covery. 'I was so absorbed with Mab's illness that I did not heed the fears which tormented other people, but I had to pack and nurse at the same time, and keep the room quiet, dark, and cool, all the time I was filling one box after another to send to the ship.'

On August 16 the Bishop also wrote to the Rev. Ernest Hawkins: 'Recent events here, of which you will have been informed by Mr. Bunyon, will prove to you that my views have not been far wrong. It is natural that those connected with the government of the place should take the bright side of things and represent them somewhat *couleur de rose* to their friends in England. My standpoint is different, and my views as one uncoloured by personal interests, is likely to be the true one. It was so in the case of the Chinese revolt, when my warnings were disregarded. Now we have had another shake, for which I was not unprepared, and was therefore less alarmed than others, who would not foresee the danger. I thank God that the affair has been got over as well as it has, and that the conspiracy did not prove so formidable as we at first had reason to suspect, and, for awhile at least, I hope things will be safe and quiet here; but of course the Dyaks' minds are again disturbed, head-taking has received another impulse, and it will be some time before we can push our work in fresh places.' And on October 18: 'We are now passing through a time of great trial, and, as it seems, of imminent danger. The Datu Hadji and others, of whom I have so long had my suspicions, have been detected in a conspiracy, the particulars of which I have detailed in a private letter to my brother-in-law, as I did not wish to make any public communication which might embarrass the Government;' and he adds: 'My colleagues' views of affairs are much more desperate than mine, and I shall have some difficulty in preventing too precipitate an action on their part.' And on November 1 he speaks of the issue of the plot: 'The great doubt was, whether the other Datus in power would take part with the arch-conspirator

and his accomplices, and then whether the last would rise and fight, or attempt to assassinate us as they had planned. But the other Datus acted unanimously against their former colleague, who with his most active accomplice Matgapar was put on board a vessel with a strong guard to see them out of the river. They got away finally on the 27th, and everyone then began to breathe more freely.'

In answer to another letter to Sir R. McClure, the Governor at Singapore also sent 'the Hooghly Straits Government steamer' to Sarawak. 'Her going, and remaining there a week, had the good effect of reassuring the bazaar and the well-disposed Malays, as well as of comforting the Europeans by the sight of the red bunting and of friends ready to assist them in case of need.' Until tranquillity was restored he would not leave Sarawak, but he had become very anxious to send his wife and children home, more especially on account of his eldest daughter, to whom every month in that climate had become dangerous. Accordingly, things having quieted, he accompanied them to Singapore.

On December 5 he wrote from that place, and stated that Dr. Cowper had ordered him to return home at once with them, lest he should have a relapse of fever and be rendered useless altogether, and had given him the usual certificate which would enable him to obtain a P. and O. passage on the Government contract terms, but that he thought that they should leave by the 'Bahiana,' a large steamer which had brought out the telegraphic cable, and was shortly expected from Batavia. This they did, proceeding to Bombay, where he took the overland route, leaving his family to follow round the Cape. He explained that he was induced to accelerate his own journey from hearing that Labuan affairs were to be brought on in Parliament, and from his desire to speak a good word for the place to those who were in power.

During all this period Captain Brooke as well as the Rajah were still in England, and, notwithstanding Lord

Derby's refusal to take over the country, efforts were made to place the political relations of Sarawak on a more safe and permanent footing. In approaching the English Government the management appears to have been left by the Rajah, who was indisposed to be subjected to another rebuff, in the hands of Captain Brooke, but the latter was controlled by the former.

From the protection of British subjects as such in a native state, it seemed only a step to the protection of the state, when those British subjects or some of them represented the native Government. Sarawak had been virtually acknowledged when Sir James Brooke had been made Governor of Labuan and Commissioner to the native states of Borneo, and on many subsequent occasions, while the power of the English navy had been repeatedly exerted on its behalf. The acknowledgment had fallen into abeyance rather than had been withdrawn, while protection to the English inhabitants had been given, but so rarely and grudgingly as to have become ineffective. What was required was patience, and a steady claim upon Great Britain as the paramount power at sea to enforce the *Pax Britannica* in the Eastern Archipelago, and to put down piracy; and while virtual protection would give peace and prosperity, a formal protectorate was sure to follow. Such has, in fact, been the course of events, for while Sarawak has gradually grown in wealth and importance it has only been in the year 1888 that the protectorate by Great Britain of North Borneo, including British North Borneo, Brunei, and Sarawak, has been proclaimed.

These were in a great measure the opinions of Captain Brooke, for when he returned to the East, crossing in his outward route the homeward path of the Bishop, he wrote to the author:

'Feb. 25, 1860.

'I was very sorry to leave without seeing you again; perhaps I may have the luck to meet the Bishop in Egypt. It would

be very satisfactory to me to have a talk with him on the state of affairs in Sarawak.' 'I was not allowed to have my way, or I believe that I might have gained all that is absolutely necessary, that is, the substantial support of English men-of-war. I was forced into demanding the formal recognition of our Government or nothing at all; this, I am convinced, the Government never will give. The Bishop, as an independent man, with his energy and high position, may do a deal of good by working on public opinion. It will be a disgrace to England and the Church of England if they allow Sarawak to pass into the hands of foreigners and Roman Catholics, but this must soon be the consequence of our remaining unsupported.'

The views of the Rajah were different. He wanted a transaction and the return of, or security for, his advances. Broken in health and fortune as he was, and wearied with official procrastination and the indifference if not injustice of public men, it was not surprising that he should be impatient. His views and the representations made by him to Government will be found very accurately set forth in Miss Jacob's book, which on these subjects may fairly be treated as his own case drawn up by himself. They only incidentally affect the Bishop, and the reader must therefore be referred for them to that work; they are, however, in part set out in the following letter, which the author ventures to insert, as it illustrates the difference of position of the persons playing the principal parts in these affairs, and is interesting at the present time not as regards Sarawak alone, but as applicable to the burning question of the day, if the reader will insert the name of another country in the place of that of Sarawak:

'Burrator: Sept. 30, 1859.

'Thank you for your letter, and in reply I will state my view briefly. The protection of British subjects by the British

Government is a question between themselves; it can be of no good to the Government of Sarawak, and in no way concerns it. Sarawak is an independent native state ruled by an Englishman with the knowledge and sanction of the British Government and nation for fifteen years. The native state so ruled has, we contend, been acknowledged by the British Government, and if an objection should be now made to the ruler on the score of his allegiance, or any other, it might affect his right to the position, but it could not affect the right of the people of Sarawak to independence and self-government. The challenge has often been given, and the only consequence, supposing the proposition established, "that a British subject could not rule a foreign people consistently with his allegiance," would be personal to him. It would deprive him of the position or render a change of designation requisite. As regards the state of Sarawak in relation to England, it cannot in any way touch it.

'Again, England has afforded the highest degree of encouragement to the Government of Sarawak by word and deed. She now evades her obligations, and leaves the native state without support; and a small native state, isolated as Sarawak now is, without countenance, without help, and without formal recognition or protection, cannot stand alone amid the advancement of European nations and the growing interests of commerce. Every native state must shortly adhere or belong to a European Power. It is no question of right but of necessity, for neighbouring states, one weak and the other strong, cannot exist in contact without the weaker being the friend or the foe of the stronger—a faithful ally, or the political adversary supported from without—as Sarawak once was. Without this support, the want of progress, the inability to resist the casualties to which all states are liable, the inefficient means, and the European neighbours, would gradually reduce the Government of Sarawak to the mere precarious existence of other native states, and she would cease in time to protect

the people or to advance their welfare, or to continue the blessing that she now is. Specific danger there is none at this moment, but the end is certain, and Sarawak cannot stand alone. The British Government has betrayed and cast her off—we are not to be longer deceived or kept in suspense—to her ruin. This is the question—what shall Sarawak do? and, whatever the answer may be, it is clear there is no longer any tie between the two Governments, and British subjects and British interests are not in question at all. The greatest evil which can happen to Sarawak is to be deluded by an inefficient protection given to British interests into a continuance of her present equivocal position—to submit longer to a sham. I would have ended it a year ago, but I have now placed it in Brooke's hands to manage, though the people will decide their future course. Brooke is in town; will you not talk it over? But my opinion is, that if there be an unwarranted trust in England, mischief will come of it.

'Ever yours sincerely,

'J. BROOKE.'

CHAPTER VIII.

ENGLAND—LAST RETURN TO THE EAST, 1861–62.

ON March 29, 1860, the Bishop arrived at home at Kensington by the overland route. He appeared suddenly with a long black beard, not then common with ecclesiastics, and with a great hug and expressions of delight at once gained the pardon of his hosts for appearing alone in advance of his wife and children.

He had been unlucky in leaving them, for he had been taken ill on his voyage with his old complaint, ending with a violent influenza, caught in the Red Sea. Writing to his usual correspondent from the steamship 'Pera,' *en route* for Malta, he described himself as 'a yellow-eyed, green-faced, wheezy old gentleman,' and recounted the serious inconveniences of the overland route through Egypt at that time—now things of the past. Three weeks later, from Marseilles he wrote that he was 'nearly all right, and, with the exception of an irritable throat,' felt 'a man again,' and had come on from Malta in spite of the advice of Dr. Stilon and the Bishop of Gibraltar, who thought him unwise to do so before April; and he added: 'Of course I got into another gale of wind, which on Friday night sent me out of my berth, and I struck my nose and eye on a marble washing-stand, so that I now have a great nose and vicious-looking black eye, which makes me appear more like a prize-fighter than a bishop. However, a few days will, I hope, mend that, and I shall come home

leisurely'—which he did, lingering at Avignon and Paris—'that I may be presentable; for, as I am, I should not like to show in London.' When he did arrive he was very much himself again, and in excellent spirits.

On May 4 he was joined by his wife and children, but they had not been without adventures. In describing her voyage, she says: 'We proceeded very happily until we were within a day's steam of the island of St. Vincent, when the great crank of the steam-engine snapped in two, and then we had to sail. It took us ten days to beat up to the island, for the large screw steamer was never intended to be propelled by sails. We began to have gloomy forebodings of the time which must elapse before we could reach England sailing at that rate, when we saw, lying in the roads at St. Vincent, a very large West Indian steamer, on her way home. It was difficult to communicate with this ship, because she lay in quarantine with the yellow flag flying; and we did not know whether she had yellow fever on board or not. Our captain, however, called us all together and said: "I hoped to have found some provisions in this island to add to our stores, but I find there is nothing. It will be necessary," added Captain Greenfell, "that some of you should go home in the 'Magnolia,' West Indian steamer, for we have not food on board for all, and cannot expect to be less than another month reaching England under sail; therefore you must each of you decide to-night what you will do; and if you choose to go home in the 'Magnolia,' I will pay your passage. But I ought to tell you that probably there are cases of yellow fever on board that ship, for it is the time of year when it is rife at the South American stations." Here was a problem to solve in the night! Should I take my children on board a ship where there was probable infection, or should I subject my husband to harassing anxiety about us for a whole month? In the morning I decided to go home in the "Magnolia;" and I was rewarded, when we climbed up into that great ship with 200

passengers on board, by finding that there was not a single case of yellow fever or anything infectious. We had a delightful ten days' passage, stopping a few hours at Lisbon, but not allowed to land, and then straight to Southampton. My only regret was leaving Captain Greenfell, who had been so kind to the children all the way.'

Together with her own children she brought with her a half-caste Malay girl, Julia Steward, one of the earliest of their scholars in the home school, and whom she placed in the Irish Church Education School, Kildare Street, Dublin, to be trained as a schoolmistress. In 1861 the Bishop speaks of the pleasing accounts that they received of her progress. She returned to Sarawak with them and became schoolmistress there, and afterwards married and did well in life.

Until January 1862 the Bishop remained at home, and the interval was spent in recruiting his health, and doing a great deal of work 'on deputation' for the Gospel Propagation Society. His head-quarters were as usual with his brother-in-law, but he made many visits with his family, to Ireland for some months to see his sister, to his early colleague Sir William Bowman, and especially to the ever-hospitable house at Bedgebury, where Lady Mildred and Mr. Beresford-Hope delighted to surround themselves with their friends, few more attached than Bishop and Mrs. M[c]Dougall.[1]

The Rajah was still at home, and to a great extent recovered from his attack of paralysis, and the old friendship appeared unabated. In July 1860, when he came to town, he dined and spent an evening at Kensington to meet the Bishop and Mrs. M[c]Dougall, and was as charming and sympathetic as ever; and in the same month Mr. St. John breakfasted at the same house on the Bishop's invitation. There had been differences between the Rajah and Captain Brooke, but in these it did not appear that the Bishop was in any way

[1] It was during the visit to Ireland that their youngest child, Mildred Hope M[c]Dougall, was born.

involved, and at that time those differences were composed. Some time after, a handsome present of plate was made to him by the European community at Sarawak, headed by the Rajah, who wrote when the subscription was set afloat: 'The Bishop deserves more than we can afford to give for his kindness in sickness to each and all of us.' This must have been in the autumn of 1859, as in the month of November the order was given for its manufacture to Messrs. Garrards. It consisted in part of a large salver, bearing the following inscription: 'Presented by the European inhabitants of Sarawak to the Right Rev. F. T. McDougall, D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Labuan and Sarawak, as a token of respect and esteem, and in grateful remembrance of his unvarying kindness and sympathy.'

The Bishop's medical services were also acknowledged by the Borneo Company in the following letter:

'7 Mincing Lane, London: April 9, 1860.

'My Lord,—I am requested by the Directors of this Company to convey to your lordship their warmest thanks for the kind attentions you have shown to the Company's *employés* in Sarawak, and for the services you have rendered them in a medical capacity during the last three years, during nearly the whole of which period they have been entirely dependent on your lordship for medical advice.

'And the Directors beg that you will do them the favour to accept of a sum of 500*l.* from the Company as a token of their appreciation of your great kindness.

'I am, my Lord,

'Your very obedient servant,

'For the Borneo Company, Limited,

'JOHN HARVEY,

'Managing Director.'

From July 1860 until the Rajah and the Bishop met at Sarawak in 1863 there is no trace of their meeting. In the

same month of July 1860 the Bishop went on a long visit to Ireland, and in November in the same year the Rajah sailed for Sarawak, where in November 1861 he installed Captain Brooke as Rajah Mudah, returning to England at the end of the year, and not probably ever expecting again to revisit the East. January 1862 he appears to have spent at his new house at Burrator in Devonshire, and in that month the Bishop left for Borneo.

After mentioning these gifts it will be proper to explain what appears to have been Bishop McDougall's position towards the European community at Sarawak in his medical capacity.

His mission has been described as the first medical mission of the Church of England, and much benefit was expected from his scientific knowledge from the very first as adding to his efficiency, but it was never anticipated or intended by the supporters of the mission that he should for years be the only doctor in Sarawak. Nevertheless, the truth seems to have been that from the appointment of Dr. Treacher to a post at Labuan, which took place shortly before the Bishop first left England, no official resident medical man was appointed up to this time. It had probably always been intended that there should be one, but State funds were very low, the European community was very small, and great confidence was felt in Mr. McDougall's skill, and the sight of suffering was enough to command his services. Everyone, therefore, who was sick applied to him, and never in vain. He felt, too, that goodwill thus shown was the readiest means of access to the hearts of those by whom he was surrounded, and that his labours were thus indirectly bestowed on his mission; and, just as he loved to keep open house, his native generosity always prompted him in this way also to bestow kindnesses. He therefore gradually drifted into becoming the doctor of the place, but he did not practise for gain; and, it must be admitted, sometimes winced under the burthen which was

laid upon him, and mentioned it confidentially as one reason why he desired to see his head-quarters removed to Singapore. When at last Dr. Conroy came and left in a month in 1858, he wrote : 'It is most unfortunate for me.' Charity forbids me to refuse my assistance to those who need, but it is at the expense of my strength and night-watching, of my time and pocket, and I get little thanks sometimes for my hard and harassing work.' Dr. Conroy, a duly qualified medical man, and a relative of Mr. Templer's, had been engaged by Captain Brooke, and had come out with his family to Sarawak, but he found the place so different from his expectations that he refused to remain. There must have been some misconception on the subject of his engagement, for on his return to England he brought an action upon it, which was settled by the payment of heavy damages, as is mentioned in the Rajah's biography.

There is nothing in the law of England which would prevent a priest from acting as a physician and receiving fees, although he could not act as an apothecary and trade in drugs; but this idea does not seem either to have presented itself to the Bishop's mind or suggested itself elsewhere. There was, however, an obligation felt, and this was expressed by the testimonial, and more substantially by the letter of the Borneo Company, which had been established only about three years before. No doubt but that much real gratitude and affection were felt towards him, which were manifested in various ways. One gentleman, Mr. Duguid, a director of the Borneo Company, who had been at Sarawak, about this time presented him with a valuable episcopal ring, which he wore to the day of his death. To the missionaries and their wives he always thought himself bound to give his best services, and Mrs. McDougall often seconded him at great personal sacrifice. They gave him much opportunity of being useful. After his final departure, a curious proof of the extent of his labours was given in a claim made upon the Society by the Government doctor

for supplying his place, which did not, however, meet the approval of the Tuan Mudah, beyond the payment of the actual cost of expensive drugs, and was therefore withdrawn.

While in England he addressed a letter, dated May 23, 1861, to the secretary of the S.P.G., stating that he had learnt that it had been decided at the Colonial Office that the Straits Settlements were to be incorporated with the colony of Labuan, which would naturally lead to their separation from the diocese of Calcutta, and incorporation in that of Labuan.

'The advantages,' he said, 'that will attend this measure are manifold. (1) It is most desirable that some safer centre than Sarawak has proved itself should be formed as the basis of missionary operations in Borneo and the Eastern Archipelago. In the *émeutes* that have occurred and may again occur in Sarawak, our principal missionary establishment there has once and again been jeopardised and severely injured, and may be cut off at any time, and the heart of the mission destroyed; whereas with our main reserve at Singapore, under the protection of the British flag, it would be out of harm's way, and in a position to repair the losses that our subordinate establishment might suffer in Borneo. (2) In the present political position of Sarawak it is most desirable that our missions should not appear dependent on the local Government, but should appear what they really are, missions of the English Church, connected with the chief English station at Singapore, and independent of Sir J. Brooke and his officials, for those who have tried and may try again to upset his government would fear to harm any Englishman whom they knew to be connected with Singapore. This settlement is but three hundred miles away from Sarawak, the communication constant, and, in truth, it is the place from which we are obliged to get all our supplies.' 'The position of Sarawak is now so different from what we hoped it would be when it was chosen as our chief station, that Sir J. Brooke himself told me,

before he last left England, that he thought it expedient and desirable that Singapore should now be the centre of the diocese.' He pointed out that little or nothing had been done for the British settlements 'beyond the appointment of chaplains from Bengal, whose average term of service had not been more than two years, so that the pastoral care of the Europeans had been inefficiently conducted, and the missionary work left to the Roman Catholics, who had a bishop at Penang, and a considerable body of French clergy, Frères Chrétiens, and Sisters of Mercy, who were making proselytes of Protestants as well as among the heathen population.' Bishop Cotton of Calcutta was very glad of the prospect of a diminution in his unwieldy diocese, and in the spring of this year (April 1861) wrote to Bishop McDougall, saying he wished to pay a visit to the Straits in the following year, and should be very glad if his last act of diocesan authority should be to consecrate a cathedral for him as his successor.

Another matter should also be referred to. Before he left England he made a formal application to the Secretary for the Colonies for the appointment of a chaplain at Labuan. This letter is sufficiently complete on the subject to which it relates to deserve insertion. The appointment of chaplain was afterwards made, and in answer to a further application, dated February 1863, grants in money and convict labour were also approved for the building of a church, parsonage, and schools in the island:

'Queen's Gate Terrace: Nov. 19, 1861.

'Sir,—I have the honour to bring again to your notice the destitute state of the colony of Labuan in a religious point of view. Since its settlement in the year 1848, there has never been a resident chaplain appointed, and the only care the European inhabitants have had in a spiritual way has been when I have paid such occasional visits to the colony as my limited means and the difficulty of communication between

Sarawak and Labuan have allowed me to make. Every race and section of the inhabitants of the island have their place of worship except the members of our own communion. There are to be found there a mosque, a Chinese joss-house, a Hindu temple, and a large and well-built Roman Catholic chapel, with a resident priest, whose chief work has hitherto been amongst the Europeans, who are chiefly Protestants, and who, from the want of a clergyman of their own, have often been glad to accept his ministrations. I have lately heard that this Roman Catholic priest has recently been, or is about to be, removed to China, so that there is, or will be, no Christian minister of any denomination in the island. And in a climate where life is so uncertain and fevers are so frequent (and often fatal) that it is thought necessary to keep three medical men, the want of a resident pastor is much felt, and indeed is so necessary that I am sure that, when the matter is duly considered, it will appear unchristian on the part of Government not to grant one. In the year 1856, when I first visited the island as bishop, a petition was presented to me, signed by every European in the place, requesting me to use my best endeavours to procure them a chaplain. This I sent to the Governor with a letter of my own, requesting him to bring the matter to the notice of the Colonial Secretary. As nothing came of that application, I then endeavoured to induce the Propagation Society to send a missionary clergyman to Labuan, but they refused on the ground that it was the duty of the Government to maintain a chaplain there. Meanwhile, I have done what little I could by a yearly visit to the island to prevent the residents feeling themselves entirely cut off from all the ministrations of their own Church. I have procured a suitable piece of land of thirteen acres near the barracks for a church, parsonage, and burying ground, and have obtained a grant from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and have received the promise of subscriptions from the residents, towards building a church and par-

sonage, which I doubt not we should soon be able to complete after the appointment of a chaplain. I beg also to direct your attention to the fact that my visits to Labuan have been hitherto a source of great expense to me, which I can ill afford to meet. This I am assured might be obviated if the Colonial Office would request the Admiralty to give direction to the Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies that men-of-war passing between Singapore, Sarawak, and Labuan, should afford me the facility of a passage up and down when required; and I confidently hope that this request on my behalf may be granted.—I have the honour,' &c.

In January 1862 they started by the overland route on their return to Borneo, leaving behind three children, and taking with them the youngest, an infant of ten months. While at sea, the night before they reached Malta, where her husband wished to take her to show her his old haunts, Mrs. McDougall writes of her children to her sister-in-law: 'Dear little ones, they are seldom out of our thoughts. It was very hard to go away this time. I still feel a tightness about my heart, and I cannot endure that people should say to us, "Did you leave any children in England? A great trial, is it not?" I cannot bear to talk of it, but everything reminds me of my darlings.' And sending a message to her eldest girl about the band and songs on deck, she adds: 'We have Christy Minstrels' songs sometimes, and I secretly hear Mab sing them. I hope that she will pick up all the little songs she can: tell her so for Mamma.' And then she goes on to give a disheartening account of her husband's health. 'Frank is far from well—has not his usual spirits, is very feverish at night, though his cough is better. I am quite discouraged at his not regaining his health this lovely weather. I dread what he may be when we pass Aden.' He seems, however, to have recovered during his voyage, for in her next letter she writes more cheerfully, and, referring to their changing

their ship at Galle, she adds: 'As we passed the Calcutta steamer' (which they had just left) 'they cheered us heartily, and "One cheer more for the Bishop" was the last we heard of them.'

On March 20 Mrs. McDougall writes again from Singapore, where they were waiting for the steamer: 'The "Rainbow" is expected next week, and as soon as the mail comes in we shall be off. I shall be very glad now to get home. Everybody here wants to know when Frank is to be their bishop. They are in confident expectation of the Straits going over to the Colonial Office, and have built barracks and officers' quarters, and a large mess-room for the European regiment in preparation for the move. Singapore is improved by a very pretty Botanic Garden, where subscribers may get seeds and cuttings as many as they like. A band plays there of an evening, and you meet all the little Singapore world, and all the babies (a feature of Eastern life) promenading about for their mothers to compare them together—some dressed very fine, and some with only white frocks and shoulder knots. Mildred enjoyed the music last night and gravely pulled all the ladies' earrings who took her in their laps. She is just as white now as most of the others, but very plump and well. We have seen a good deal of the Venns. Frank spent last Sunday at their house going to the native services, Chinese and Tamil, which are set apart under native teachers. The Chinese knowing that Frank was coming, there was a crowded congregation overflowing into the street.' After mentioning the names of many friends at Singapore and the purchase of a horse by the Bishop, called Paddy—not from the land of his nativity but from the grain that he eats—she adds: 'I am not going to buy a pony here, in hopes of getting old Don back, for I hear that he is ill, and perhaps Bertha will be glad to sell him, if Frank can cure him. The old syce who went home to Pondicherry when we went to England came here to

await our arrival some months ago, and Mrs. Stahl took him in as watchman till we should come. Robberies are so frequent at Singapore that most people hire a man to march about all night with a drawn sword, so you may suppose how effective the police must be. He is duly installed as Paddy's groom, but I think that we shall make him cow syce instead, when we get to Sarawak. He says to me scornfully, "The calves have died since I left; no wonder, they starved them." He certainly used to feed them up with rice congé and make me pay for it, but, as the calves lived, it was very well to do so.' She speaks with great anxiety about her sister (Mrs. Colenso) and her family, and of something which she had heard, possibly from her, of the Bishop of Natal's coming book on the Pentateuch, which she understood was a much more unorthodox affair than his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, of which she said, 'I like "The Romans" so much, and do not see anything which could involve public ecclesiastical censure, although there is plenty to set up the prickles of individuals and parties;' and she adds: 'Ah! I wish I could see them; my heart yearns towards them now that they are encompassed with trouble, and none the less that it is John's creating.' And she concludes her letter: 'Thursday, the 28th.—The "Rainbow" is in—Jubilate! and we set off on Tuesday. We have warm letters of welcome from the Brookes, Crookshanks, and the rest. I so long to be there. It will not be a very pleasant trip in the little steamer this warm weather, with pouring squalls. We shall have a seething fifty-six hours, but what is that after such a long voyage? Good-bye, my beloved sister and brother; I carry you always in my heart and thoughts.'

To her little daughter of nine years of age in London she enclosed a note in the letter, of which the following is an extract:

'I was glad to get your little note from Hampstead. That was a very gay party indeed, and its memory will last a long

time. You are a good child to try and be happy and cheerful, for with the many and great blessings with which God has surrounded you, it would be wrong to indulge any murmuring thoughts. The best way, when you feel a little sorrowful, of comforting yourself is to do something kind for some one else, and so in giving pleasure you receive it.'

She would have been distressed indeed to have heard that her child was unhappy or pining for her mother. Childish griefs are soon assuaged, but they break forth again and again, and so she took the first opportunity of giving her that counsel which she followed herself so truly, and of which the practice runs like a melody through her life, that love and work for others is the best remedy for sorrow.

When they reached Sarawak they found Captain Brooke in command, and a new friend in the person of a young English lady at the residence, for at the urgent desire of his relatives he had again married. This union promised much happiness, but, as we shall see, did not last long enough to fulfil the promise. During their absence, little Basil, Captain Brooke's eldest boy, had died and was laid beside his mother. They also found for the first time a resident medical man at Kuchin recently arrived, a very young practitioner, but one whom the Bishop was very glad to welcome.

During his absence, the mission staff had been much diminished by the loss of the three Augustinians whom he had ordained in 1858. Of these, Mr. Hacket, who was a married man with a wife and child, had determined after the Malay plot to remove them to a safer place and had accepted an appointment as chaplain at Malacca. Messrs. Glover and Chalmers had both suffered from serious illness while he had been away, and had obtained benefices in Australia. This was very disappointing; but none of these gentlemen when they offered themselves for Borneo had probably been aware of the dangers which would beset them there, and, when more congenial fields of usefulness opened to them, seemed to have

felt that they were not bound to sacrifice their lives for Sarawak. As their resignations had been regularly sent in, the Bishop was aware of their departure, and to supply their places the Society had sent out four new European missionaries as candidates for ordination by him. They arrived almost simultaneously with him, and with them and his former colleagues who remained he prepared to recommence his labours.

From the latter he had received from time to time reports of their progress, especially among the Dyaks. In one of these, dated April 16, 1861, from the Rev. W. H. Gomez, and sent to the Society, we may take the following interesting extract as an example of the good feeling of these wild people. During his last visit to the Salakou Dyaks he states 'that for the sake of privacy he had got them to put up for him a little house next their own, the long tribal house of many families, which they did in a couple of days, and so pleased him with their alacrity and energy in the work, that he determined to pay them for it, and, having ascertained that two reals would be a sufficient remuneration, offered that amount to their chief. Upon the receipt of the money the chief ordered the gong to be struck and the whole tribe to be assembled for a "bechara" or consultation. After much discussion, in which their condition under the oppression of Malay rulers in Sambas was contrasted with the quiet and peace which they now enjoyed, it was unanimously agreed, that, as my visiting them was in itself a token of my affection for them, the money should be returned with every apology for their rudeness in refusing to accept it. I was particularly struck with the conduct of Pangara Sandal, a man of some influence in the tribe. He was very quiet during the first part of the consultation, but when the determination to return the money was expressed, he jumped up from his seat in great excitement, and, throwing down upon the mat the sheets of paper on which were printed the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, from which he had

been learning, said: "This is more worth to us than any wages. Has anybody hitherto come to teach us the truths which now for the first time we are taught by him? Did not our former masters come to us only to plunder and tyrannise over us? Rather than look for remuneration we ought to be thankful that he comes to us at all, and to remember that the wish to have a house here is itself a proof of his affection for us."'

On March 30 the Bishop writes from Sarawak: 'Here we are at last, thank God! and I am delighted to be back in my old place.' He then reports the work that was going on—the arrival of the four S.P.G. probationers, whom he hoped to ordain with as little delay as possible, Messrs. Abé, Zehnder, Mesney, and Crossland; that his native schoolmaster and catechist was seeking for ordination, and that four of his elder pupils in the home school were apparently ready for appointments as native catechists. On July 4 he mentions them again, hoping for the approval of the Society to their appointment as assistant catechists. 'They are, so to speak, the firstfruits of our school, and I trust that we shall be able to keep up a supply of well-instructed youths from year to year as they are needed.' He adds: 'With the help of the funds procured in England I am carrying out considerable enlargements of our premises: a new iron-wood house for the missionary here, rooms for elder pupils, printing and work shops, and a bungalow and offices with a boathouse, which I call the Hostelry, because appropriated to the missionaries and the Christian Dyaks when they come to Kuchin, to sell their produce and make purchases. It will keep the latter under my own eye, and prevent their falling into trouble and getting harm among the Malays and Chinese in the bazaar It is very useful for them to have such a place, and will, I hope, make their visits to Sarawak edifying as well, as they are thus brought regularly to our daily services and kept under our own influence.'

This letter, like so many others, contains a pitiful story.

'We have had a sad trial and disappointment in losing the services of our eldest scholar, Zung Fa, a young man of nineteen, whom we took in 1849, and he grew up to be a well-instructed, earnest, truthful Christian, and was my Chinese interpreter and assistant, liked and respected by all. It has pleased God to afflict him with the leprosy of these countries, the most loathsome of all complaints. He is literally corroding to pieces, but he bears his sufferings bravely and hopefully, like a good Christian as he is, and is quite prepared, nay, anxious, to depart and be with his Saviour. I have built him a little house near us, where he can be by himself, and have his wants properly attended to.'

We have already mentioned that one of the clergy had been attacked by elephantiasis; from it he completely recovered, but the true leprosy is a very different disease, and from it recovery seems hopeless.

Shortly after their arrival Mrs. McDougall, writing to her brother and describing her occupations, says: 'I have to see more after the school than when Mrs. Stahl was matron, so I inspect the food, keep the accounts, and teach the sewing class, and work with them at the machine, which answers very well, and mother the sick boys. We are in the midst of Passion-week, and have full service at 7 o'clock every morning, which is very nice, for it is so cool at that hour, and such sweet zephyrs come in at the open verandahs. Every evening just now we are getting a heavy squall, which prevents the 5 o'clock service and also our walks and rides. Frank takes a walk in the wet, but I do not achieve that. We are, for a wonder, quite alone. I have invited Mrs. Gomez here after Easter. Mr. Gomez is coming to Sarawak to collect building materials for his new church, and I like them to come here and be patted on the back for their quiet, steady work during our absence. The Kochs have the chaplain's quarters, but will be very glad to move into the bungalow when it is ready, as they have very little room, and their

great baby—who ought to be named Boanerges—cannot endure to be cooped up in a small space, but swarms all over the house. I think that we shall like Mrs. Brooke very much. She has not the brilliancy and talent of Annie, but she is very amiable, and is very affectionate to me. The trees which I planted as seeds twelve years ago have grown so thick round the house that we have to cut windows in them to see the view and let in the air. All the cocoa-nuts are dead, and nearly all the nutmegs; but the nutmegs are also dying off at Singapore just the same, and people are cultivating fruit trees instead, as more certain and profitable. We have many trees in blossom just now which are most beautiful, but there is too much rain for the flowers. Julia Steward manages to collect one large bouquet every morning, which is carried down to meals, and up again afterwards. I wish I could sometimes place it on your breakfast-table, it is so bright and sweet.'

In mentioning the Kochs, it should be added that the Rev. Mr. Koch had during Mrs. M^c^Dougall's absence married her late governess, Miss M^c^Kee, whom she had left at Singapore as governess in Lady Maxwell's family.

About the same time she writes: 'Two evenings ago I went across the river to call on Miss R——, who has a cottage most picturesquely situated on a little point of land overhanging the water. I landed at the Brookes', and Mrs. Brooke walked with me along the ridge of the hill. She then sat down on a bench under a tree and waited for me. On our return, as we paced together towards the house, I did not perceive at first that she led me to Annie's little garden, in which they now raise seeds and vegetables. Turning my head, I saw her tomb railed round and planted with flowers; and the old days, when I had a seat in that garden whilst Annie worked so hard at her flowers, came over me like a cloud, and haunted me all night with sleeplessness. What a tyrant the past is! every now and then it asserts itself, however we may

(as we ought) strive to interest ourselves in the present. Mrs. Brooke would fain have kept me that night, for it was raining, but I could not have stayed. I ran home in the pouring rain, and got wet through, which I suppose somewhat cooled the heat of my feelings; but all through the night I kept saying involuntarily, "My darling, why did you go? Where are you?" I could only write this to one who, like you, has a great deal of sympathy. However, I do like Julia Brooke in quite another sort of way from Annie, and shall show her that I do some day.'

The time, alas! was not far off when this sympathy was required and given, and Julia Brooke was also called to follow her predecessor. She was another victim to Sarawak, for the truth appears to have been that, notwithstanding her devotion to her husband, and his goodness to her, the wildness and loneliness of the place, the oppression of the history of its past, and that sad and not forgotten grave, weighed upon her spirits, and she succumbed to the depressing influences around her. 'I feared,' the Bishop wrote in June following, 'that something was wrong: she was so altered to what she used to be in England, and a week before her confinement I asked Brooke if he was comfortable about her, and thought that the new young doctor was all that she wanted, and volunteered to attend her if necessary—which he did not think needful. It was only on the fourth day that they sent for me in a great hurry. I found her in a hopeless state, and remained with her until she died in my arms. In an interval of consciousness she gave her poor little baby to Harriette, who has taken it; and so we have now two children. This death is a sad loss to the place, and especially to me, as it makes my house again the hotel. The sick and the stranger all come to us.'

Mrs. Brooke died on May 9. On the 20th Mrs. McDougall wrote to her brother describing the event, and then adds: 'The whole place is again involved in gloom. Brooke, who was only waiting for poor Julia's confinement to be over to

go off for a three months' cruise on the coast, is now gone, and Frank went with him in the steamer for the first ten days, as far as Bintulu, for there were only youths with him, and he seemed to want Frank so much.' She speaks of the infant, of which she had undertaken the charge; 'of her having assisted to lay the dead mother in her last resting-place, and of the perfect peace apparent on her countenance, which had returned to its natural beauty, so different from the poor wandering looks during the paroxysms of fever to which she had succumbed;' of Brooke, 'who was very patient and brave, but said that he must give up all hopes of domestic happiness and work hard at his public duties; but for whom she could only hope and trust that he would not join those who had passed away.' She speaks of the house across the water as already dismantled and the servants dismissed, and of her own manifold occupations. 'I am just now nurse and housekeeper; the fine arts are quite set aside. Brooke has sent me poor Julia's piano, a beautiful new one of Broadwood's, but I really don't know when I can play upon it, or rather sing to it, for play I do not. Old Don stands in the stall, and I have no time to ride him, but I shall soon—when baby is over a month old I shall not be so occupied with her.' And then follows a very important postscript: 'I have only time to add a line to tell you that the steamer returned on Sunday morning (May 25), decked with Illanun flags, which she had taken from a fleet of six pirate vessels. They met them three at a time returning home to their islands, crammed full of captives and booty. They ran over them one by one, sustaining and giving a heavy fire all the time. Frank fought, as you may imagine, till he had his hands full of wounded to dress. There were forty pirate fighting-men in each boat, and from sixty to seventy slaves or captives which they had picked up in a seven months' cruise. It was a glorious victory, and through God's mercy none of the eight Englishmen on board were wounded,

although many Malays were, and the hospital is full. The pirates are a dreadful people ; the tortures that they inflicted on their captives are sickening to write, and the women were all vilely treated. Frank has sent a full account to the "Times," where I hope you will see it. What a blessing it was that he went ; it saved many lives !'

CHAPTER IX.

THE ILLANUN PIRATES AND HOSTILE CRITICISMS.

THIS letter to the 'Times' mentioned by Mrs. McDougall was published on July 16, immediately upon its arrival in London. It was written at the request of Captain Brooke, and read by him, and therefore carried his authority for the accuracy of its narrative. It described in animated language the encounter with the pirates. The Bishop never doubted the righteousness of the part that he bore in it; but in his eagerness to enlist the sympathies of his fellow-countrymen, and to persuade the Government to put a stop to a system far worse than the African slave-trade, he forgot to take fully into account the feelings of the religious public at home. In his excess of honesty he made no concealment of his own action, and committed the extreme imprudence of speaking of the shooting of his rifle, and gave the name of the manufacturer, although he did not actually mention the hand that wielded it.

The letter created a widespread interest. On July 26 it was referred to in kindly terms in Parliament, but it found severe critics in the representatives of both the religious parties in the Church. There were those who thought that nothing could justify a bishop in being anything but a passive witness in a mortal combat, whose lives and surroundings had been so different that they could not realise either the position in which he was placed or the duties that it entailed; others who were honestly offended or pained at the military

spirit called forth in him, but which was so natural from the whole history of his life; again, there were lovers of seeming rather than doing, who thought little of the facts but much of the manner of relating them; and lastly, there were those who, ever ready for the fray, rushed at the opportunity to attack by hostile comment the religious party to which he presumably belonged.

The author is far from wishing to impute any particular set of motives to any of the Bishop's assailants. They have most of them, if not all, departed to the far-distant land, where men's past motives and actions are alone their own concernment, and his task is that of narrator only. A storm was, however, called forth. Newspaper comments were to be expected; but in October, Bishop Baring, then of Durham, wrote in severe terms to the Gospel Propagation Society on what he termed 'the extraordinary proceedings of the Bishop of Labuan with regard to his shooting the poor heathen instead of converting them;' hoping 'that some resolution might be adopted, which might free the Society from any share in the blood so thoughtlessly shed.' A correspondence then ensued which was eventually laid before the Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the original letter and an explanatory statement headed 'Borneo Pirates,' which is now given, as it contained the case made by the Bishop's friends on his behalf, and should be read to understand the grounds on which his Grace came to his conclusion.

'THE BORNEO PIRATES.

'As a false impression appears very generally to prevail respecting the part taken by the Bishop of Labuan, during an engagement in the month of May last, between the 'Rainbow,' Sarawak Government steamer, and a piratical fleet off the coast of Borneo, it has been thought desirable to ascertain and make some statement of the facts of the case for the satisfaction of the friends of the Bishop.

'The following particulars are taken from an official letter dated May 27, and written by Mr. Helms, the principal agent at Sarawak of the Borneo Company, to Mr. Harvey, the managing director of that Company.

'On May 9, Captain Brooke, the Rajah Mudah, or Acting-Governor of Sarawak, had the misfortune to lose his wife very suddenly, and after a few days it was thought by his friends that he might find some mental relief in change of scene and work. Accordingly he was persuaded to undertake a voyage to Bintulu, a recent acquisition of his Government, on the north-west coast of Borneo, and the Bishop accompanied him, solely with the view of comforting and supporting him, as one friend might another in a time of severe affliction. Mr. Helms joined the party and was dropped at Muka, where the Borneo Company has an establishment. On the second day after his arrival a piratical fleet of Lanun pirates, consisting of six large and as many smaller vessels, appeared upon the coast and blockaded the place. For two days they remained off Muka, capturing there and upon the coast southwards not fewer than thirty-two persons. In the meantime Mr. Helms was not idle, but persuaded a party of natives to start in a fast boat for the steamer, which they reached at the mouth of the river off Bintulu, although chased by the Lanuns. The "Rainbow"[1] at once returned towards Muka, and soon dispersed the first detachment of the pirates, consisting of three prahus, two of which were sunk;[2] and, learning from the captives the direction taken by the remainder of the fleet, stood out to sea and engaged them. "The pirates," says Mr. Helms, "opened a very heavy fire upon the steamer," and "were quite sure they could take her;" but after a desperate contest were run down and sunk. The number of Lanuns killed or

[1] The 'Rainbow' is a small screw steamer of 80 tons register and 35-horse power engines, and carries two 9-pounder guns.

[2] The 'Rainbow' here parted company with the 'Jolly Bachelor,' a small sailing vessel belonging to Sarawak, which remained behind to look after the crew of the remaining vessel, who had escaped into the jungle.

drowned with the sinking boats he gives as 190, while thirty-one were taken prisoners, and the others escaped. Of the captives, 250 were liberated, but many were killed, for the pirates, when they saw that they were worsted, fell upon them, and "even young girls were cut to pieces by those to whose brutality they had been subjected." "Amongst the captives," he adds, "were people from every part of the Eastern Archipelago, from almost every part of Borneo, Celebes, Java, Bavian, Singapore, Tringanu, and elsewhere. From one boat, one Spanish and six Dutch flags were got;[1] how many more there might have been in the other five is unknown. But when I say that these six boats captured in six days eleven small boats, that they have now been out seven months, and that this fleet originally consisted of twenty-one boats from Sooloo, you will understand the magnitude of the misery which these wretches cause. The appearance of the captives was most distressing—many looked mere skeletons; they got sea-water to drink, and unwashed sago for food, while their limbs were systematically beaten to disable them from mutiny or flight." "However iniquitous the system of negro slavery may be, the negro serves men much above him in intellect, of a higher race, and who are under some moral restraint; but the captives of the Lanun pirates are mostly gentle, half-civilised people, very much above these pirates, than whom I never saw more ferocious, brutal men."

'The Bishop has openly avowed the part that he took in this matter. He remained on deck and shared in the fight until the sinking of the first of the three pirate vessels gave a moral assurance of victory to his friends. He then betook himself to the care of the wounded. If the propriety of his conduct is to be questioned, it is to be remembered that when he embarked on board the "Rainbow" it was without the remotest expectation of what afterwards happened,—that he was in the line of duty, and his mission wholly a peaceful

[1] Supposed to have been the ensigns of ships taken by the pirates

one,—that, once on board the ship, he had no option but to return with her,—that he could not have left her,—and that, even had he been able to do so, he would not have been justified in leaving his friends when going into action, without that assistance which he, as an experienced surgeon, was alone of the party competent to give,—that the conflict in the second engagement was between eight Europeans with fifteen natives, and three prahus, each carrying three long brass swivel cannon, called lelahs, and each containing between forty and fifty fighting men, well armed with rifles and muskets, and sixty or seventy captives,—that the release and rescue of these captives from their oppressors was a sacred duty incumbent upon the crew of the ship in which the Bishop was a passenger,—that he had no choice but either to go below, and so diminish the chance of overcoming the common enemy, or join his fellow-voyagers against them. When he chose the latter alternative, it must be left to the impartial judgment of all men whether he was justified in shedding blood by the most cogent plea which can justify it, that of self-defence. His letter to the "Times" is dated May 27, while the engagement took place on the 23rd, and was written at the request of the Rajah Mudah, and in his stead, in haste to save the mail. It describes a naval engagement in naval terms, and was intended to induce the Government of this country to make some effort to put down piracy on the coast of Borneo, and in that object may be considered to have been successful. Had more time been allowed him, he would, no doubt, have been more guarded in his language; but, after the calmest consideration, he is satisfied that the course he took was the only one which was open to him.

'On September 11, in reply to a letter of a friend on the subject, he writes:

'"I had no choice. It became my stern, unmistakable duty, as a man and a Christian, to do what I did. I believe that the Archbishop of Canterbury would have felt and done

the same had he been in my place. I grieve indeed heartily at the necessity imposed upon me then, but I am sure that the good Lord, whose providence brought me into such a position, will not lay to my charge any blood that I may have shed. Sure I am, too, that those saved by me far outnumbered those I hurt—by curing the wounded, and by preventing others from firing at helpless men in the water, as well as by directing my attention, when I did use my rifle, solely to keeping down the fire of their brass guns, which was what we had to fear, for, had they shaken us by their fire, and succeeded in their plan of boarding, not a soul of us would have lived to tell the tale."

'And again, in a letter of September 12, addressed to the Bishop of London, and with an extract from which the compiler of this paper has been favoured, after regretting "that he had incautiously given offence to tender and scrupulous minds by the part that he had to take in the pirates' action," he writes:

'"I certainly should not have been the chronicler of the affair, but that my poor friend Brooke, who had lost his wife a few days before, was not in a state of body or mind to write it for himself, and I could hardly refuse to write it for him, which I did hastily to save the mail. It is a mistake for people to say that I was voluntarily there. I was not. I had no choice but to go in the steamer, which was on her way back to Sarawak, when I was thus brought into this position. There was no help for it but to fight for my life, and to set as good an example as I could to others . . . for the slightest failure or wavering on our parts would have cost us all our lives without doubt. Indeed, so confident were the pirates of taking us that they were actually quarrelling among themselves about the division of the spoil they expected to get from us. . . . My own conscience does not condemn me, though I have deeply grieved, and am sincerely sorry, that I was obliged to do as I did."

'There can be but little fear that the example set by the Bishop should be too often followed, for the circumstances were so exceptional that it would seem almost impossible that they should be repeated. But should any other clergyman, whether a bishop or presbyter, find himself thus situated—compelled to fight for the lives of himself and his companions, as well as for the rescue of captives thus oppressed and ready to perish; should he thus play a manly part, and, when the fight is over, with unshaken hand and nerve devote himself for hours, with practised skill, to heal the wounded, friend and foe alike—he might well look for the admiration of his countrymen as well as for the approval of his own conscience. Should he further, while under the excitement of such an action, which men who live peaceful lives at home can hardly estimate, and writing at the request of those on whom the duty would in the first place fall, describe, in terms somewhat more terse and racy than would be suggested to persons whose experience had been wholly clerical, the varied and stirring incidents of the fight, he might expect that even for this he should not be hardly judged by the rules of conventionalism, and might say, as has said the Bishop of Labuan: "People in England cannot judge for us in these cases, and we must be content to act according to our duty and our conscience, and leave the issue in God's hands."

'Queen's Gate Terrace: November 25, 1862.'

In January 1863 the Archbishop (Dr. Longley) acknowledged the receipt of the documents, which he had carefully perused, and proceeds as follows: 'In reviewing the conduct of the Bishop of Labuan on this occasion, it must be granted that the position in which he found himself placed on board the "Rainbow," when the intelligence reached him that the Lanun pirates were blockading Muka, was one in which a Bishop of the Church of England would never voluntarily place himself. But it appears that when he embarked he

never anticipated the possibility of being brought into so painful a situation ; for he undertook the voyage solely with the view of performing an act of Christian charity, desiring to console and cheer by his company a friend in deep sorrow, who sought, by change of scene, to find some relief under his severe affliction. When the urgent demand came from the principal agent of the Borneo Company that the "Rainbow" should return and drive the pirates from the mouth of the river which they were blockading, it was impossible for the Bishop to leave the ship ; nor ought he to have done so even if he could, seeing that the surgical aid which he alone of the party was able to give would soon be needed. Besides, the engagement was likely to be a very critical one ; the number of vessels, of men, and of guns, being vastly in favour of the pirates, who reckoned upon an easy victory with such superior force.

'It may be urged by some, that self-defence, under any circumstances, is unlawful for a Christian ; but with the Bishop of Labuan this was not merely a question of abstaining from self-defence, but whether he should abstain from all attempts to succour those who would have been exposed to cruelties worse than death, and to deliver 250 captives who had been enduring the most brutal treatment at the hands of the pirates.

'I cannot bring myself to condemn the Bishop for adopting the alternative of active interference under such very trying circumstances ; nor do I think that, upon calm reflection and acquaintance with all the details, would any impartial person be inclined to do so.

'At the same time I regret that the Bishop should have felt himself called upon to become the historian of a conflict in which he feels grieved to have been compelled to engage, and still more that the tenor and tone of his narrative should have been such as to give just offence to Christian minds. For this, however, the Bishop has expressed his sincere regret, and, as far as in him lies, has made amends for his conduct.

'It will appear from the foregoing statement that, according to my own view of the case, I do not think it would be proper for the Society to pass that condemnation on the Bishop of Labuan's conduct which the Bishop of Durham, at the time he wrote his first letter, seemed to expect, but which, probably, with his further knowledge of all the circumstances, he would no longer deem to be required of the Society.'

This did not satisfy the Bishop of Durham, but in a later letter his Grace the Archbishop holds to his opinion. He says: 'The pirates were the aggressors, and the "Rainbow," with the Bishop on board, was acting on the side of the defence, protecting those who were unjustly attacked. If the danger were as imminent as the evidence laid before me represents it to have been, and the Bishop is to be condemned for taking any active part in the conflict, then any clergyman who sees a brother in danger of losing his life or his liberty at the hands of an assassin is bound to stand aloof, though his own turn may next come, and see his brother suffer death or what is worse than death, lest he should shed the blood, not of an innocent man unconscious of his danger, but of a man-stealer and a murderer. I cannot believe that Christian duty demands inaction under such circumstances. The whole question depends upon the urgency of the occasion; and if I believed that the Bishop of Labuan had taken part in the engagement without the stringent necessity which he maintains was laid upon him, I too should have felt that he was decidedly deserving of censure in this respect also.'

It is right to add that Bishop Baring repudiated the idea that he desired that a sweeping or unkind censure should be passed on the Bishop of Labuan; and ultimately the Society passed a resolution that, 'apart from all reference to the case of the Bishop of Labuan, the Society feels bound to repeat what has always been its principle, and so to deprecate in the strongest manner its missionaries ever willingly engaging

in any of those conflicts which may from time to time surround them in their distant fields of labour.'

In discussing the question precedents were sought for—omitting, however, all pre-Reformation times; and Bishop Baring reminded the Society that 'a little more than two hundred years ago, when an Archbishop of Canterbury accidentally killed a gamekeeper, he needed to be cleared from the canonical penalty of being suspended from exercising his episcopal functions by a formal commission, although, as Fuller says, "he manifested much remorse and self-affliction for this rather sad than sinful act" '—a case surely not in point in one single particular, except that in it also was the coincidence of a gun and a bishop. He also cited the case of the late Bishop Mackenzie, 'who fell,' he said, 'into a somewhat similar but *far more excusable* error.' But Bishop Mackenzie, and those who were with him, when they went out to war with the Ajawas, were volunteers, and in no possible danger themselves had they refused to do so. It is indisputable that he was moved by the noblest and most self-sacrificing motives when he—like Dr. Livingstone—took upon himself the duty of putting down slavery and protecting his allies; and it may well be asked, as it is by his biographer and apologist, whether the conception of the missionary settlement as the headquarters of a tribe of emancipated persons was not a very noble one, and whether the existence of such a settlement might not be the most effective means of preaching the kingdom of heaven. But the weakness or strength of his case in no wise touched that of Bishop McDougall, who was not a volunteer, whose proceedings were in self-defence, and who could not have deserted his friends in a moment of peril in which his surgical skill was needed, had he even been able to leave them. It was very unfortunate that when he despatched his letter he believed that the present writer was abroad, knowing that he had passed the spring in Italy; otherwise he would (as he afterwards wrote) have sent the letter to him for trans-

mission, when it would have been revised in a cooler atmosphere before publication. In writing to Bishop M^c^Dougall the Archbishop took the same ground as in his reply to the Society, but regretted that he should have felt called upon to be the historian of the conflict, and in a very kind letter, dated July 25, 1863, added: 'I am much gratified by the tone of your second letter; it is indeed much to be wished that your friend in London had omitted in publication those parts of your history of the conflict which grated upon the feelings of many at home.'

That he made a personal sacrifice in writing at all, he seems to have been sensible when he wrote, but he accepted that risk for the primary object of putting down piracy. The imprudence of his manner of treating the details seems to have escaped him in the excitement of the moment, but ought to have been pointed out by his friend Captain Brooke in reading and approving the letter. It was only the manner of writing under excitement which was open to criticism. 'I have never,' said Sir William Bowman, a much wiser friend, 'heard anyone suggest what else a brave Christian man could have done under the circumstances.'

Would anyone, we may ask, have seriously proposed to Frank M^c^Dougall to have imitated the example of George Whitefield, who, when expecting an attack at sea from hostile cruisers, allowed his wife to help to serve out the ammunition, while (as he said of himself in his journal) 'her skulking husband hid himself in the hold of the ship?' And, in truth, the good Methodist, with his immense moral bravery under persecution, himself laments his want of what he terms 'natural courage.'

In Sir Douglas Forsyth's autobiography, recently published, he gives an anecdote of an occurrence at Umballa during the Indian Mutiny. When he had advised that the Europeans should leave the civil lines, Mr. Carleton, an American missionary, an excellent and popular man, came to

him, and in a straightforward, simple way, said: 'I think that I had better give up preaching, but I will not desert you, as I might be of some service, for I was raised in Kentucky, and am skilled in the use of the rifle.' And he was of use, for Mr. Forsyth, he, and another held the gateway over a gaol full of prisoners, until the threat of an attack disappeared. Although a volunteer, no one seems to have thought him wrong; but, on the other hand, he was not in episcopal orders; and was not the historian of his own prowess.

As regards the risk which the 'Rainbow' encountered during the engagement, which was sought to be denied or minimised, the Bishop wrote in May 1863: 'It was only by God's mercy that we got off with so little loss, and that the pirates were divided, or they would certainly have boarded us and killed every man in the ship, as they have done with several Dutch war-vessels of greater force that they have taken. A single shot out of their brass guns, striking us amidships, would have gone through the thin half-inch iron plates of which the steamer's sides are made, and the engine, being above water, might have been rendered useless, and then our fate would have been sealed, for our ammunition was just expended, and we had no force to keep them from boarding; nor could we have got away. In that case, one or two boats would have taken us.'

The most complete proof of the piratical character of these Illanuns is to be found in the fact that, while the encounter of the 'Rainbow' had been with six prahus out of eleven, the remaining five, as mentioned in a letter from the Bishop, came round to the mouth of the Sarawak river and captured a boat with twenty-five Malays, going from Linga to Kalucca, almost in sight of a party of missionaries and candidates coming from Banting to his ordination—to their great alarm when they heard of it, for they narrowly escaped being 'picked up' also. And again, in a letter written by Mrs. McDougall a few weeks after, she mentions that one of

Her Majesty's ships had fallen in with three of these vessels, and had attempted to take them, but the pirates went right through the man-of-war's boats and got off.

Among those who were counted by Bishop M^c^Dougall as his own friends, no one, perhaps, took such offence as Bishop Wilberforce, then of Oxford. When the conviction of his imprudence came home to Bishop M^c^Dougall through his advices from England, he wrote to Bishop Wilberforce explaining his position, and looked to him to be his apologist; but whatever was written, if received, was suppressed, and at the Standing Committee of the S.P.G. the Bishop of Oxford was his sternest censor. This was a cruel disappointment to M^c^Dougall, who had conceived a great admiration and love for Bishop Wilberforce, which, indeed, he never lost, and there are those still living who can remember his extreme distress when the lamentable news reached him at Ely of the accident which deprived the country and the diocese of Winchester of that brilliant Churchman. Bishop Wilberforce was, however, above all things, a politician, and the platform of his politics was the establishment of an ecclesiastical system, and the exaltation and extension of the Episcopate. In spite of the unlucky third volume of his Biography, he was certainly a very kind-hearted man, and his friendship more genuine than some persons supposed; but, except for his closer intimates, it seemed a kind of public rather than a private friendship, and its condition was subservience to what he considered the interests of his party.

On the other hand, Bishop M^c^Dougall had the sympathy of many eminent men. From a letter written by his brother-in-law and dated March 2, 1862, and preserved among the Bishop's papers, he takes the following extract:

'The Bishop of London [Dr. Tait, afterwards Archbishop] has been very kind. He spoke of you to me the other day in most friendly terms and begged me to send his most kind regards when I wrote. He spoke to Duguid a week or two

back about you, and said that he hoped that the letter would soon be forgotten, but that when you next got into a similar encounter you must get your wife to write about it.' The same sympathy was felt and expressed by other Churchmen whose names will be now recognised as most weighty, such as the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Jackson), the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Jacobson), Dr. Macbride, the Principal of Bishop McDougall's old college, Mr. Coxe, the honoured Librarian of the Bodleian. During the whole of the controversies mentioned in this chapter he had also the warm and steady support of the officers of S.P.G., especially of the Rev. Ernest Hawkins and the Rev. W. T. Bullock, its successive secretaries, men who knew him well and could appreciate his character and motives, and whose judgment, acting under responsibility, could not but carry far more weight than that of merely sympathising and partial friends.

Notwithstanding the hubbub, it may well be doubted whether the Bishop was less esteemed than before. The people who attacked him were more noisy than influential, and it may be suspected that, with his countrymen at large, there was no diminution of his popularity. That the matter did not fall more rapidly into oblivion was due to a kind of recrudescence of the controversy, which arose upon the publication of a very unworthy and unlooked-for attack, possibly emboldened by it, which was made upon the Bishop by Mr. Spencer St. John—who had, up to 1853, been first secretary to the Rajah, and then consul in Borneo, and was afterwards knighted on his appointment as governor of a West Indian island—in a book entitled 'Life in the Forests of the Far East,' bearing the date 1862 on the title-page. It found fault with the management of the mission, with the location of its headquarters at Sarawak—although one of the original conditions held out to the subscribers to the mission fund, which was proposed for the establishment of a Church mission-house and school at that place—with the expenditure incurred, *inter alia*,

upon the church and mission house (moderate as it had been), and imputed, by implication or directly, to the Bishop, every misfortune which had happened to the undertaking.

The Bishop was greatly distressed, and at the suggestion of the Rajah Mudah wrote a letter to the Society on the subject, which was published by it. The clergy of the diocese sent him an address indignantly repudiating the statements and insinuations against him. The only clergyman whose signature is wanting to the address wrote a separate letter defending the Bishop, although less indignant in its terms; but this gentleman, in addition to his missionary office, then held the temporary position of Resident representing the Sarawak Government at Lundu. The Rev. W. Hacket, chaplain at Malacca, on behalf of himself and Messrs. Chalmers and Glover—who had left while the Bishop was in England, and had obtained livings in the diocese of Melbourne, all three having, as we have seen, been clergy of the diocese of Labuan—addressed a long letter to the 'Straits Times' in defence of his late diocesan against what he termed the unscrupulous and malicious attacks of Mr. St. John.

This attack, a sad blot upon an elaborately got up, if rather tedious book, might well be neglected at this date as having been long since answered, and being now in most quarters forgotten. If anyone cares to follow it further, they may find its history in the pages of the 'Guardian' and 'Record' at the time, and in an elaborate summing up of the whole, with a crushing condemnation of the assailant, in an article in the 'Saturday Review' of January 3, 1863. Its importance did not then arise either from the book or its author, of whom it may be said that his posing as the advocate or adviser of Christian missions was simply astonishing, but from the unhappy conviction on the part of some most capable of judging that the inspiration under which it was written was that of the Rajah. So impossible did this appear to the author, that as soon as the book was brought to

his notice he wrote to Sir James Brooke, enclosing a letter from Mrs. McDougall, calling upon him as the proper person to refute it; and he was astonished at his refusal, dated October 3, 1862, in which he said that from the perusal of the notices of the book he was convinced that the statements were neither personal to the Bishop nor calculated to injure the mission; and at the same time he wrote both to Mrs. McDougall and to the Bishop to the same effect. Sir J. Brooke assured the Bishop on his honour that he had not seen the book until after it was published, and must therefore be believed, but he was, according to Mr. St. John, very intimate with him at the time; and when in reply an answer by the Society containing the address of the missionaries was circulated among its members, a very violent pamphlet was published in the name of Mr. St. John, which the Bishop's friends thought quite unworthy of notice but of which the reputed author, in his life of the Rajah dated 1879, astonishing as it may appear, actually affirmed that it had been written by Sir James Brooke himself.

This statement, which does not rest on the evidence of Mr. St. John alone, is inserted more in sorrow than in anger. It would willingly have been omitted if it had been possible, and so much only is retained as appears necessary for the vindication of the Bishop and his work. To the day of his death, Bishop McDougall bore no malice against the Rajah. He imputed his conduct to ill advice working upon a mind weakened for the time. Sir J. Brooke had come back from Borneo sorely shaken in health, and since his return had suffered from paralysis. He was a disappointed man, angry with the Government of his country, and quarrelling with some of his best friends on a subject upon which they could not agree with him, but with which Bishop McDougall had nothing to do, and the latter believed him to be acting under a misconception, which would account for his feelings, although it would not justify conduct that was not straightforward.

It is often hard to say what may have been the cause of

a disagreement, but it may be inferred from the whole history that the Rajah's jealousy had been excited by the appointment of the Bishop to a colonial bishopric, which he had, in two letters still remaining, vehemently urged him to decline, desiring that he should be Bishop of Sarawak alone; by the accidents of the Chinese insurrection, and upon the unhappy quarrel between himself and his nephew Captain Brooke, and by the Bishop's friendship with the latter. With such latent grievances, there may have been those who sought to make mischief between them, or did so involuntarily. But that there should have been any jealousy is surprising, for the Rajah had all the power in his own hands, and the Bishop had always been studiously careful of his honour, as must have been observed on the perusal of his letter to the Society on the occasion of the Chinese insurrection. In the quarrel between uncle and nephew the Bishop's desire was to be the friend of both, and to allay the dissension. Each wished to enlist him as a partisan, which he refused to be, and each represented the other as guilty of complicity in the attack upon him, but there is no direct evidence in the author's possession of any open breach. Many letters remain written by the Rajah to the Bishop or Mrs. McDougall. They are couched in playful, genial, and affectionate terms, none more warmly expressed than those written after the Chinese insurrection, when they were detained at Linga.

The quarrel between uncle and nephew does not belong, except incidentally, to our story. It had a secret history which will not here be related, but it can scarcely be controverted but that in the differences which have been made public there were faults on both sides. Sir James Brooke had made his nephew Rajah Mudah, associating him with himself in the Raj, and had repeatedly pledged himself that he should be his heir; he had even done so in writing to Mr. Grant of Kilgraston, before the marriage of his daughter with Captain Brooke, and thenceforth he had no right to offer the

country to England, France, Belgium, or Holland without the consent of his nephew, who had, moreover, made many sacrifices and suffered much for Sarawak. On the other hand, when the Rajah left Borneo in 1861, scarcely expecting to return, although he had accepted a testimonial from his friends of about 8,800*l.* on the ground of the retirement enforced by his health, he had never resigned his rights as Rajah, and his acceptance of this fund, which was not provided by Captain Brooke, did not entitle the latter to insist that it was an abdication; nor could he be considered to have pledged himself for all future time not to act as he thought best for the interest of Sarawak, which was not so much the exercise of a right as the performance of a duty. It would have been much better and more becoming if the Rajah Mudah had been contented to suffer what he considered wrong with patience, rather than have defied his uncle, who was far more powerful than he was; but in his self-assertion he neither sought nor followed the counsel of the Bishop, who disapproved his conduct. The Rajah's answer to his nephew was his own instant return to the East. They met at Singapore, and the result of this interview was the final return to England of Captain Brooke.

He died in 1868, broken-hearted and paralysed, and with a clouded mind. It is no duty on the part of the author to vindicate his memory further than to express his belief that he was both an unfortunate and in intention an honourable man. The statement of his case, fairly not exhaustively set out, will be found in Mr. Helms's book already mentioned.

When the Rajah left Borneo finally for England at the end of 1863, he wrote to the Bishop from Singapore, telling him that he hoped that the recognition of the State by England 'would now be gained, which would be a happy day for Sarawak and for us all.' He mentioned that a copy of Captain Brooke's pamphlet, in which he vindicated his conduct and set forth his grievances, would be handed to the

Bishop, with his (the Rajah's) full permission; and that the Tuan Mudah would show him, if he asked it, a statement which he considered a conclusive reply to the pamphlet. He concludes:

'I am sure, dear Bishop, you will be guarded in sending or receiving communications. In our present position, correspondence is a dangerous tool, and Mrs. McDougall and yourself will get the credit of doing what I know you would not do. I will write again when there is anything to tell. My best wishes for you both, and believe me,

'Yours very sincerely,

'J. BROOKE.'

And in a postscript: 'The little girl is quite well, and has taken to Mrs. Penty. Folks are very kind to her, and she pays visits here and to other places.'

'The little girl' was Agnes, the infant child of the second Mrs. Brooke, who had been committed to the care of Mrs. McDougall by her mother. The Rajah had wished the little conspirator to be sent home to Captain Brooke's sister, and had consented to her going in the ship in which he had taken his own passage, under the charge of Mrs. Penty, the wife of his former steward, on condition that the whole responsibility should rest with her. The Bishop and Mrs. McDougall were anxious that the child should go by this vessel, for they thought that the sight of the infant might soften the feelings of the uncle towards the nephew; but he complained to his brother-in-law that, in the absence of Captain Brooke, the money responsibilities for the management of the passage were thrown upon him, and refused recognition by the Government. 'Of course,' he said, 'we gladly do for Brooke's sake what others kindly do for us, and I am sure that Brooke will pay gladly the cost of his child's passage.' It seems proper to add that there was no consideration other than friendship for the care and trouble, and even cost, undertaken

on account of this infant, beyond the repayment of expenses actually paid on her account, but that all the care and love lavished upon her were amply repaid in after years by the affection that she showed for Mrs. McDougall.

To the Rajah's letter the Bishop replied from Sarawak in February following that he did not feel at all inclined to be angry at this letter of caution, which was natural, but uncalled for; that he had only written twice to Brooke since the Rajah had left, and on two subjects—namely, counselling that he should be quiet, and try to regain his position by conciliation, and on the return of the infant Agnes with Mrs. Penty. He assured him that it was 'as little consistent with his disposition as with his profession to bear malice or keep up enmity with those who had offended or injured him when they had once said that they were sorry or had denied that they had taken the part supposed.' And he continues: 'So now I stand between you and Brooke as friendly to both. I cannot consider him an enemy because he is at enmity with you, but at the same time my friendship with him will never lead me to back him up in what I know to be wrong, or to be a partisan of his in acting against you as the lawful Rajah of the country.' And he concludes: 'So now, my dear Rajah, you must trust me, and believe that I sincerely wish to be your friend, for my own sake and for the sake of the work that I have in hand.'

This book would scarcely be a fair or a truthful account of the life of the Bishop in Borneo, had it omitted all reference to the attacks made upon him for his management of the mission, for, apart from their publicity in being embodied in books intended to be permanent, they show the difficulties with which he had to contend in his isolated position. Had he been content to remain silent, without either rebuking conduct that he felt bound to censure, or asserting the vital truths of Christianity which he was sent to teach, it is possible that they would never have been made, and the question is

therefore elevated beyond the region of personal differences, and becomes a lesson for future missions. That he was unsympathising or arrogant is contradicted by the whole course of his life, and the affectionate relations which he preserved with all the other gentlemen who threw in their lot with Sarawak. In a letter dated 1863 he mentions nearly all their names with words of eulogy, and with the present Rajah he remained on terms of intimacy to the time of his death. This is evidenced by the many letters which remain, written in years subsequent to his final resignation of his see.

But there is further proof of the Tuan Mudah's opinion in his book, in two volumes with illustrations, bearing the date of 1866 on its title-page, and entitled 'Ten Years in Sarawak,' which could scarcely have been composed later than 1865. It also has a chapter on missions, but written in a very different tone.

His conclusion was 'that the Sarawak mission, speaking of it in comparison with others in other countries, had been, and was, doing its work.' He notes its extreme difficulty, and its success in some of the stations, and speaks in kindly terms of the mission school at Sarawak. He certainly looked at the matter rather from a political point of view than from any other; but he acknowledges 'that the conversion of the Dyaks would be the means of strengthening the Government beyond measure,' that the Mohammedan part of the population were bound to their creed too passionately to be shaken in it, and that an attempt by the Government to push Christianity might have been fatal both to it and the mission; while without a strong Government, which certainly did not exist in Sarawak up to that date, he was at a loss to know how a mission could be really successful.

But, it may be said, Can you affirm that the work was a success? And the answer must be, that, in spite of political fears which retarded its progress from the very outset, of political troubles which repeatedly broke up the missions among the Dyaks, by letting loose the evils of their barbarous

practices and warfare, and reviving their ancient superstitions, in spite of the unhealthiness of the climate, which time after time prostrated the workers, and in spite of opposition, it was so. In 1862 Bishop McDougall wrote to the Society: 'In the fifteen years since this work has been begun, the American mission to the Dyaks in Pontianak, and many German ones in the south of Borneo, have been completely given up—no sign is left of them. The Roman Catholic mission which —— was so anxious to have introduced here has also been abandoned, after spending more money than has been spent here, and in a much shorter time. The Church of England is now alone, and if we are enabled to go on as we have done, we may hope, in God's good time, to leave a native Church fully organised and planted in the country.' That this has been done is now, it is believed, claimed by the present managers of the mission. We are assured that the work has grown and prospered, and the return of the Roman Catholics does not affect the argument, but whatever results have been obtained have been raised on the foundations laid by Bishop McDougall. This is proved by the following letter from the present Bishop of Singapore and Sarawak, written in answer to the inquiry what traces remained of the labours of the founder:

'Kensington: July 31, 1888.

'My dear Sir,—I hope that you will forgive my delay in answering your letter.

'I can have no objection to saying again what I have said repeatedly in public. I consider that Bishop McDougall's work in Borneo was marked by sound judgment and clear foresight. In his selection of the chief centres of operation, a great matter in a new country, he made no mistake. We are occupying them still, and in no case regret the selection, though the operations of the mission have naturally extended much further since his departure. And in all our work we

are going on the old lines which he laid down, sometimes getting back to them after they had been abandoned for a while. In fact, as I have often said, we are reaping in these days the harvest which was sown at the beginning of the mission, and the present generation thankfully acknowledges the debt they owe to the pioneer Bishop and his fellow-workers. It is not easy to say more without entering into greater detail than you would probably care for.

'I am, my dear Sir,

'Very sincerely yours,

'G. M. SINGAPORE AND SARAWAK.

'To C. J. Bunyon, Esq.'

CHAPTER X.

LAST YEARS IN BORNEO.

AFTER the events mentioned in the last chapter, the charm of Sarawak life appears to have departed. Old friendships had become cold or had been outraged, and the voices of their children at home seemed to call upon the Bishop and Mrs. McDougall to return. But he had no intention of abandoning his work, and consoled himself by turning to it with increased energy. The country had become more settled, and he hoped that the great drawback to his efforts among the Dyaks would cease to operate with the return of peace. He was on good terms with Mr. Charles Johnson, who had taken the name of Brooke at the Rajah's desire when he left the country, and who governed it under the title of Tuan Mudah during the life of his brother. On his death, and that of his uncle Sir James, this gentleman, now Sir Charles Johnson Brooke, G.C.M.G., to whom the Rajah bequeathed all his rights in Sarawak, succeeded to the full sovereignty, which he has held with great benefit to the country up to the present time. No voice seems ever to have been raised against his succession, which appears to the author entirely right and just according to the principles upon which the succession of an Oriental State depends. The long-desired recognition by Great Britain took place in 1864 by the appointment of a consul accredited to Sarawak, and this recognition, followed by periodical visits from one of Her Majesty's ships placed upon the station, gave stability to the struggling Government.

Not until 1889, as has been already stated, has a complete protectorate been conceded.

On the Bishop's last return to Sarawak he found much to be done. New work had to be opened up, and the old repaired. The congregation of Churchmen at head-quarters had, as the missionary in charge reported, fallen off owing to the removal by death of some of the community, while others who had been steady supporters of the Church, such as Mr. and Mrs. Grant, had left the country. Some dissatisfaction had sprung up during his absence with some of the missionaries and he had apprehensions of defections, but under his personal influence the clouds were soon dissipated. It is true that in consequence of the difficulties with which he was surrounded and the infirmity of his health, which gave great anxiety to his friends at home, they would gladly have seen him removed to some more healthful and congenial position; but he was no party to any movement for that purpose, although, as we have seen, he was very anxious for the incorporation of the Straits with the diocese of Labuan. Early in 1863 the bishopric of Gibraltar became vacant, and an effort was made to obtain his removal to it. Amongst others the Bishops of London and Lincoln, as well as Mr. Beresford-Hope and Sir G. Dasent, corresponded with the author with a view to carrying the project into effect. Ultimately it was given up, and it must be admitted that the unlucky letter to the 'Times' was felt to be a difficulty, as likely to arouse controversy which no Government desires; but with the movement Bishop M^{c}Dougall had nothing whatsoever to do.

From the beginning of 1862, as we have mentioned, the proposal for the separation of the Straits from the Indian Government, and making them a Crown colony, was under discussion, when the bishopric of Labuan would have naturally merged into a united diocese. There was much correspondence thereon; but in this case the ecclesiastical depended on the civil arrangements, and it was not until after the session of

1866, on the eve of his departure from Borneo, that the royal assent was given to the Act for the transfer of the Straits Settlements to the Crown, which rendered the change practicable, and which was finally carried out in favour of Bishop McDougall's successor in the see of Labuan. The details of the negotiations, although relating to his see, were really outside of his life, and may therefore be passed over. They took place in England, and, although his wishes were known, his absence prevented his taking any active part in them.

There is nothing more tedious and distasteful than seeking to move official people on behalf of a friend, unless it might be to try and do so on one's own account, when it would become intolerable; but even in such an undertaking something occasionally occurs which is both amusing and instructive. Such is the following extract from a letter written on one of these occasions, but not to the author, by a very eminent person, which may be useful to all waiters on official providences and many others: 'I spoke last night to the Minister on the Bishop's business. He was very kind about it, but said that he did not at all remember what he had been asked to do. I therefore engaged to let him have in writing a statement of the case, and what we wanted him to do. If you will let me have such a statement, either very legibly written or printed (for official men are very particular about this, and *in general pretend to have read anything that is not very clearly written, instead of reading it*), I will send it with a letter from myself.'

But to return to the events of 1862. The Bishop was quite unaware for some time of the effect of his letter of May to the 'Times,' and in the following month (June 16) writes in his usual spirits: 'Yesterday I ordained our four deacons, Abé, Zehnder, Crossland, and Mesney,' who had reached Sarawak almost simultaneously with himself. 'We have had a houseful for the last fortnight, but I like to have my men with me at times—it does us all good, I hope. I had a confir-

mation on Whit Sunday and confirmed our two Germans, as I thought that they should be publicly confirmed before I admitted them to holy orders.' He refers to the engagement with the pirates, and to the counsel which he had given as to the tactics to be pursued, which he said had made him 'feel quite sick and guilty until he saw the ferocity of the wretches to the very last—their utter refusal to take quarter when we offered it, hacking away at their captives in mere spite, spitting in the faces of our men, and throwing their knives and spears at us from the water, when we endeavoured to save them in our boats. I had then no longer any compunction, but felt that we had done that which it was our duty to do. Only I hope that I shall never have so unpleasant a duty again, for it is a strangely distracting thing to be fighting pirates one week, and confirming and ordaining the next.' He speaks with thankfulness of his own escape, as his dress had attracted 'the particular attention' of the enemy, 'and the balls fell smartly about my station on the poop. Once I was returning to my post after helping a wounded man on the quarter-deck, and as I was near to the top of the ladder I saw a fellow in the prahu nearest to us take a deliberate aim at me with his rifle; the ball whizzed by my ear and went into poor Hassein's heart, who was standing behind and above me.' 'When the affair was over and I was dressing the wounded, a Malay friend of mine, Hadji Mataim, came to me and said, "Tuan, this is terrible work for you and me, men of prayer; you are all over blood;" and so I was, the decks were slippery with it, so many bleeding men were lying about on all sides. "You can't say your prayers, there is not a pure place in the ship where one can stand or kneel; do give me a pair of your shoes, and then I can say my prayers and thank God for this great victory." I told him that I had none to give, mine were all bloody, but that he had better say his prayers and thank God at once, as I was doing in spite of the blood; as God looked at our hearts and not at our feet. "Oh,"

he said, "you white men fear nothing; I dare not pray to God so, it is forbidden;" nor did he, although a religious man, say his prayers until evening, when he got into a boat alongside, and washed her out for the purpose.

'But enough,' he says, 'of these horrors,' and then observing that he feared that his brother-in-law's absence from England had retarded the move about Singapore, he turns to more common-place and peaceful matters.

On July 24 he writes from Sarawak to the Rev. J. Rigaud at Magdalen College, who acted for him as his commissary and clerical representative in England:

'I long to hear something of you and dear old Oxford, so I must excite you to communication by opening the fire. Just as I sat down and wrote the above I was called out by the headmen of a tribe of Dyaks, who had come a long way to see me, to talk about building a house for a missionary, and a church for them 'to learn to pray in,' and they have detained me so long that I cannot, as I purposed, spin you a long yarn, as the mail closes at 11.45, which is near at hand. On my return here I found things in a dead state, and have had to stir up all hands and renovate my school or rather college, which is now, I hope, in a satisfactory state again. The four new missionaries were ordained on Trinity Sunday and are now away at their stations, but they will be of little use for a year or two, in which they must give their chief attention to learning the languages. If it were not for the constant warfare we are in here, either with pirates on the coast or enemies in the interior, our work, I feel persuaded, would, humanly speaking, make much greater way; but every time the natives are called out (which they are just about to be to go against the Kyans, who are threatening from the interior) we are thrown back incalculably by the revival of the lust for head-taking, and all their old heathen ceremonies connected with it. But that work done in past years tells,

even when not expected, these people who have just interrupted me prove. About six years ago I took a good deal of pains with some of them, and had things in train for putting a missionary among them, when the Chinese rebellion broke out, and they gave themselves up to head-taking and marauding. Then came the Mohammedan conspiracy of the Datu Hadji and Seriff Musahoor to murder us all, when Fox and Steele were killed, in which the then chief and some others of the tribe were implicated. The old chiefs are dead, and the two new ones come to me after my return of their own accord. I find that they still remember much of the teaching they had in former years, and now profess themselves to be really desirous to learn Christianity and embrace it, so I am going to put up a jungle church and house there, and to begin a mission forthwith. I go next week to inspect the place they are to get cleared for it. I have taken one of the Lanun boy pirate prisoners we took off Bintulu into my school; he seems docile, and I hope to make a Christian of him some day. He is grateful to me for saving his life; he was badly wounded, but is now well. My dear friend Brooke lost his second wife, soon after we came back, with her first child, which my wife is bringing up, so we have now two babies in hand; but our little Mildred is beginning to use her legs: she is a great pet, but we miss those we left behind very very much. I hope when you are in town you will go and see Mab in Kensington. Tell Willy Jacobson that I was delighted to see his name in the eight that gave the Cantabs such a licking. Give my love to Jacobson and Coxe. My respects to the old doctor, and with kind remembrances to all old friends and subscribers, I am, dear John,

'Your affectionate friend,

'F. T. LABUAN.'

Mr. Rigaud survived the Bishop, but has since followed him. He lived, however, to urge upon the author the com-

pilation of these pages, and to give his counsel upon some points which might be treated as controversial in them.

During the Bishop's previous residence in Borneo, the mission ship, the 'Sarawak Cross,' had been afloat up to the time of his leaving. She had done good service, as we have seen, both for the Church and the State, but immediately before he left he found her in such a condition that, being a wooden vessel, it would have been useless to lay her up, and he was therefore obliged to leave her with his agents to be sold, and the purchase money invested as a fund to accumulate to replace her. It was unfortunate that the Sarawak Government could not see its way to take her over. This was not the case, nor was it ever proposed or thought of, so far as is known, and she was sold, it is believed, to the Roman Catholic missionaries at Labuan, of course at a very heavy loss. When he returned, she was replaced by a small yawl, which he called the 'Fanny,' and in whose purchase he was again assisted by a voluntary subscription raised by his friends. This vessel was constructed of iron at Liverpool, and sent out in pieces to be put together at Singapore. She was exceedingly useful in enabling him to superintend his mission, and he lived much on board in consequence; but she was not sufficiently powerful to enable him to rely upon her for his annual visit to Labuan. It is proper to add in this place that, although both of these vessels were of constant use in the performance of his public duties, they were not purchased with public money in any sense, but were bought and maintained out of his own private means, assisted by his friends. The 'Fanny' reached Sarawak in 1863. He manned her partly with Malay boatmen, and partly with his schoolboys, and in his smaller expeditions appears to have been often accompanied by Mrs. McDougall. He was quite competent, as we have seen, to navigate his boats, and was said to have been the best pilot on the Sarawak River. It is related that on one occasion one of the English gunboats, en-

gaged in suppressing piracy, was ordered to rendezvous at the mouth of the river, and the lieutenant in command was steering into what he thought was the channel, when he saw a portly figure in straw hat and cotton dress standing up in a canoe, gesticulating wildly for the ship to stop. 'Are you the local pilot?' cried the officer. 'No, I am the Bishop, and if you don't port your helm and go astern full speed, you will be ashore in a minute.' The Bishop was right, and the vessel was saved.

In 1863 the work proceeded on its old lines. There was much that was encouraging in the Dyak missions, and the Chinese converts in Sarawak continued to increase. This was also the case with the home school, which, as regards the boys' department, continued to be held, as before, at Sarawak, while the girls' school was removed to the Quop, under the care of Mrs. Abé, the wife of the missionary.

The interest taken by the European community in good works extended, under his influence, beyond the limits of his diocese. In January 1863 he issued a pastoral to his flock, both in Borneo and in Labuan, for a collection on behalf of the Lancashire operatives suffering from the cotton famine arising during the American Civil War. 'The manly and patient endurance of their true English hearts,' he said, 'was a case for the sympathy of their countrymen abroad during their sad hour of trial.' In both places he headed the subscription list himself. At a later date, a subscription was made, after a sermon preached by him at Sarawak, on behalf of the widow of a former missionary, who had become chaplain at Malacca, in which a handsome sum was raised, and Mrs. Hacket's old schoolboys exerted themselves to increase it.

From the date of the Bishop's letter of February 1864, mentioned in the last chapter, he seems to have been in friendly correspondence with the Rajah, who, on June 18, wrote the following letter, showing his continued interest in all that related to Sarawak, and his conviction that its mere

recognition by Great Britain was not all that was required, although certainly a step in advance:

'Burrator: June 18, 1864.

'Dear Bishop,—I am obliged to you for your kind letter of April 16, and am only sorry to learn that Mrs. McDougall was suffering, and yourself ailing. There is little or nothing to tell during the last fortnight of our particular affairs, for the great world is far too busy with its own quarrels to attend to the affairs of the little world of Sarawak, so we wait and hope, and, this conference over and the general election past, may again move to obtain the protectorate of England, or some other measure to secure the established Government at my departure. The information you transmitted of the intentions of the Dutch to take Sarawak upon my death, exactly tallies with what I have learned on this side of the world, and we should be idiots to neglect the warning. Besides this, there are other weighty reasons to put our house in order, so that my knell should not be the knell of Sarawak. For seven years past we have known the danger, and I have tried to prevent it, but in vain. Now I am endeavouring to gain protection, and, with it, so to strengthen the Government as to ward off many impending perils which, most probably, would destroy the country. Yet, doing this, I strive to maintain our Government and the freedom of the people with as little change as possible. A small step in advance, and we should be safe and my work done. The happiness and prosperity which reigns is a comfort and help to me, and I would let well alone, were it not from the certainty of evil shortly, from the designs of ill-wishers, and the weakness of the State. I am thankful, deeply thankful, however, for the present prosperity and timely warning to guard against future danger. I have no private news to give. I live retired, saving an occasional visit to my friends, and sometimes a stray old friend cheers my solitude. Farquhar was here the other day,

as warm, as kind, as cheerful as ever. He inquired most kindly after you and other friends in Sarawak. I have heard nothing of the transfer of the Straits. I could not manage to see Mr. Cardwell when in town, though I went several times to the C. O.; but I shall go again early next month. My best wishes for Mrs. McDougall and all your party. Your account of the progress of missionary work is most satisfactory. As I have always said, an established Government would lead to a general conversion of the Dyaks. My kind regards to the Chamberses.

'Yours very sincerely,

'J. BROOKE.'

1865 does not seem to have been a prosperous year with the people at Sarawak. During the Bishop's absence the non-mercantile community, at the instance of a former resident, started a sugar company, which finally failed with a loss of some $20,000. After all the expense was incurred the experiment proved that the sugar-cane did not flourish on the soil, at least for the purpose of sugar-making, the sugar being described as something like congealed treacle, only not so good in flavour. It was stated to have been an unlimited company, which meant that the entire loss was to be borne by the shareholders as long as any one of them was solvent, and not thrown in any part upon the creditors. This did not, of course, affect the Bishop, who was neither shareholder nor creditor. About a year before, also, a lay agricultural mission was started by some confiding persons to civilise the Dyaks without Christianity. It is also believed to have been a great failure financially, and not to have been any benefit to the Dyaks. It was a grief to the Bishop because he foresaw useless loss, and money wasted which might have done real good. He wrote on this subject to his brother-in-law, 'that for a model farm some 500 acres of very bad soil in Sarawak, not near the Dyaks, had been

cleared, a small cargo of European seeds, wheat, barley, grass, and turnips, sent out, none of which the soil would grow, expensive cotton gins, where there was no cotton to clean, a machine to grind rice that would not work, and ploughs that would not plough ; all for the good of the Dyaks, who were miles away, and would never look at what was being done.' 'A practical man sent to Lundu or Banting or other stations,' he said, 'where there is a Dyak population, and our missionaries have somewhat civilised them, and showed them how to cultivate rice and other local products better than they used to do, would have answered. Indeed, Gomez and I have induced some of our Lundu Dyaks to try the Javanese plough on their lands, and so to use the same ground over again ; and assistance given to them would have been a real benefit.' He adds: 'Our Italian friends, the Marchese G. Doria and the brothers Beccari, have visited our stations and are delighted with the progress made, and the great difference between our Christian Dyaks and the other tribes.' These gentlemen were travelling in the pursuit of science and pleasure, and had become very intimate at the Bishop's house.

At the same time there was a severe outbreak of cholera at Sarawak. 'I hope,' he said, 'that you will not find it on the Continent. It is plainly travelling westward. I suspect that these Malay pilgrims, who go in such numbers to Mecca, have taken it there—as from the accounts I see that it is of the same virulent type and typhoidal character as it has been in these parts.'

In June 1864 the Bishop called the whole of his clergy to meet for consultation at Sarawak, to settle a variety of questions which arose in their operations, so that there might be uniformity not only in the doctrines, but in the manner of their teaching. Such a meeting, consisting of the clergy of the diocese under the presidency of the Bishop, was, according to ancient law and usage in the Church, a diocesan synod, and

so it was styled, and was continued annually up to the time of his leaving Borneo, that is during the following years, 1865 and 1866.

The choice of the word synod, if any reason for it was wanted, was doubtless decided, or at least confirmed, by a despatch sent by the Duke of Newcastle to all the colonial governors, to be communicated to the colonial bishops, being an extract from a despatch from the Duke to the Governor of the Cape, dated February 4, 1864. It was issued in consequence of and shortly after the decision of the case of Long *v.* the Bishop of Capetown, and pointed out how far the Bishop had exceeded the law in his assumption of a coercive jurisdiction and a consistorial court. It invited him to put himself right through the repeal by the assembly at some future meeting of the past erroneous proceedings, and by the establishment of a fitting tribunal based on the consensual agreement of the ecclesiastical body, to whose decisions the courts of the colony might give effect, where consonant with the rules of law and the principles of justice. To all such invitations Bishop Gray had but one answer, 'Non possumus.' With this controversy we have nothing to do, and it is only mentioned as the cause of the despatch. The document, however, in its first paragraph pointed out 'that, assuming that there was no local law to the contrary, the members of the Church of England in a colony in which that Church was not established had the same liberty of assembling for any lawful purpose as was possessed by the members of any other religious denomination, and that any colonial bishop or metropolitan might, without the consent of the Crown, or any other express legislative authority, summon meetings of the clergy and laity under the designation of provincial or diocesan synods, or any other designation, for the purpose of deliberating on matters concerning the welfare of the Church;' and this was consistent with the opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown in 1854, that, although the statute of submissions (25 Hy. VIII. c. 19) and the common

law (of which it was in fact declaratory) were universal, and bound the Church of England clergy both at home and in the colonies, yet they did not extend to prohibit the holding of diocesan synods.

The coercive jurisdiction created by the letters patent did not, it will be remembered, extend to Borneo.

Like everything else planned by Bishop McDougall, this synod was conceived in a truly practical and conservative spirit. It commenced with a declaration that the Church in Sarawak was an integral portion of the Anglican Church, and was bound by her formularies, and that it was the earnest determination of the synod to admit no discussion of doctrine; but to confine its deliberations to matters relating to discipline and the temporalities of the Church, and such regulations of order and ritual as might be required by the necessities of the native missions. In its provisional constitution it reserved the question of lay delegates for future consideration, when there might be a sufficient number of European residents in the diocese. It could not, therefore, have been properly called a diocesan conference of clergy and laity.

After agreeing to these principles, it contented itself with an expression of gratitude to the venerable Society to whose support the existence of the Church in Sarawak was owing, and the appointment of committees to prepare formularies suitable for the Dyaks, and intelligible to these simple people; and a resolution that the clergy residing among the Dyaks should prepare statements of their views as to the mode of dealing with native customs and superstitions, and on the subject of discipline in the native Churches.

The proceedings of the synod, which were printed, were communicated, by the Bishop, together with a private letter, to the Rajah, who thereupon issued a curious rescript to be handed to the Bishop by the Tuan Mudah. He pointed out that the State of Sarawak was not connected with any religion, and that the position of the Church of England was that of a free church in a free country. He considered that the meet-

ing of the Bishop and his clergy, for the internal affairs of their Church, was right and advisable, but he deprecated the use of the term synod without a definition of its meaning to prevent a contest with the civil power. In an explanatory statement which he also sent to the Tuan Mudah, he raised some further questions. He approved of the use of the word bishopric but not of that of diocese, but he raised a practical question—namely, whether after the recognition of Sarawak the Bishop's relation to the Crown of England had not been altered, and whether it was lawful for an English prelate to hold two bishoprics at the same time. This he answered himself in a letter of the next month:

'I have taken the opinion of eminent counsel upon the Bishop's position, which is to the effect that it is not contrary to English law. So far good.'

This last question is not without interest even now, but is only mentioned to show that it was not overlooked.

It does not appear that the transactions of the synod were hindered by the Rajah's communication. On the contrary, at the next meeting, in June 1865, a resolution was passed, accepting thankfully his definition of the position of the Church in Sarawak, and assuring him of their determination to do nothing to trench upon the civil power, and their desire to introduce the simplest form and gentlest discipline into the native Church.

Neither on this occasion nor at the last synod presided over by the Bishop in October 1886 does there appear to have been any idea of exercising coercive jurisdiction over an unwilling and unrepresented laity, far less any desire to set fire to the Church of England in Sarawak, that an independent Church might arise out of its ashes. In the Bishop's charge on this occasion he said: 'I feel persuaded that we can only maintain our position in this country by true unswerving allegiance to our English mother; we are purely a missionary church militant in a heathen and Mohammedan country—the Church in Borneo, not the Church of Borneo—wholly unable

to stand alone, and dependent for its support upon the alms of the Church at home, administered by the S.P.G.'

His successor seems to have felt still more strongly on the subject, for in a letter to the Bishop at the date of the last synod he pointed out forcibly the dangers to which colonial Churches might be exposed in a different course: 'That a bishop who held that the Council of Trent, whatever its look, and the Thirty-nine Articles, whatever their look, might be explained so as to reconcile them, might by surrounding himself with clergy of his own opinions and drawing up the necessary explanations, and getting them accepted by his synod, succeed in removing his Church from England to Rome.' Or a bishop, of another type that he specified, might succeed in discarding the Church Catechism for one of hyper-Calvinism, or one of another type in founding an Arian Church. And he proposed these questions for consideration at their next meeting.

The most important work of the second and third of these synods was, however, linguistic—specially, the settlement of theological terms, where diversity would have been fatal to the uniformity of teaching, and the approval of the translations of the formularies required into the three languages in which they were to be used—namely, the Malay, the Sea Dyak, and the Land Dyak, to which was added the arrangement of a hymnal connecting special tunes with special Psalms and hymns, so that different tribes, even when divided by different dialects, might join in united psalmody.

The Bishop describes their proceedings in his letters. 'On June 23, 1865,' he says, 'on the Monday after Trinity Sunday, our second synod was convened. We sat four days and carried through the business we set ourselves to do last year satisfactorily, and settled our task for the ensuing, which was to work at a catechism for the use of catechists, and put together a hymnal with uniform tunes to the hymns selected. Although the languages must be different, the tunes may be

the same, so that when Christians of different tribes meet they may the more easily join together in praising God.' 'I am sure,' he said, 'that these meetings do good to us all.' At the same time they were very onerous to him, as he was universal host and had to send the 'Fanny' round to collect the clergy, and take them back to their stations. And again on October 27, 1866, he mentions their third synod: 'Our synod is just over after five days' good work done, and everybody content.'

Mrs. M°Dougall also mentions the synods, and seems to have thought that they required very careful management. The formal meetings were held in the south aisle of the church under strict rule and order, but the informal meetings —may we say the meetings of the lower house?—were held in the Bishop's house, and at the second synod there were sometimes warm discussions over very small matters, as it appeared to her—namely, etymological differences as to the Dyak language. 'I came in for these,' she said, 'more than Frank: he, sitting in the calm retreat of his library, only heard the outbreaks at the synod itself, which being in church was under restraints of discipline and outward courtesy, but I was the repository of all the warm feelings, and could only wonder at so much discomfort on behalf of a wretched *it*, which Mr. —— called his "little pet ewe." I hate quarrelling as much as —— does, which is saying a great deal, so I did not enjoy my week's houseful of guests so much as I had expected.' It was a happy thing that no militant feelings were excited about more serious matters.

The translations were brought before the synod to receive an authoritative stamp, which might ensure their general acceptance; but as early as 1850 the Bishop speaks of his Malay translation of the Catechism, from which he proceeded to the translation of the entire Book of Common Prayer. This was finally completed in 1857, when it was printed in the Malay character, and published by the Society for the Promotion of

Christian Knowledge, and is now in use. During the whole of their residence among the Dyaks the missionaries had been engaged in producing elementary and devotional works in the Dyak dialects, assisting in reducing those tongues into writing—an undertaking which had already engaged the attention of the Government officials, as may be seen in the books written by those gentlemen on Borneo and its inhabitants. Immediately after his last return the Bishop had written: 'I am revising the Liturgy and rewriting my Malay Prayer Book, which is now wanted in the Roman character, as our missionaries, with one exception, have come to the conclusion of instructing their converts in it. I have always advocated the Arabic myself, but I begin to see that while we can do nothing with the Malays, it is better to instruct the Dyaks in a character which the Malays cannot read and ridicule.'

In January 1865 he recurs to the same subject, and writes to the Rev. W. T. Bullock: 'I send by book-post some copies of the first sheet of the Malay Liturgy in Roman characters. There is a great difficulty about the spelling. I, and all the other missionaries except Chambers, think that the Malay and most of its cognate dialects may all be spelt without any extra or accented letters, following Marsden's plan instead of Crauford's,' 'on the plan adopted by the L.M.S. people in their former and present translations by Mr. Keorburg in the Straits. To illustrate this I have printed the Nicene Creed on a slip, showing the different forms of spelling now adopted by the Dutch, French, Portuguese, and English, together with that in which I am getting our Prayer Book printed, which is merely to pronounce the vowels as in Italian, the consonants as in English or Latin.

'I should be obliged if you would send copies to Dr. Rost and Professor Max Müller, and let me know what they think. I think that my system can be read by any educated European, so that he may pronounce the Malay without

difficulty, whereas the others have national peculiarities of spelling, or adopt accented or peculiar letters. The Land Dyak sounds, which are somewhat peculiar, can be expressed fully by using the vowels as in French, for both the *u* and the *ou* sounds are as in *lune* and *loup*. I should like an opinion about the spelling before I go much further with the Prayer Book, although I am convinced that the simple plan that I have adopted is right.'

It was in this form that he prepared a Catechism of the Christian Religion for the use of the missions of the Church in Borneo printed with the Malay in the Roman character on the one side, and the English translation on the opposite page. It is founded on the Church Catechism, but enlarged by explanations taken from the Articles of Religion, and references to Scripture. It was submitted to the synod at Sarawak, but was not published in England by the S.P.C.K. until his return in 1868, upon consultation with those learned experts who are ever ready to assist in the Society's good works. They seem to have agreed generally with the Bishop's proposals, but not without some abstruse discussion as to the exact equivalent of vowel sounds in particular cases, which we will not venture to speak of more particularly. It is also still in use, and published by the Society. That it is valued is proved by an anecdote lately told the author by the Rev. H. W. Tucker, the secretary of the S.P.G.—namely, that immediately before the Lambeth Conference of 1888, he was asked by a right rev. prelate as to the statements of doctrine other than the Prayer Book which were in use in the Society's missions, and he at once referred him to Bishop M^c^Dougall's Catechism.

To the ordinarily instructed layman without any claim to be a theologian, it would, however, appear that a catechism approaches so nearly to a symbol that its preparation must be a somewhat anxious, if not hazardous undertaking, which it was something to have accomplished with any success.

From 1864, the letters received from Borneo contained

constant references to sickness, which it would be tedious to repeat; but at the beginning of 1865 he was attacked by a derangement of the heart's action, from which he never entirely recovered. This affection caused great alarm to Mrs. McDougall, and in consequence of her letters as well as his own to her brother, Sir William Bowman, to whom they were taken, had a consultation with Dr. G. Budd, who, in a letter dated October in that year, expressed his opinion, which was in accordance with that of the Bishop himself, that the disturbance of the heart from which he suffered was probably functional, resulting mainly from remitting fever and other derangements arising from the malaria of the country, and he prescribed change as the remedy. Mrs. McDougall added another cause, for she thought that her husband's illness had arisen as much from trouble and the mortifications he had experienced in 1863 as from the climate. 'I sometimes think,' she said, 'with a shudder of that wretched year, but it has passed away, and will not have to be suffered again. Rajah is friendly and polite, and poor Brooke is settling himself at home, and I hope forgetting Sarawak.' On the receipt of Dr. Budd's letter she wrote to her sister-in-law on December 30:

'I have not time for more than a line, having a full house and my hands full of Christmas business. We received last mail Dr. Budd's opinion and dear Charles's kind letter, as well as yours and one from Mr. Bowman. The natural result of these letters would seem to be our setting off for a cooler climate for Frank directly, but it will be wiser, he thinks, to wait until the hot season here to do this. We are in our cooler season, and Frank is somewhat better, but I do not think that his heart is better—almost every night this week it has kept him awake, the result of the extra work of Christmas Day coming next to Sunday—but he is in good spirits, gets up before 6, rides, goes to church at 7 A.M., works through the day as if all were right, but the least excitement keeps him awake

from the thumping of his heart, and his head often aches in sympathy. I do not like to make him nervous when he is so brave, but I confess that I wish we were not going to Labuan for February. It is the healthy season it is true, but I see that he expects an attack of fever. I dare not let him go without me this time, and I am half-minded to leave Mildred with Mrs. Chambers, who is staying here in our absence, for if the child gets fever and Frank too it will be terrible.'

But he did not propose to abandon the mission ; on the contrary, writing to Mr. Bullock on January 15, 1866, and speaking of his suffering with his heart, he expresses his determination notwithstanding to hold on, and lay his plans for coming home at the beginning of 1868, 'if it should please God to spare him until then, when his return to the East would depend on the health of himself and his wife, and other circumstances.' And he should not go home with the intention of giving up. About the same time, however, he wrote to his brother-in-law lamenting the difficulty that he felt in getting through his work. 'I cannot walk up hill and do jungle work without great distress. Next week I have to walk to Abé's mission to consecrate his church, and I own that I shrink from it, and have put it off as long as I could, but he presses me so that I must go. The last time I walked there, the walk upset me for a week. There is no way of riding or being carried over jungle paths, I am too heavy for that. No Dyak can take my fourteen stone on his back. Harriette sits in a basket and the Dyaks trot away merrily with her.' On February 17 she writes to her brother that her husband was set fast with rheumatism, and unable to write. This attack, she said, had had the effect of relieving the heart, which looked as if all his troubles arose from one malady, sometimes attacking one part and sometimes another, but not, she feared, the less dangerous on that account. Their visit to Labuan was not, however, prevented as she feared, for he was determined to go, and not the less so from his disappointment in the preceding year, when

he had started in the month of January, in H.M.S. 'Leven,' and the weather had been so tremendous that the vessel had been driven 'staggering back under canvas' to Sarawak with two out of her three boilers burst, and otherwise disabled. On March 20 she writes from Labuan. They had left in the 'Tien Chang,' paddle-wheel steamer, on the 15th, arriving on the 17th, and were guests of Mr. Callaghan, the Governor, at whose pretty and hospitable house they were kindly entertained. They were also received with a warm welcome by the other residents, but the Bishop's hope of consecrating the church was not fulfilled, for he found it so unfinished and in many parts so badly constructed that he was obliged to order alterations, and postpone the consecration to another visit. 'There are not, I suppose,' she adds, 'many clergymen who could build their churches as well as officiate in them.' On this visit they escaped any Labuan fever, and returned safely to Sarawak.

Mrs. McDougall's own feeling as to their return is expressed in the following extract from a letter written shortly before they started for Labuan: 'Does it not seem a weary long time since we first came to Sarawak? When we were all young and enthusiastic and could give up even the beaten path of tranquil happiness for an idea! Could we have caught a glimpse of all these years, these sorrows and losses, the romance we cherished turned into so sober a reality, surely our hearts would have fainted and we could not have done it. However, I have not a doubt but that it was all right, and the years have borne their fruit to us and to others. The sober reality which remains is well worth cherishing and being very thankful for, by which I mean the mission and the native Church at Sarawak.' 'There is nothing else of any interest in this place to us now.' After discussing her husband's health and the anxiety that it caused her, she continues: 'I constantly urge our going home next autumn. Frank would fain stay another year, but the risk is too terrible. Even this next

summer I dread more than I can tell. Everybody says that he ought to go directly.'

During these years she had continued her constant efforts for the benefit of the mission and the community. Shortly before the little 'Agnes' left for England, she speaks of the onerous charge of her two babies, and of her numerous avocations. 'I play in church once every Sunday and teach the church music. We have a musical *soirée* on Saturdays, to which all the big boys are invited, as well as everybody who sings. I have a great deal to do for the schools, and indeed my hands are full in every way, but I like it. It would not do to lead a very leisurely life here, or one might begin to fret for the little ones at home.' And shortly before their final departure: 'I often laugh at my multifarious avocations out here. I am a kind of *dernier ressort* to everybody, and I would not have it otherwise.'

After the synod in 1866 he seems to have felt the necessity of revisiting England, although his views fluctuated with his health: when he was somewhat better he hoped to prolong his stay in the East; on the recurrence of his attacks his immediate return pressed itself upon him. On October 27 he writes:

'Our friend Captain Reid, of H.M.S. 'Rifleman,' has promised to call in here in December and take us on to Labuan, where I hope to consecrate the at last finished church, which will be the fourth consecrated, besides two churches opened by licence, since I came out this time. We get from thence to Singapore as we can, and to Penang, for me to confirm. I suppose that we shall get there about the end of January or in February, when I hope that I shall get letters from you and Bullock about my future plans; and as Harry and Mildred will be with me, it will be well for us, I think, to leave then for England, but that must be settled by circumstances.'

It seems, however, that Captain Reid, who had come to them at the time of the synod and had been staying with

them ill at Sarawak, had proposed to take them not only to Labuan, but round to Hongkong, from whence they were to get to Singapore by the Labuan Company's steamer; and this was actually done. 'I do not much relish,' she writes at this time to her sister-in-law, 'the prospect of knocking about at sea in the N.E. monsoon when the China Sea is tremendous, but I suppose I shall do as I am bid. All our friends are very kind in offering us passages, and it will do Frank a world of good to go about in the wet season instead of suffering from rheumatism here. I think that he is pretty well for him, as he did not suffer from the trip to Banting and Undop, though he was up all night during our passages. I don't think that he enjoys having Mil and me on board the "Fanny," especially in squally weather, but she is a capital sea-boat. Coming back we had a night of it crossing the sea between the mouths of the Batang Lupar and Moratabas. The wind was very high and got the waves up, and I heard the Malay serang advising Frank to run back and anchor until the morning. "We will see," said Frank, and carried on with reefed sails; presently the wind became more fair, and we scudded along famously. "Well," said Abdullah, "if I had known how the boat would behave, I should not have advised going back, but if it had been the Government gun-boat we should have been wet through by this time." I cannot say that I ever like being at sea, but I had rather be in the "Fanny" than in many a larger boat, and I am never nervous on the water. We enjoyed our visit to the Chamberses and the consecration of St. Paul's Church, in whose building Mr. Mesney has much exerted himself, and it does him great credit. Frank told the people that their church would last for their children's grandchildren, and be as good as ever. It is built entirely of bilian wood, even to the lattice of the windows. The white ants cannot make a meal of it. As soon as it was built, they marched in in a body, but finding no soft wood that they could eat, they all marched out again.'

At the beginning of December they left Sarawak in the 'Rifleman' for Labuan—the Bishop, Mrs. McDougall, and their daughter—and arriving there he consecrated the church and held a confirmation. From Labuan they proceeded to Manilla, where they anchored on Christmas Day. 'It had been very wet,' she said, 'but cleared up at night, and we sat on deck watching the lights on shore and listening to the constant chimes of the numerous church bells, whilst the sailors sang songs and did their best to amuse us. It seemed so strange to be in a Christian country again.' But this time they did not escape the dreaded Labuan fever, which, attacking Mrs. McDougall, showed itself at Manilla. She became seriously ill, and suffered from a relapse at Hong Kong. At this place the Bishop also caught a chill, and became so much amiss that when they arrived at Singapore the doctors ordered them away at once.

He struggled hard to get through his episcopal duties, as will be seen in the following, his last letter from the East, and his spirits rose at the prospect of home:

'Singapore, Feb. 7, 1867.

'My dear Charlie,—I have just received a letter from Hope urging me very strongly not to delay coming home to look after my affairs at the Colonial Office, and I find that if I go to Sarawak, as I purposed, there will be the greatest uncertainty as to when I shall get back—perhaps May, and then it will be too hot in June in the Red Sea for Harry and Mildred—so I have determined to come home by next P. and O. steamer *vid* Bombay, as there are no places to be had by the direct route. This will, I hope, bring us to you early in April. I have held a confirmation here; next Sunday I shall be at Malacca, the Sunday after at Penang, and we shall come on from thence.

'Harriette is much better, but still very weak, and easily knocked up, but she has had no relapse of fever since we

started from Hong Kong. I am better than I was, and when I get well, shall, I have no doubt, forget liver and heart before long, but another hot season would have floored me too.

'I have no time to write more. Kiss Mab for me. I shall be crazy to be with you all when I am once off.

'Your affectionate brother,

'F. T. LABUAN.'

CHAPTER XI.

FINAL RETURN TO ENGLAND, AND THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED.

ON April 17, 1867, the Bishop and his wife, with their youngest child, arrived at Kensington, where they remained with her brother until August, and in the autumn formed a temporary home for themselves, with their four children around them, in the immediate neighbourhood, until their plans could take some definite shape. In the interval his health had caused great anxiety to his friends, for he became very ill, and the truth gradually dawned upon him that he ought to relinquish his intention of returning to the East, although, hoping against hope, he did not resign his bishopric until the spring of 1868. By the month of September, however, his health improved, and it appears by a letter to him from the Rev. H. W. Tucker that he preached for the Society on September 23 and 29 in London and Bristol or Clifton, and thenceforward he continued to do some deputation work for it until his final resignation, and in fact from time to time during the rest of his life, for his heart was always bound up with the objects of its great mission.

The question of the future during this period caused him great anxiety. Would the heads of the Church find some suitable position for him at home? Would some private friend stand in the gap and provide him with a living in England? Should he resign at once, or should he decide to leave his wife and children at home, and go out alone, looking forward to the union of the Straits with Labuan, and the possi-

bility of his making his head-quarters, between his visitations, in the more salubrious station of Penang? These questions were settled by the offer, by the Dean of Westminster, of the vicarage of Godmanchester. After the Dean's first mention of it, a doubt had arisen whether the patronage would, after all, fall to him, but it turned out that it did so, and he made a formal presentation of it in the terms of the following letter:

'Deanery, Westminster: Feb. 18, 1868.

'My dear Bishop,—The vicarage of Godmanchester has come round to me, and I therefore renew my offer. I ought, perhaps, to state the grounds on which I make the proposal to you. There are many who from local or personal reasons have a claim upon me, but it appeared to me, as a public administrator of patronage, that there was no one whose claims were so immediately pressing as yours. Knowing for many years your faithful services to the Church, and understanding that you would be obliged to return to your distant field of labour in broken health and without your family, unless some appointment at home became accessible, I felt myself bound to consider your case as calling for any help that it might be in my power to give. And, therefore, being sure that your ministrations at Godmanchester will be a real blessing to the place, I trust that you will be able to accept the post, and enjoy there many years yet to come of happiness and usefulness.

'Yours sincerely,

'A. P. STANLEY.'

In a private postscript the Dean added: 'I have written thus much not only because it expresses my own feelings, but because it may be convenient to you to have it in case any ill-natured person, from hostility to you or to me, should put any such construction upon my offer as that it arose from your relationship with Colenso. You know that if it were I should not shrink from avowing it, but in fact the only way in which this

at all entered into my consideration was, that I thought it possible that it might have prevented other persons from doing what is in itself just.' The offer, he said, was made on public grounds.

This was very characteristic of the Dean: he had been, both in Convocation and elsewhere, the chivalrous defender of the Bishop of Natal, and he therefore thought it right that his motives should be thus clearly expressed. And in truth a preferment, which was in any degree a provision, was not readily to be found, although it is right to add that the Bishop of London had already recognised Bishop M^c^Dougall's claim by offering him a living in the East End of London of some importance, which he had not, however, on account of his health, ventured to accept.

Before his final acceptance of the vicarage, he took his brother-in-law to Godmanchester to reconnoitre and assist him in his decision. But this is only worth mentioning as showing the impression made by his personal appearance at the time, after the wear and tear of his long residence in the East; for it was at once reported in the place that a new vicar had come to inspect the parish, and that he had been accompanied by a very old gentleman, who seemed to be a bishop, and was probably his father, and who had no doubt come with him to advise him. There was not, in fact, four years' difference in age between the two.

When the preliminaries were settled he announced his decision to the Society, and on April 11 a warm and appreciatory letter was written by Mr. Bullock in the name of the standing committee, regretting his loss 'from Borneo, but rejoicing at the less arduous post allotted to him at Godmanchester.' In answer to the wish which he had expressed in his letter, Mr. Bullock added: 'They desired me to assure you that they will heartily approve of Mr. Chambers as your successor, if the Archbishop of Canterbury consents to nominate him.'

On June 8, 1868, Sir James Brooke was seized with his last stroke of paralysis, and, becoming unconscious, passed away on the morning of the 11th. He was alone at the time of the seizure and recognised no one, although some members of his family and his faithful friend, Mr. Arthur Crookshank, were with him when he breathed his last. The next day Mrs. McDougall received the announcement of what had happened from Mrs. Evelyn, and wrote to her husband, who was absent on a confirmation tour. 'My Beloved,—We cannot but be moved at this news. It seems like a leaf turned over in the book of our life. May God have mercy upon him!' Many mourners were present at the funeral, but of his former friends many were absent; some could not come, and some were not invited. On December 1 Captain Brooke, the Rajah Mudah, followed him, and the long estrangement, in its effects so fatal, ceased to trouble them. It is the pleasing thought of a well-known essayist that whatever happens in a future life, it must be commenced in the land of reconciliation. We may hope, although we cannot know, that in the case of this uncle and nephew the promise may have been fulfilled.

On June 29 he had the pleasure of assisting in the consecration of his successor, Bishop Chambers, who wrote to him: 'As St. Peter's Day draws near I am becoming anxious about the burden of responsibility to be then laid upon me. It is a comfort that I shall have your presence and support.' Bishop Chambers was in the first instance consecrated Bishop of Labuan, and in September following, the long-talked-of transfer of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Straits took place, and he became Bishop of Singapore also. On Bishop McDougall's suggestion, the Rajah, with the full concurrence of the Tuan Mudah, had in his lifetime cordially approved Mr. Chambers's appointment to the bishopric of Sarawak.

To carry out these arrangements all the influence of Bishop McDougall had been exerted, as may be seen by his

correspondence not only with the Society but with the Primate and the Colonial Office. He thought that Bishop Chambers was most suitable for the united diocese; but he was appointed to a plurality of duties rather than of endowments, and it is due to him to add that when the proposal was made to him that he should undertake them, his reply was that he should much prefer to be Missionary Bishop of Sarawak alone.

So little prepared had Bishop M^c^Dougall been for his resignation, that he had left all his movable property at the mission house untouched, even to his plate, and was dependent upon his successor and Mrs. Chambers for the settlement of his temporal affairs at Sarawak, a duty which was, of course, faithfully and satisfactorily performed.

The news of his resignation was received in Borneo with universal regret, and, from the Tuan Mudah downwards, all those whom he had left behind him in the East joined in the expression of sorrow for his loss. Neither did his resignation terminate his connection with his bishopric. Until the consecration of Bishop Chambers he was the referee at home, and acting bishop as counsellor and arbitrator abroad. Sarawak, in fact, never faded wholly out of his life. The numerous letters left behind him from the new Rajah, Sir C. Brooke, from his successor, from his clergy, old dependents and friends, prove their affectionate regard and confidence in him. All his friends seem to have thought him right to retire, and there is quite a sheaf of letters from his episcopal brethren to that effect. The following short extract from the letter of an influential official friend well expresses the feeling of East Indians when abroad on the subject of their return: 'I was very glad to read of your having got a living in England, for I believe that you could not again have faced our climate without grave risk. You will naturally look back with regret to these bright seas and brighter shores, with their gentle people, their calm life, their many little pleasures and luxuries;

but you will find more than ample compensation in the healthier climate, in the society of friends, in the stronger intellectual atmosphere of home. I like Singapore much—far better than Penang; but I long for muddy Piccadilly and foggy Strand, I confess.'

And this is the natural feeling; but when such men return home after the first welcome they constantly seem to long for the East. They find themselves lost in the crowd, their occupation is generally gone—even Pall Mall has its shady side and becomes a little dreary, and the armchair at the club a little tedious. That Bishop McDougall suffered little from such regrets was due both to his profession, which he had not to abandon, and to the strong sympathy which he always seemed to feel with the human beings by whom he was surrounded.

After his acceptance of the vicarage of Godmanchester his mind was at rest, and his health continued to improve. His great bodily strength and courage enabled him to perform the duties of his profession with energy and satisfaction to himself; although often with much suffering, for he was subject to alarming attacks of bronchitis, and palpitation of the heart which accompanied them. As they passed away he became himself again. He had great pleasure in the society of his old friends, and especially in that of his clerical brethren. Immediately after his arrival he had been invited as a guest at the Athenæum Club, the well-known head-quarters of the Bench, and in 1874 he was elected an ordinary member. He was present at many of the sittings of the Pan-Anglican Council of 1868, and assisted at many important functions of the Church besides the consecration of Bishop Chambers. Amongst others he was one of the consecrating bishops at Westminster Abbey of no less a person than Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the venerable Bishop of Lincoln, in February 1869.

In May 1868 he undertook a confirmation tour in Portugal

on behalf of the Bishop of London, travelling by Bayonne and Madrid to Lisbon. The following letter to his wife shows him in another character—namely, in that of an art critic—and may be thought interesting:

'Strada d'Ystrella, Lisbon: May 2, 1868.

'My darling Wife,—I arrived here last night in time to get to bed between 1 and 2 o'clock—a regular Queen's messenger trip it was, but I got here when I said I would—and I have beaten the mail into the bargain, for a letter I posted for Mr. Pope at Bordeaux only reached here this morning at breakfast. Mr. Pope and the folks wonder I am out of bed to-day. Mr. P. says it would have killed him to make such a journey without stopping, so you see your old man is stouter than some of the young ones yet. I am all right to-day, only rather disjointed and mummified, and feel much better than when I left Calais, with some misgivings as to whether I should be able to continue my journey. I have a handful of work before me here, being expected to do preaching, &c. Yesterday was frightfully hot in the rail; the natives complained piteously. I arrived with my clothes white like a miller with dust, which perspiration had caked upon me like a crust. To-day is cool and bright and pleasant; this house is on the top of a hill and surrounded by the pretty English cemetery, and adjoining the Ystrella public gardens. I have no news from Oporto—the chaplain is very old and slow, it seems; if he does not look sharp I won't go there at all. As I wrote you from Bordeaux, I left there at 8 A.M. on Wednesday morning, got a good berth in a large saloon carriage with a German Jew, a French engineer, and a Spanish soldier-officer: the latter slept to Bayonne, where he left us; the others were intelligent clever fellows and we got on well together. The Jew, oddly enough, was no believer in Moses, but with all his cleverness he had the *triste* and almost fretful manner you often find in men who will not believe

in any personal revelation of God to mankind, and who have no faith in anything but the self-sufficiency and goodness of humanity in general, which is necessarily always disappointing them. He came on to Madrid and was most affectionate in his adieus, asking leave to write to me. I got to the Hôtel de Paris in Madrid at 11 A.M., popped into a bath had breakfast, and went off to the Gallery, where I spent the afternoon of a piping hot day—the sun and the pictures gave me a stunning headache. I was most struck with a 'Crucifixion' by Velasquez, of whom there are many admirable examples. The Murillos are numerous, all sacred subjects except a few portraits. I am tired of Madonnas, as I don't worship them, and should rather have seen some of his pictures of real life, which are so good. Raphael's 'Spasimo di Sicilia' is there, but it did not come up to the idea I had formed from the well-known engraving—indeed, I suspect it and the other Raphaels have been handled and damaged by the renovators, who have so heightened the colouring as to make them unlike the colouring of any Raphaels I have seen elsewhere. Ribeira's pictures are very striking; I had seen but few of his before. It is a wonderful gallery, and would want more days than I had hours to give it. After the Gallery I returned, as I thought, to write to you before dinner, but was instead obliged to take my ticket for Lisbon and get my luggage registered, and, being hurried, I of course forgot the traps on my washstand. I had to start from dinner a long drive to the train, and was under way again at 8.20 in a most uncomfortable carriage to Ciudad Real, where we changed, and again at Badajos into one which was something better, so that I was more comfortable yesterday after 2 P.M. until we got here. My companions were very civil, and one lady would have it, in spite of me, that my mother was a Spaniard, "for there was no mistaking the *good blood* in me." Well, of all the countries I ever ran through, Spain is the most desolate and hopeless—a succession of rocky wastes and

barren sandy deserts; here and there a little corn trying to grow, as sparse and as weak as the hairs on a Chinaman's chin. The few olives one saw were kept down to the size of shrubs, and the ilex and cork trees all pollarded, and looked sore and bleeding, being skinned of their bark; in fact, they have used up all their trees, until the fierce sun has so pulverised the soil, that the rains have washed and are washing all that is good away into the rivers and sea: there has been no rain for a year in the Castilles. It is melancholy to see so fine a land and climate thrown away. Portugal is better—more trees, more fences, pretty gardens, and more cleanliness at the stations. English ideas and examples have done them good, and they are, I should think, a more improvable people than their neighbours. Well, I have spun you a yarn, and must now get to sermonising, and only hope I shan't fall asleep over it. With best love and kisses to all,

'Ever your loving husband,

'F. T. LABUAN.'

In the letter from Bordeaux to which he refers he says: 'I find the French very civil, and curiously enough they put me down for a Missionaire Vicaire Apostolique—I suppose from my ring and my cassock—and they say the beard is a sign also. Of course I accept the compliment, for I am a missionary apostolic in its true sense.'

'I have had some difficulty in persuading some of my *compagnons de voyage* that I am English, because they say that I have not got the unmistakable English twang in speaking—they think me Italian. I do not think that a compliment, but their politeness to the missionary must balance that. Two Englishwomen sat next to me at breakfast this morning, and I tried hard to be civil, but both mother and daughter were as rude as only English demi-swells can be.'

On his return, writing on May 13 from Madrid, he says: 'I think that my visit will have done good in a Church point

of view for our own people in Lisbon, and in a missionary point of view also, for there was a crowded attendance of Portuguese to see the English Bishop confirm and consecrate the Eucharist, and they say that they were contented to believe me to be a real bishop, which they did not think that the English Church had. There is a great and growing idea of reformation in the Portuguese Church, which is much in advance of the Spanish in liberality—e.g., there is no objection to the circulation of the Bible, which would not be allowed in Spain at any price.'

It was at some place on this tour, possibly at Madrid or Seville, that he made a slight acquaintance with an American gentleman at his hotel, and, as his eldest daughter tells the story, the following incident occurred. They went out walking together, and the Bishop saw a brown-paper parcel lying in the road and exclaimed, 'What is that?' The American picked it up, and found it to contain a case with some beautiful diamond ornaments, and a slip of paper within 'From Don —— to Doña ——,' but no address or surname. 'Oh,' said the American, 'this is delightful—these will just suit my wife, who has been longing for some diamonds.' 'Indeed, no, my dear fellow,' said the Bishop, 'what are you thinking of? we must take them to the police.' 'Now, look here,' said his companion: 'don't you say anything about it, and your wife shall have half.' The Bishop laughed and took him by the arm. 'Come along with me,' he said, 'and you will think differently,' and he drew him into a church. Down they knelt together, and when they came out the Bishop took possession of the diamonds without any resistance on the part of his companion, and they took them together to the police. He never heard anything more about them. Let us hope that the police were equally honest and discovered and handed them over to the rightful owner.

Homeward bound, he writes to his wife from Paris: 'This place is much changed since we were here together. I wish you were with me now. It is close upon five-and-twenty years

since we honeymooned it in the Rue de Rivoli. I shall go out presently and walk by the old lodging and look up at the windows we used to occupy. I am impatient to be back with you. God bless you all.'

Many of his letters to her remain—written during his short absences—mostly of private interest only, but religiously preserved by her. In his later years he used to address her by the old-world title of 'My sweetest heart,' which he said, 'in addition to its significance,' had the further merit that heart was itself the diminutive of her name.

This was not the only confirmation tour which he took upon the Continent. In June and July 1871 he visited the North of Europe, confirming at Hamburg, Dresden, Berlin, Copenhagen, Christiania, Gothenburg, Stockholm, and Riga. Another year he held confirmations at Arcachon and Pau. On these occasions he of course acted by virtue of commissions under seal from the Bishop of London, within whose spiritual jurisdiction all members of the Church of England not within the diocese of any bishop of the English Church were supposed to be.

In his visit to Arcachon he was accompanied by Mrs. M^c^Dougall, and while there they were the guests of their friend Mr. Paul Tidman, who has been mentioned as having been with them at Sarawak during the Chinese insurrection. His father, Mrs. M^c^Dougall wrote of him, 'was head of the Wesleyan Missionary Society—a grand old man. Paul as a youth was a High Churchman, but has grown broader and broader. Such a lovely soul! He has written a little book for his children, "Our Father's Love," which is beautiful. His religion is one of praise and joy, and he is so clear and bright that it does one good to be with him.' He became an East India merchant of some importance, but, with so many others, died while these pages were in preparation.

CHAPTER XII.

GODMANCHESTER AND ELY.

THE vicarage of Godmanchester as a preferment had some important recommendations when accepted by the Bishop. It had a fixed and reliable endowment of about two hundred acres of land, which were let to one gentleman, the vicar's agent, at a rent of nearly 500*l.* a year. The county and other rates, which fall so heavily, and as some people think so unfairly, upon tithes, did not therefore touch the vicar, who received his income without deduction, and was never even through an agent brought into a contest with his parishioners for its collection. Agricultural distress had not then affected the farmers, who seemed all well off, and most of them to keep their hunters. There was a noble church, and a friendly neighbourhood, with many agreeable people, affording, as the clerical agents say, 'excellent society.' The vicarage was not attractive. A long low building of some antiquity, probably built in detachments, it looked as if fit for division into a beer-shop and two cottages. On one occasion it is related that two drovers did walk in by mistake, and asked for refreshments, but this must have been during the celebration of the annual fair, which, greatly to the discomfort of the inhabitants of the vicarage, was held under its windows—or perhaps they took the vicarage for part of the adjoining tenement, then as now known as the 'Pig and Whistle.' It faced the river Ouse, which in time of floods not rarely visited the rooms on the ground floor, and, pouring over the low land in front on the

opposite bank, appeared like a great lake for weeks together. As low in many parts as the bed of the river, the land did not admit of drainage, and indeed it was to the mania for draining during the first half of this century that the floods were attributed. In former days the country might have been one great fen and held the water, but when drains became universal as a part of high farming, the rain was carried off with such rapidity that the main water-courses became insufficient, and the low lands were flooded. Between the river and the vicarage ran the road to Huntingdon, and into it at right angles, and touching the dwelling-house, ran the road from Cambridge. Vicarage or Freshman's Corner was well known to the youthful Jehus of the University as the only difficult place on the road between it and Huntingdon. It required very careful driving. If the charioteer was not quick enough in turning his leaders they were into the river, or if he was too rapid, he ran the risk of paying a visit himself to the vicarage bedrooms. There was not, however, so far as can be remembered, any record of any great harm having been done, although there had been accidents, and in one case the Bishop seems to have picked up an unlucky freshman who had knocked some bricks out of the vicarage wall, but, although bruised about the head, was not himself seriously damaged. The misty atmosphere was certainly not that which would have been chosen by their medical advisers for invalids suffering from the damp of Sarawak and the ailments entailed by it, which constantly reappeared in severe attacks of bronchitis and asthma; but they determined to make the best of the situation, and a boat upon the river, which was charming in the summer, was a delight to the Bishop, reminding him as well of the Isis as of the rivers of Borneo. There for the last time he had his boat, and what he called his crew—his three little girls in blue serge uniform, with himself as coxswain. 'Once,' they say, 'we had the Dean of Ely with us—like father, an old University oar—and they took us for a row, and then

indeed we flew;' but the old gentlemen do not appear to have possessed the staying powers of the young ladies, and soon resigned the oars. The house, although humble, was not uncomfortable. It had many bedrooms and a staircase at either end, which gave occasion to the joke that it was 'quite a good house, for it had both a front and a back staircase.' They had many visitors. The Bishop was much liked, and when fairly well was full of conversation and anecdote. Although not a diner out, or fond of leaving his own home, he was, as ever, hospitable to a fault, and his friends flocked to him. He if anyone might have truly said:

> 'At fides et ingeni
> Benigna vena est, pauperemque dives
> Me petit.'

Mrs. McDougall also, although an acquisition to any society, loved best to dwell among her own people. At the back of the vicarage was a long, straggling walled garden, with a walk lined by ancient yew trees leading up to the church which stood above it. The grand seventeenth-century tower and spire form a fine distant object from the Great Northern Railway just before the traveller reaches Huntingdon, and if he is fortunate, and the wind sets in the right direction, as the train slackens he may hear the music of the peal of bells within it. In the Bishop's time the church and tower required repairs, and the bells rehanging, which was done at an expense of many hundreds of pounds. He was proud of the work, and liked to point out the timbers required to suspend in mid air those ponderous weights. In connection with these bells there was an interesting custom of ringing curfew on them when the floods were out and the fogs prevailing. It was said to be continued in consequence of the bequest of a sum of money by a wayfarer, who had lost his way in the meadows and was saved from drowning in the Ouse by hearing the Godmanchester curfew. The church itself, of the Perpendicular period, is a spacious and solemn building. It was in one

respect remarkable, namely, in the apportionment of the seats, which would have delighted the members of the 'Free and Open Church Association.' The whole of the centre of the building with the middle aisle was devoted to the poor and was unappropriated, the gentry being driven into the side aisles and all sorts of corners for their pews and sittings. Rather hard perhaps upon deaf old gentlemen, who were expected to be the principal contributors to the parish charities, and were yet not allowed to hear the charity sermons. There does not, however, appear to have been any complaint, and for the best possible reason, that it had always been so.

Any stranger driving from Huntingdon to Cambridge might suppose that Godmanchester was a hamlet or suburb of the former place, to which it is united by a venerable bridge across the river Ouse which marks the boundary. He would soon, however, learn, if he made the inquiry at Godmanchester, that he was greatly mistaken, and that the place was not a hamlet, but a borough, having a mayor and corporation of its own, and much superior in antiquity to Huntingdon. Had he made the inquiry before he crossed the bridge he would upon the last point have probably been told quite a different story, and the superiority would have been claimed by the Huntingdonians for Huntingdon. This is not the place to dispute the question, which must be left to the local Oldbucks to settle. But it is certain that Godmanchester is, as the country people say, 'a very ancient place, sir.'

A British settlement, the Durolipons of the Romans (unless Durolipons was Huntingdon), a Danish encampment and a royal manor at the time of the Confessor, its archives and the history of its possessions, common-fields, and customs, present a mine of wealth to the student of ancient law not yet exhausted. The very first charter in which the manor at a rent still payable was granted by King John to 'our men of Gumecester' seems to point to a state still earlier than the feudal law, and in which the land was held in community, and

not in severalty. By this charter the men of Godmanchester, whosoever they were, probably the tenants in ancient demesne of the manor, were, no doubt, incorporated, but by the charter of James I., in 1604, they were so formally as the bailiffs, assistants, and commonalty of the borough, and their privileges continue.

In Fox's 'History of Godmanchester,' published in 1831, the royal charters are given, and much curious information on these points is collected; but fifty years ago ancient real property law was not understood as it now is, for the idea was held that it was wholly based on the feudal law, and that all before was chaos. It is to be hoped that some careful student, a disciple of the late Sir H. Maine, will be found hereafter to devote himself to this subject. Bishop McDougall, although not a lawyer, took much interest in it, and often spoke of it to his brother-in-law.

The Bishop was a diligent parish priest, and delighted in the performance of his office. He had daily service in Advent and Lent, and there was no lack of the usual ministrations at other holy seasons, or of Sunday- or night-schools for the children and adults.

The county of Huntingdon had long been a stronghold of the Nonconformists, from the times of the Protector and the Commonwealth to those of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, and up to the present. The Bishop always sought to be on good terms with them, although unwilling to sacrifice Church principles. On one occasion he heard that there had been a warm discussion in the parish with the Baptists on the subject of total immersion, shortly before a public baptism, when, at the afternoon Sunday service, nine or ten children were to be presented, and his mode of meeting it is worth relating. Anyone consulting the Prayer-book will see that the rubric prescribes, that 'if the godparents shall certify that the child may well endure it, the priest shall dip it in the water discreetly and warily.' He paused, therefore, at the naming of the

children and inquired, 'And which of these children are to be dipped?' It was the depth of winter and snow was upon the ground. It was not, therefore, surprising that to the question no one responded, and for a time at least the controversy settled itself.

On another occasion he ran the risk of getting into a serious scrape from the existence of Dissent in his parish. He was obliged from the first to have a curate, and was fortunate in having for several years the assistance of the present Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, who, later on, became his son-in-law, and of whom the following story is not told. During some period of his absence a new curate came upon the scene, a very young man, in the first fervour of very High Churchmanship, not undistinguished but quite inexperienced. At that time there was an old lady in the parish, an excellent person, full of good works, and a great ally of the Bishop's, but she was a Particular Baptist. The Bishop was called away to London for a few days, and our young friend was left in charge, and, as ill-luck would have it, before the Bishop returned the poor lady died. How often we have heard from our clerical friends of the perversity of their parishioners, who will die directly they turn their backs upon them. Preparations were made for the funeral, but here was an opportunity for the curate, who forbade the interment, and threatened to lock the churchyard against the Dissenting minister. The parish flew to arms, and an indignation meeting was called, but before it was held they wisely wrote to the Bishop, who telegraphed back that the padlock was to be taken off the gate and the funeral to take place to the satisfaction of the friends of the deceased. At the same time he pointed out that it had been forgotten that on the enlargement of the churchyard in 1870, when he had been himself the consecrating or dedicating Bishop, a portion of land had been reserved for the Dissenters furthest from the church, and divided at least by a gravel walk from the consecrated ground. Here,

then, the grave was dug, and the obsequies performed to the contentment of all parties, and the unconsecrated ground was consecrated, as in primitive times, by the deposition of the ashes of a saint. The plans adopted in 1870 were necessarily approved by the Bishop of the diocese, and the land, part of the Rectory Farm, was given by the Dean and Chapter of Westminster as rectors with the approval of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; so that we may assume that all was done in due order, without any infringement of the rights of the Church. Mr. Osborne Morgan's Bill did not become law until some years afterwards, namely, in 1880, but the arrangement looks very like an anticipation of the more healing clauses of that enactment. It is worth adding that in this matter the Bishop had the advice of Mr. Beresford Hope, who pointed out that at Goudhurst in Kent, near Bedgebury, the same arrangement had been made with the unanimous approval of both Churchmen and Dissenters under the Cemetery Acts.

In December 1888 it appeared that the churchyard was under the same arrangements. It had been completed some years before by the erection of a substantial wall round the whole enclosure, the portion allotted to the Nonconformists being separated by the gravel walk and a light iron hurdle.

He had, as we have said, many friends, and probably no enemies. He once ran the risk of making one of the latter. There was a redoubtable individual, an ex-prizefighter, known as Gully Maile, who was the terror of the neighbourhood. This man insisted on sitting upon the window-sill of the vicarage dining-room, and smoking his pipe into the open window, and to his great surprise found himself taken by the shoulders and dislodged. Shortly after two rough fellows got into a quarrel and indulged in a boxing-match opposite the vicarage, our friend Gully acting as backer and second to one of them. In spite of the advice of the local policeman, who dared not interfere and warned the Bishop—in effect, though not in words—that

He who in brawls will interpose
Will often wipe a bloody nose,

and that this was eminently a case for the application of that homely maxim, the Bishop replied that he would not allow a breach of the peace before his very eyes and house, and, although sitting sick at the time in his velvet cap and dressing-gown, he went boldly in, clad as he was, and separated the combatants. It is related of Gully Maile,[1] very much to his credit, that he was touched by the courage of the vicar, and ultimately became a changed man and the Bishop's devoted adherent.

Bishop M^c^Dougall's wanderings in the East and his genial humour filled him with a store of anecdotes, of which many are given in Mrs. M^c^Dougall's book, 'Sketches of our Life in Sarawak,' and there told far better than the author of these Memoirs could relate them. These it is not, therefore, desired to repeat, but one or two others may be given as examples of his conversation in the hours of social intercourse, only premising that very much is here lost in the telling. 'The rivers of Borneo form, as we have seen, the common highways of the country, and, shaded by the forest trees of the jungle along their shores, offer a delightful refuge to the traveller from the heat. The great branches stretch over the water, teeming with insect and animal life, and from them often hang the pendulous nests of the hornets, not a little feared both by European and native. It chanced, then, that at one time an expedition against the pirates was afoot, in which the boats of some of H.M.'s ships of war were engaged, and in one of them, in command, was an officer, a strict martinet, sadly unpopular with his crew. In his boat was a reckless, daring fellow, who had lately, and he thought unjustly, been told off for punishment, and as they passed under

[1] The name of Maile, or Mayle, is found no less than twenty-two times in Mr. Fox's book, in his list of Bailiffs of Godmanchester in the seventeenth century, but then disappears.

one of these nests, Jack, as if seized with a sudden inspiration, cried out "Hulloa, here goes," and raising his oar struck down the nest into the boat. The enraged insects flew out in a swarm, and everybody was badly stung, but most severely the unpopular officer. His disgust may be imagined, but Jack and his fellows did not care, there was no offence within the articles of war, and they thought their own smart well repaid by the payment of their grudge against a common enemy.' The hornets of Borneo are formidable foes. Bishop McDougall once suffered from them. He was in the jungle with native attendants and he suddenly heard them cry, 'Hornets, Tuan, hornets!' as they fled. He tried to escape, but received several stings on his neck and head, and he describes the pain as very severe.[1]

Again, the Bishop would often tell how on one occasion he was in his cutter some miles from land on the coast of Borneo, when he saw what he thought was a great rock half covered with seaweed. Approaching as close as he could with safety, and thinking that he might possibly land upon it, he saw it, to his surprise, paddle off, trailing a forest of sea-weed behind it. It was a mighty turtle, and his Malay boatmen said that 'it was the father of all the tortoises.' As he was very accurate and truthful in his statements, the story is worth relating, as it goes so far to prove the belief that in those distant seas monsters may still survive which are commonly supposed to be extinct, and known only to the geologist in the fossil state as relics of prehistoric times. In the case of the gigantic chelonians this is the more probable, as they are described both by Pliny and Ælian as abounding in the Indian seas in their days.

When he had accepted the vicarage, Bishop McDougall

[1] The British insect is sufficiently repulsive. Has the reader ever seen his way with the honey-bee? Seizing her in his grasp, with his powerful jaws he shears off her wings, her legs, and her head, and flies off with her to his terrible nest.

'Ipsasque volantes
Ore ferunt dulcem nidis immitibus escam.'

received after a long interval a letter from the Bishop of Natal. The two brothers-in-law, not having been in England together, had not met for many years, and although there had been constant friendly communication by letter between the families, and Bishop Colenso had regularly sent his books to Bishop M^c^Dougall, they had by a tacit consent avoided as much as possible those controversial questions by which Bishop Colenso was surrounded, and in which the two were not likely to agree. Their relations to each other will not be thought uninteresting.

'Bishopstowe, Natal: May 6, 1868.

'My dear Frank,—It is a long time since I wrote to you, but you will understand that this has in great part arisen from the wish not to involve you in any way in my troubles, and to leave you perfectly free to act as you thought best, so long as you held the office of Bishop of Labuan. Now, however, that you have retired, or have taken measures for retiring, from that office, I have no such difficulty, and shall let you know from time to time what we are about here, in hope that you may be able to counteract some of the gross misrepresentations which have been made of my doings all over England during the past year.

'But first let me congratulate you, as I do most heartily, on your having reached at last a haven, where you and yours may rest for a while after your exhausting labours. Now if you could have a canonry added, it would be very pleasant, and make you at least comfortable for the rest of your days, with all your children about you. As for us, we must, I suppose, battle on at least until this fight is fairly fought out. If indeed the Bishop of Oxford and his friends had approached me in a proper spirit at first—if instead of denouncing me in pastoral letters and inhibiting me, after they had published in the "Times" their second notice and before I had any power to answer it, they had shown me a little brotherly love and sympathy, . . . they might in all probability have gained their

wishes long ago, so far as my resignation of my see was concerned. But who would submit—what Englishman, at any rate—to the course of injustice to which I have been subjected?'

Although Bishop McDougall disagreed in his theological views with Bishop Colenso, he was not insensible to the grandeur of his character and the true piety of his heart. This is not the place to dwell upon the events referred to in this letter, but it may be regretted that there should have been not only the divergence in views, but an entire misunderstanding between the Bishop and his opponents as to the position intended to be taken. When he came over to England he had not decided to publish his book on the Pentateuch, at least in the form in which it was issued, but he had printed the early part of it privately at Bishopstowe, in Natal, and brought over some copies to lay confidentially before his friends in England, including some eminent persons in whose theological learning he most trusted. He seems to have thought that they would either refute and convince him, or be themselves converted to his views. He would not be persuaded, in the guilelessness of his heart, that a circulation of this kind might be equivalent to publication, but such was the case. A theological opponent, the near relative of one who had received a copy, found it in his library, and, without another word, reviewed it in violent terms in a newspaper. The complete publication was thus precipitated. The position of the Bishop was then like that of Zeno in the 'Parmenides,' who says, 'A love of discussion led me to write the book, and some one stole the writings; I had therefore no choice about the publication of them.'

It is then quite unjust to suppose that he threw them precipitately as an apple of discord into the religious world, and by addressing to the many that which should have been addressed to a few—*ad clerum*—wilfully shook the faith of the unstable.

Similar letters followed, those of the Bishop of Natal almost entirely relating to his own position and progress, and therefore not pertinent to the life of Bishop M^c^Dougall. When the latter was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Huntingdon, the Bishop of Natal wrote (February 11, 1870): 'I am delighted to hear of your appointment and hope that some friend will before long transfer you to a more southern living, where you will be less subject to a renewal of your old attacks. I am thankful to say that I have had no return as yet of the rheumatic fever, and, on the whole, thank God, am very well, although getting tired of so much horse exercise, which would better suit a younger man.' When in 1874 he came to England to plead the cause of Langalibalele and the Hlubi tribe of Kaffirs, his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of justice struck an answering chord in the heart of Bishop M^c^Dougall. He sailed for Natal, never to return to England, at Christmas 1874, and his last visit *en route* for Southampton, where he embarked, was to the Close at Winchester. He died on June 20, 1883, at 2 P.M., the news travelling by the telegraph, aided by the difference in longitude, so rapidly, that it was in the London evening papers of that same day. On the 25th Bishop M^c^Dougall wrote to his brother-in-law: 'I have had neither time nor heart to write a line about the very sad and startling news of our poor brother J. W. Natal's call to another world. I thought that he was likely to have outlived me, but God has willed it otherwise. John did what he thought to be his work and duty most earnestly and faithfully, and the good that he did or tried to do for others will, I trust, now meet its reward. His wife and daughter are much in my mind, their desolation must be terrible—poor dears, one can only pray the Father of the fatherless to support and comfort them, as He only can.' 'Harriette tells me you contemplate coming to us in July. You and yours are always welcome as flowers in May to us.'

On the death of Bishop Colenso it was earnestly hoped

that the breach in the Church would be healed by the appointment of some moderate and influential Churchman from England as Bishop of Natal, who could have combined all parties and made peace; unhappily, the spirit of Christianity, which is self-sacrifce, and, if necessary, even self-effacement, did not prevail in the colony.

In July 1868 Bishop McDougall took possession of the vicarage at Godmanchester, and shortly after paid his first visit to Ely. In August Mrs. McDougall wrote to her brother, and after describing the confusion of her house, in which painters and plumbers filled every corner, says: 'We went to Ely on Tuesday morning to stay with the Evans. Numerous grey- and white-headed clergy accompanied us on our journey, and Frank went off at once to the Cathedral, where the Diocesan Assembly was held. He spent all day there and at the Palace. I called on Mrs. Harold Browne and Mrs. Goodwin, and went to an evening party at the Palace, where I had a long chat with the Bishop, who took me in to supper.' From that date commenced a friendship between the two Bishops and their wives which never wavered, which grew warmer as years rolled on, and which to the McDougalls was the delight of their lives. That Bishop McDougall should attach himself to the Bishop of Ely, and assist in the performance of the labours which followed the responsibilities of a large diocese, was natural, but the relationship was closer than that which such attachments usually produce, and while on the one hand he held Bishop Harold Browne in profound esteem for his many admirable qualities, on the other his own strong common sense as a counsellor, and his warm-hearted affection, enabled him to make a worthy return for the abundant proofs of his diocesan's regard.

On March 5, 1870, he writes: 'I have a piece of news for you, which is, that I am at present Archdeacon-designate of Huntingdon. Canon Yorke has sent in his resignation, and yesterday I received a note from the Bishop offering it to

me in the kindest way. I shall meet him to-day at Bedford, to which place I am just off for Lent mission work, to preach and confirm for the next two weeks.' And here it may be observed that Bishop M^c^Dougall never became a suffragan to Bishop Harold Browne, but he held a commission from him under the episcopal seal, authorising him to perform episcopal acts in the Diocese of Ely, and this was renewed on his transfer to Winchester. His position was then thus explained by the Bishop: 'To my understanding, your position is different to that of a mere suffragan. You have retired, after good and honoured service, from necessity of health, from the duties of a diocesan bishop, and though the canons of the early Church forbid retired bishops to exercise episcopal duties except as commissioned by diocesans, or as chorepiscopi (equivalent to suffragan), still you would be esteemed a bishop pleno jure.' Under these commissions, Bishop M^c^Dougall did much work for his diocesan to his own great satisfaction, for the exercise of his functions as a bishop was always a pleasure to him. When Canon Yorke resigned his stall in Ely Cathedral in 1871, Bishop M^c^Dougall was appointed to the canonry also.

On becoming Archdeacon he was naturally anxious to ascertain what really were archidiaconal functions, and he applied for advice to his predecessor, and other friends who held the office. This was kindly supplied, but even now, and among Churchmen too, the subject seems to be thought sufficiently nebulous to make it worth while to give the result of his inquiries and experiences. In the first instance, the sum of the whole matter seems to have been that he should put himself into the hands of his registrar, his principal official, who was bound to see that his acts were lawful, and should himself be very cautious in giving legal advice. 'After Easter,' said Canon Yorke, 'you must hold a visitation to certify the appointment of churchwardens, who are elected by the parishioners, and come to you to ratify their appointments, and

then, if you please, you address your clergy. When I was appointed, Bishop Turton told me that I had nothing to do with doctrinal teaching as archdeacon, which you will be glad to hear, probably.' The two principal duties of an archdeacon then appeared to be, the induction, as ordinary, of the presentees of livings after their institution by the Bishop, thereby placing them in real and corporal possession of their benefices, and the admission of the newly elected churchwardens to their offices after they had made the declaration required by law. Both of these duties might be performed by deputy, and generally were so. In addition, the Archdeacon might hold a visitation of his clergy and deliver a charge, and in consequence of the incidence of the visitation fees generally does so at the visitation of churchwardens. In his charges, Bishop McDougall always considered that it was his duty to dwell upon the changes of Church law, made or contemplated by statute, as well as upon legal ecclesiastical questions newly settled by the interpretation of the courts, and he used to apply to a legal friend for materials; but he was advised that it was not even necessary at a visitation that he should deliver a charge, and might omit it, or content himself with a sermon. Anyone who consults the law books will find much shadowy information under the head of Archdeacon. But it is not here to our purpose, and the learning is almost entirely obsolete. He may hold a court of which his official is the judge, and various disciplinary matters were formerly there presentable, and he is to compel the due repairs of sacred buildings; but in 1840 all criminal jurisdiction was taken from him, and since the Act of 1868 there can be no compulsory church-rate. Even the duties assigned to him in the rubrics to the ordination services have fallen into abeyance in the present days of episcopal activity and examining chaplains.

It might then appear that his obligations were not very onerous, especially in a quiet district like Huntingdon, of which the story was told, that Bishop Blomfield used to say

that it was a proof that a county could go on without either bishop or archdeacon. Nevertheless the office has still considerable importance, although it depends much on the capacity of the holder, who exercises a willingly conceded precedency over the clergy of his archdeaconry, who continually consult him in matters of difficulty or doubt, especially when they hesitate to apply to their diocesan, and he is *ex officio* a member of Convocation. His position is then essentially one in which where authority ceases influence begins. In all districts difficulties, disputes, and scandals must from time to time arise; and if the Archdeacon is a wise man, and one who knows the world and has a kindly nature, he becomes the recognised referee and arbitrator, and the general pacificator of his archdeaconry in ecclesiastical affairs. Examples of such questions are charges sustainable or not against individuals as criminous clerks, the restoration and adornment of churches, especially in cases where faculties can be dispensed with—the right to pews and sittings, and similar matters in which disputes may have become heated enough, but are not yet ripe for legal proceedings. And in all contests on such subjects, when they become insoluble by his arbitration, he becomes the adviser of his diocesan, who also makes use of him for the purpose of consulting with his clergy, and bringing before them subjects which he is desirous of ventilating.

When in after years Bishop M^c^Dougall was transferred to the more separate jurisdiction of the Isle of Wight, divided from the mainland by the narrow seas of the Solent, the archdeaconry became in his hands almost a little bishopric, and he proved himself to have, in the words of the Bishop of Winchester, 'a faculty for peace-making.'

There are not many public local matters in which the Archdeacon could take the initiative, but one may be mentioned in which he did so. When Archbishop Wake was translated in 1716 from the see of Lincoln to that of Canterbury, he left behind him in the old episcopal palace of Buckden a

considerable theological library for the use of the clergy of the district, and in 1870, upon the sale by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of the Palace, which had become ruinous after the removal of the Bishop of Lincoln to Risholme, it became necessary to consider what should be done with the books. They then amounted to some 1,200 volumes, mainly theological, and included some fine copies of the Fathers and some works of secular interest. Bishop McDougall having called a meeting of rural deans to consider the question, proposed that they should be removed to Huntingdon and placed in a room over the Grammar School, which had been offered by the Head Master for their reception, and made the nucleus of a theological library for the clergy of the archdeaconry. The proposal was cordially seconded and carried out, but after the restoration of the Grammar School, which involved the destruction of the old room in which the books were kept, they again became without a home. This was found for them elsewhere by Archdeacon Vesey in a room belonging to him, now known as the Archdeaconry Library, in the centre of Huntingdon. He reports 'that they have been added to since their resettlement, and that the clergy make a fair use of them.' This library, now in excellent condition, would seem to be a feature in the clerical life of the little town. 'I wish,' adds the Archdeacon, 'that I could contribute some of the vigorous sentences which adorned the charges that the Bishop delivered during the four years that he held the archdeaconry, but they were not printed, and are now unattainable except in the form of short reports in the local newspapers.'

In the Parish Church of All Saints, Huntingdon, where the visitations of the Archdeacon are held, some interesting records of Oliver Cromwell are preserved which appear to have escaped the attention of his biographers but are worth mentioning for their historical interest, and were first pointed out to his brother-in-law by Bishop McDougall. Carlyle says truly that Cromwell was born in the parish of St. John the

Baptist and christened in the church there on April 29, 1599, for which he refers to Noble's biography of Cromwell published in 1787, who must have had before him Heath's book (Carrion Heath as Carlyle calls him), which was published in 1663 and contained scandalous statements respecting the wild life of the great man in early days, in London and Cambridge Of these charges Carlyle says no particle of evidence exists. On examining, however, the registers of St. John's which have been preserved in All Saints' since 1668, when the two parishes were united after the demolition of St. John's Church fifteen years previously, we find the following entries:

'1621.—Hoc anno Oliverus Cromwell filius Robti reprehensus est coram totâ ecclesiâ. J. T.'

And again:

'1628.—Hoc anno Oliverus Cromwell . . . (egit?)—pœnitentiam coram tot. eccles. J. T.'

The above being the initials of John Tomlinson, the rector of that date.

These entries are in such a condition as to call for the careful inspection of experts before final acceptance. The writing is very similar to the other entries of the Rev. John Tomlinson, which are in a very beautiful and clerklike hand, and continue up to 1640; but the first has been tampered with, and an attempt has been made to erase it; while the date of the second, eight years after Cromwell's marriage and immediately before his election as member for Huntingdon, is so much later than would have been expected, as at least to create some surprise, if the figures 1628, which are considerably higher up on the page, are to be considered as governing this entry. And if they are genuine, how can we account for their lying unnoticed?

The following might be thought a reasonable explanation in that case. There is no record of the custody of the register between 1653 and 1668, so that when Heath's book was published in 1663 it may not have been accessible. In 1653 Oliver

was in the height of his power, and the holder might well prefer to allow it to remain in obscurity, or he may have been a partisan, a Puritan justice of the peace, who may have obtained possession of it officially, although it must be admitted that there are no entries in the register of marriages taking place at that time, as the manner then was, before a justice. In 1658 Oliver died, and in January 1661 his body was torn from its tomb in Westminster Abbey and burnt at Tyburn. In 1668, when the register was brought to All Saints', the interest in his personal character may have faded, or in the prevailing profligacy of the years following the Restoration youthful escapades may have been thought venial; or the clerical custodian of the record may have shrunk from quoting it, and giving an additional authority for the toleration of vice in high places. If the entries are not spurious, they are evidence of the truth of the tradition reproduced by Villemain, who says, when speaking of Cromwell's conversion, 'A son retour de Londres après avoir scandalisé la petite ville de Huntingdon par ses excès, il changea tout à coup.'

For the verification thus far of these entries we are indebted to Archdeacon Vesey, the Bishop's successor in the archdeaconry, who first rediscovered them in examining the records entrusted to him when he was rector of All Saints', and from whom the Bishop himself first heard of them. The Archdeacon adds that when Carlyle was staying at Hinchinbrook many years afterwards, he showed him the register, and that he was much interested in it, and said that he had never verified the baptismal entry, but had taken it on trust from Noble. He does not appear to have cared to refer to it in any subsequent edition of his work, but as Mr. Hepworth Dixon was staying in the house at the time, and also saw the register, it is possible that it may have been mentioned in the 'Athenæum.'

The Cathedral of Ely is one of the grandest of churches, and one that has suffered least from the ravages of either time or the restorer; but half a century ago its internal aspect was

very different from its present splendour. Its walls were covered with white or yellow wash, and the heavy choir of those days seemed a mass of black paint. It fell, however, into reverent hands. The first adviser of the Dean and Chapter was Professor Willis, with the assistance of Mr. Basevi, the architect of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, who died within its walls by a fall from the lantern of Alan de Walsingham. Afterwards, Sir Gilbert Scott restored the choir, and from his designs a superb alabaster reredos was erected by a gentleman of the county in memory of his wife. In all the restorations the details were carried out in a true Church spirit, marvellous at a time when a harmless surplice in the pulpit was called a rag of Popery, and the Cathedral service itself was thought rather worldly, and only to be tolerated for its sanction by the illustrious Milton. For this no doubt much was due to the personal influence of Dean Peacock, who was popular with all parties. Bishop M^c^Dougall delighted in Ely Cathedral; he even preferred it to that of Winchester, where every fragment is a relic, or historical. He was captivated by its combined beauty and solemnity, to which the only drawback is to be found in some frightful modern stained-glass windows, dating from the second infancy of the art, shortly after 1840. Oh for a herald's progress 'to reverse, pull down, or otherwise deface' periodically all unauthorised and offensive painted glass in our churches! Bishop M^c^Dougall had no hand in the restoration of the Cathedral, which was brought to a close by the repairs of the great lantern, done in Dean Goodwin's time before his consecration to the see of Carlisle; but he left behind him one material record in the completion of the canonry house allotted to him. The buildings of the close, or college as it is termed at Ely, the remains of the extensive conventual buildings of the abbey, are full of picturesque details. There is scarcely a house in which there is not a room with a groined stone roof supported on pillars, fine carved work, or delicate tracery; but

the ancient remains are so fragmentary that no reconstruction of the whole, even conjectural, has as yet, it is believed, ever been attempted with any success. The Bishop's house was no exception to the general rule. The old part of the house contained a fine Norman arch forming the staircase window, there was a Purbeck marble archway to the kitchen doorway with curious mouldings, the drawing-room was lighted by tall stone mullioned windows overlooking the Cathedral, and beneath it was a crypt with a vaulted roof converted into the dining-room. The restoration or transformation of this part of the house was commenced by Archdeacon Yorke, who also opened an old room at the end of the drawing-room, which the Bishop used as a library. This room had some curious features, one of which was a narrow stone staircase that wound up a turret to the roof, and in the turret was a recess, in which two skeletons were found walled up. Of course the room was supposed to be haunted, but whether it was the Bishop's exorcisms or their Christian burial that appeased the ghosts, on the removal of the remains they were never seen. The wind, it is true, moaned and whispered in the turret, suggesting to a midnight worker, if of nervous temperament, retirement for the night far away in one of the comfortable modern bed-chambers, but nothing alarming was ever visible. Attached to these old chambers, built to last for ages, was the more modern side of the house, but when possession was given the latter was a ruin and unsafe even to walk in. It was entirely pulled down and rebuilt under the able direction of Mr. Norman Shaw.

But of more consequence to the happiness of those days than the structures in which they were spent, was the composition of the Cathedral community itself. In few dioceses could the society be more delightful or full of peace, and it had been so for a long time. The Bishop did not vex the Dean and the Dean did not envy the Bishop, while to the Chapter the great church was a tie of brotherhood, and its

members were agreed to 'walk in the house of God as friends.' Dr. Merivale was at that time dean, and among the canons were numbered Dr. Selwyn, Regius Professor of Greek at the University of Cambridge, one of the wittiest and most charming of companions; Canon Yorke, whom we have already mentioned, the model of an English gentleman; and others still surviving, and of whom therefore it would be unbecoming to speak.

The isolation of Ely—it was nearly seventeen miles from Cambridge by road, with very few resident gentry except the clergy, and in a great measure dependent for its society on the Great Eastern Railway as its connecting link with the outer world—threw the members of the Chapter much upon each other; and in those days the ladies of the college were not less united. It is remembered that on one occasion a series of calls was made by some strangers, who were surprised to find that on every inquiry the lady of the house was reported as 'not at home,' but on finally calling at the palace the mystery was explained: the whole party of absentees was there assembled, quite casually, in the garden at afternoon tea, under the auspices of Mrs. Harold Browne, beneath the shadow, on the one side, of the great plane-tree, probably the finest in England, and, on the other, of the Cathedral tower, round which wheeled in circles two Norway or peregrine falcons, rare and beautiful visitors who had made their eyry there that season. And this little anecdote of the ladies of the college was typical.

The society within the Chapter might naturally have tended to exclusiveness, and was full of old-world customs which may fall to the future biographer of some very reverend member of it to relate, but amongst them were certainly some attempts at expansiveness, such, for example as the shoulder of mutton dinner which took place twice in every year. In most Chapters it is believed that special provisions are made by statute, or otherwise, for the hospitality of the deanery,

but at these dinners the Dean was only *primus inter pares*, and with the Chapter formed the collective host and shared the cost, even the plate and linen being their undivided property. The principal clergy and gentlemen of the town were the guests, and everyone who possessed an official costume was expected to wear it, the hosts appearing in their gowns and trencher caps. These dinners derived their name from the shoulder of mutton which, with a plentiful supply of eels, a primary article of conventual diet in old times in the Eastern Counties, as is well known to all readers of monastic chronicles, that of Joscelin de Brakelonde, for example, formed *de rigueur* part of the feast. That they gained much by the genial presence of our Bishop goes without saying. But he and Mrs. McDougall were not contented with these more solemn functions, or even an occasional evening party where people might be lost in a crowd, but all through their residence she had Wednesday evenings, weekly or fortnightly, at which, with charades, *tableaux vivants*, and music, and the like innocent pleasures under the management of her daughters, who were very clever in such matters, a fusion of classes and professions took place.

From the date of his appointment to the archdeaconry he took an active part in all proceedings in which the diocese was interested. On July 10, 1873, he was present at the Ely Diocesan Conference, and, when the question of Retreats came under discussion, expressed his opinion that they were a questionable way of promoting spiritual life, that they might be organised among the clergy when desired, but that it would be a great mistake to make them a matter of diocesan regulation. Instead of retreats he advocated missions, where men might be drawn together for mutual help, sympathy, advice and prayer.

In the same year when the Bishop of Ely, in company with Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, attended the Congress of the Old Catholics of Germany at Cologne, he took charge

of the diocese in his absence, and held an ordination on his behalf in Ely Cathedral.

During their residence at Ely the most important public event was the bissexcentenary Festival of St. Etheldreda, in October 1873, the commemoration of the twelve hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the abbey by its first abbess, the sainted virgin and queen.[1] It was probably one of the most imposing ecclesiastical celebrations which has taken place in England since the Reformation, or, even beyond the limits of our own country, since the suppression of the temporal power of the Pope. It was graced by the presence of the Primate, Archbishop Tait, the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Harold Browne, the Bishop of Lincoln, the saintly and now sainted Christopher Wordsworth, the Bishop of Peterborough, who preached one of his marvellous sermons on the occasion, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Earl of Powis, and many other noble and illustrious persons. Amid such an assemblage there could be little opportunity for any notice being called to a humble archdeacon and canon, but Bishop M^cDougall was noted for his magnificent reading of the lessons. His voice as at Ely, so at Winchester, rang like a bell from his capacious chest, and sounded through the depths of the mighty building. On the great day of the festival the last chapter of the Book of the Revelation was the appointed lesson, and when his sonorous voice and striking appearance had riveted the attention of the congregation, something like a thrill ran through at the conclusion, when, reverently raising his hand and bowing with much solemnity, he pronounced the invocation and benediction:

'Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus. The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.'

Of this incident we are reminded by his friend, Archdeacon Emery, still Canon of Ely.

Among the guests in his hospitable house were Mr. A. B.

[1] See Monogram by the Dean of Ely. Simpkin & Marshall.

Beresford Hope, Lady Mildred Beresford Hope, Canon Kingsley, during part of his visit, Dr. Ogle, his brother-in-law, and some county magnates. That it should be a pleasant party was certain when Bishop and Mrs. McDougall were host and hostess. One little occurrence may perhaps be mentioned respecting Kingsley, as illustrative of his poetic temperament. The weather was magnificent, and one evening, returning from the Cathedral, he, with three or four others, was standing in the hall of the house, when someone remarked, 'Why, Kingsley, this must remind you of the West Indies.' 'Yes,' he said, 'it does,' and then he wandered off in a long monologue, as if alone, on the West Indian night and all its glories. There was nothing to be said after that, and as he ended his friends smiled and ascended the staircase in silence. This was in October 1873; in a few months, alas! he left them for a region where we may hope that a heavenly hierarchy shines still more gloriously.

There was a strong personal attraction between Bishop McDougall and Canon Kingsley, who was understood to have intended to draw a picture of the former in the character of the hero of one of his later novels.

One rather curious thing happened at this time. We have mentioned that a very beautiful reredos had been erected many years before in the Cathedral as a memorial, and at a public luncheon then held the toast was proposed of the benefactors of the Cathedral, and with it was coupled the name of the munificent donor, who returned thanks in excellent taste. This gentleman was, however, probably the only man who ever lived whose health was drunk for putting up a monument to a deceased member of his own family, unless such a thing may have happened in the commemoration feasts of the ancient Egyptians.

At the close of a festival an evening reception was held at the Palace, when a conversation took place with his Grace the Archbishop, which under other circumstances might have

changed the current of Bishop M^c^Dougall's future life. The subject was South Africa and the appointment of a successor to Bishop Gray, whose death had left the See of Capetown vacant. It ended by the Archbishop asking whether any name could be suggested for the appointment, and when a negative followed from one very unwilling to undertake such a responsibility, his Grace said, 'Well, you can think it over, and if you like, you may write to me on the subject.' No name had been mentioned or even hinted at, so that there was no obligation to carry the matter further; but on consideration, the person addressed thought that the Archbishop, who knew the relationship between the two Bishops, and had spoken to him before of South African affairs, must have had Bishop M^c^Dougall in his mind, as one likely to find a *modus vivendi* with his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Natal, and be at the same time acceptable to the Churchmen of Capetown. It seemed, however, that the age and shattered health of both Bishop M^c^Dougall and his wife forbade his undertaking so arduous a duty, and that he was not called upon, after all his labours, to expatriate himself again, to carry on a work which would require all the energies of a younger man, although, if he had thought himself directly called upon by the Primate, he might have been ready to make the sacrifice. Nothing more was, therefore, said or written, and the responsibility of declining the primacy of South Africa was not risked for the Bishop; but it cannot be considered unimportant in the history of his life, that he should have been thought of by Archbishop Tait for such an office.

We have seen that, before the Bishop's accepting the vicarage of Godmanchester, he had received the offer of a London living from the Archbishop, when Bishop of London, and that offer and the incident just related are not the only proofs remaining of the Archbishop's regard and confidence in one not unfrequently with him. The last is a touching letter, dated June 18, 1878, from Stonehouse, St. Peter's,

Thanet, respecting the death of his son, Crawford Tait, thanking him 'for your kind note, the sequel to your great kindness in coming to Addington to see our dear son'—a visit paid at the Archbishop's request made in a note dated the 19th of the preceding month. And Bishop McDougall in return loved the Primate. At the next meeting of Convocation which followed the Archbishop's death in 1882, in writing to his wife he says (April 10, Jerusalem Chamber): 'We have just come in from celebration in the Abbey. I much missed dear old Archibald Campbell's voice. There was a power and weight in it, not to me supplied by the soft musical tones of our new president, whom may God bless and strengthen for his work.'

Over the whole of this festival at Ely there hung one shadow. It was the farewell of Bishop Harold Browne to the diocese. He had been nominated as the successor of Bishop Wilberforce in the See of Winchester, and had accepted the appointment.

CHAPTER XIII.

WINCHESTER.

ON the translation of Bishop Harold Browne from Ely to Winchester, it seemed as if the intimate relationship between the two bishops must terminate, but at the same time a canonry in Winchester fell vacant, together with the archdeaconry of the Isle of Wight, and it became possible that they should be removed together. This was ultimately effected by arrangement with the Prime Minister, in whose gift the Winchester canonry lay, and on his appointing Bishop M^c^Dougall to it, the Ely canonry was placed at his disposal. The change was desired by the Bishop's family on account of the health, both of himself and Mrs. M^c^Dougall, for the cold of Ely had become absolutely dangerous to them; but to him the great attraction was the continuance of his connection with his friend. That it was lamented at Ely was proved by the warm letters of regret received, both from Dean Merivale and the Bishop-elect, Dr. Woodford. In a pecuniary point of view it was a sacrifice; for although at that time the Winchester canonry was the more valuable of the two, the separation from the diocese involved the resignation of the vicarage of Godmanchester, as well as of the archdeaconry of Huntingdon. The latter was replaced by the archdeaconry of the Isle of Wight. But he did not undertake parochial work in the new diocese until November 1881, when he accepted the small living of Milford-by-the-Sea, which was in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester. The parish was very pleasantly situated, looking over the

Solent upon the Needles and the Isle of Wight, and gave him a house in a mild sea air, to the great benefit of his health and that of Mrs. McDougall, although it scarcely produced any pecuniary emolument, after due provision had been made for the curate, and other necessary outgoings. He was never wholly happy without some pastoral charge, but his remaining so long without it was not for want of opportunity, for the patronage of the valuable living of Alton, which belonged to the Chapter, twice fell into his gift, but he refrained from presenting himself on the ground that the work was thought beyond his strength ; and this was, after some consideration, the counsel of the Bishop of Winchester on the subject.

Eventually the change of canonries became, in itself, a severe loss. On the rearrangement of their endowments, under the Acts establishing the Ecclesiastical Commission, the Cathedral Chapters had the liberty of electing to take their emoluments in the form of either annuities charged upon the General Fund of the Commission, or in the shape of reduced specific and unincumbered landed endowments, and the members of the old Chapter of Winchester, who had always been accustomed to be squires, elected to take their endowments in land. At that time they naturally looked upon the land as more certain and permanent than annuities, and likely to increase rather than diminish in value, as it had in fact done steadily during the first three-quarters of the century.

For the first two years of his holding the canonry, the affairs of the Chapter went on swimmingly, but when agricultural distress set in, and bad harvests and falling prices commenced, the pressure fell with crushing severity on the Winchester Chapter. Tenants threw up their farms, in some cases became bankrupt, and were unable to pay their arrears or fulfil the conditions of their leases, and when new tenants could not be found, the management of the land was thrown upon the landlords, who had to find the funds to work it, while it was often much run out and in bad condition. But the susten-

tation of the fabric of the Cathedral, the support of the choir, and the payment of the minor canons and other officials, had to be provided for without deduction, so that the loss was, in effect, that of the Dean and Canons alone. In one year, owing to the accumulation of these causes, their stipends, it is believed, were brought down to zero, but during the remainder of the Bishop's life they were greatly reduced—how greatly we cannot venture to say, but it is certain that he thereby became unexpectedly pinched for money. His finances were also seriously affected from another cause. When he left Borneo, a great part of his funds had been invested in the Straits. This had been done under the advice of his good friends the managers of the Borneo Company, with whom he had left his money, and not unwisely, for the investments had been well and carefully made by them, and they watched over his interests as if they had been their own. This he always felt and acknowledged, but the investments, being made in dollars, were affected by the fall in the value of silver that followed, and which, at the time of their making could not have been anticipated. He had looked to those funds as his provision for his family, and his plan had been, if possible, to allow them to accumulate for this object, and he seems to have felt it a self-imposed duty to permit them to do so. The difference between the rate of interest in the Straits and that upon safe securities at home must have gone some distance in preventing any eventual loss, but at the very time that his stipend as canon failed, he had the vexation of seeing the depreciation of his property abroad. Nevertheless, he bore these misfortunes bravely, although sometimes sorely troubled, and while he diminished his expenses in every possible direction, still kept up the large but unostentatious hospitality of his house at Winchester, in which he delighted, and which, under the circumstances of the case, during his residence appeared especially necessary.

How he got on as he did, and that without laying himself

open to any outside obligations, and with the cheerfulness that he showed, was a wonder to his brother-in-law, who knew most of his affairs. One of his stories of Chapter difficulties, told with much amusement but with some injunctions as to care in its repetition, may perhaps now be related without wounding any susceptibilities, for the occurrence happened before the advent of the present Dean, and the Chapter has since entirely changed. It shows the difficulty of the management of landed property by a corporate body of elderly ecclesiastics in time of trouble. One of their largest farms had been thrown upon their hands, and no tenant could be found, and they were therefore compelled to undertake its cultivation themselves, through an agent. When the crops had to be settled a Chapter was called, and their agent attended, and they were recommended to plant barley as their mainstay. Why, it does not appear, but the price of barley had been high the year before, and farmers, like other producers, seem always ready to rush in to overstock and throw down a good market. The barley might have answered, it sprung up and promised an abundant harvest, but a very wet season set in, harvest-men could not be obtained at the right time, and the barley sprouted and rotted on the ground. The agent then advised them that there was nothing to be done but to buy a large quantity of pigs, who would eat off the barley as it stood, and that thereby the harvesting would be saved, and the barley turned into pork, which would carry itself to market in the absence of farm horses. Another Chapter was, therefore, called, and a cheque was drawn, and the pigs were purchased; but alas! a murrain fell upon them, they all became measly, and the Chapter was then told that nothing remained but to slay and bury them. So they were slain and buried at a further outlay, and there was an end of rent, barley, cash, and this most unfortunate live stock.

When he came to Winchester he was elected Treasurer of the Chapter, and at once occupied himself with investigating

the state of the fabric. For the first time, probably for many years, one of the canons climbed the narrow corkscrew stairs of the turrets and examined the roof and tower—no easy thing for an elderly gentleman, scant of breath and stout of body, and with an Indian liver. There are few things more curious than the immense stone roof of a Cathedral church, like that of William of Wykeham over the nave of Winchester. The visitor, after a long climb, finds himself on a ridgeway stretching from one end to the other, where a single false step on either side may precipitate him into one of the deep caverns formed by the arches of the bays, where an active man may easily break a limb or his neck; while over his head is the external roof of timber covered with lead, with a few apertures to give a twilight glimmer over the whole. This roof was a constant care and anxiety to the Bishop, especially on account of the leadwork, which required recasting and renewing, and probably does so at the present time, for it is whispered that every year the plumbers find a long occupation upon it—a perilous work notwithstanding the great care taken in this case, and one which has called down the Fire King to the destruction of many a stately edifice. But still more pressing was the necessity of the reinstalment of the roof of the transepts. The great southern Norman transept was found to be unsafe, not only from the decay of the leadwork, but from the enormous pressure of the ancient timbers becoming too great for the external walls and threatening the collapse of that part of the building. On the urgent application of Bishop M^c^Dougall, backed by the representations of the architect of the Cathedral, to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the repair of the transept was undertaken, a new roof constructed and the old lead stripped off, remelted and rolled afresh and replaced with excellent results. Nor was this all: a constant work of gradual repair was introduced. An experienced and skilful working mason, Mr. Alexander Skirving by name, was sent from London by Mr. Ewan Christian, the

architect of the Commissioners, who, on reporting himself to his local representative, Mr. Colson, was referred to the treasurer, without whose approbation nothing was to be done. A stone-mason's yard was then established in the close in a convenient position, and by the mason and his mates, at little cost beyond that of wages and materials, an immense amount of work was accomplished. The whole of the pinnacles of the buttresses on the north side were taken down and renewed, and the decayed and dangerous mullions and tracery in the windows over the entire building, which were very numerous, were taken out and restored with new stone exactly in the original form. Numberless repairs and restorations were thus effected by cutting out the old stones and inserting new ones with great care and reverence, every stone that was inserted being the exact counterpart of the one removed. And this process of constant reparation appears to be still going on, for on June 5, 1889, the 'Guardian' gives the following quotation from the 'Hampshire Chronicle:' 'The heads forming the dripstone terminations of the arches of the south aisle of the nave of Winchester Cathedral are in many cases greatly weathered, although here and there are fine heads remaining of kings or bishops. The Cathedral carver has replaced two that were defaced near the south entrance by those of Bishop Harold Browne and Bishop McDougall—both mitred. For those who are interested in such matters it may be worth mentioning that the stone used was a Somersetshire stone, from Shepton Mallet, called Doulting stone, admirable for outside work, and with time exactly assimilating with the ancient materials, while for internal work, such as the repair of the great reredos, Caen stone was employed.'

He also strove, and successfully, to increase the dignity of the services, which was not a superfluous task, for the excellent persons who formed the Chapter were not, for the most part, of the school that most valued ceremonial worship. It was not that he desired any advanced ritual. Elevations, or

prostrations, or prostrating acolytes, or the censing of persons and things, would have been as unpalatable to him as to any of his brethren. Under his influence the officiating clergy and choristers, after assembling in the transept, proceeded in a single orderly procession to their places and departed in like manner. The celebrations on Sundays and holidays were conducted with great solemnity, and after the due disposal of the remains (if any) of the holy elements, the sacred vessels were reverently carried out by the consecrating clergy. He also, for a long time, held a Bible class of the Cathedral bedesmen every week, and caused a library to be formed for the choir-boys, which was managed by his daughters.

For one rather unfortunate matter relating to the Cathedral Bishop M^c^Dougall was not responsible. A large sum had been raised for a memorial to Bishop Wilberforce, and after providing a new and beautiful oak screen to the choir, an elaborate altar-tomb in marble, with a full-length recumbent effigy under a Gothic canopy, was prepared with the united skill of Sir G. Scott and Mr. Armstead, the sculptor. All who know Winchester Cathedral recognise as its crowning ornament the monument of William of Wykeham, dear to old Wykehamists from the time of the Earl of Essex, who while in command of the Roundheads is said to have threatened to leave the Parliamentary cause if it were defaced ; and there were those, and Bishop M^c^Dougall amongst them, who thought that here was to be found the opportunity of giving it a fitting pendant on the opposite side of the nave, and that the two great ecclesiastics should 'lie in glory' together, each in his own resting-place. Unfortunately there were divided counsels, and a march was stolen upon those members of the Chapter who agreed with the treasurer, and the work was begun and so far advanced that discussion became useless, and Bishop Wilberforce's monument now rests in the transept. Its position is, however, a matter of taste, and not permanently important. There have been eminent men in the past, but there

are far more to follow in the future, and the Cathedrals, as national monuments, must contain their memorials, which will, no doubt, be still more beautiful hereafter, as is proved by the incomparable recumbent figure of good Bishop Fraser, since placed in the Cathedral at Manchester.

He found one interesting survival from his early life in the Cathedral. It is, as is well known, the graceful custom that, when a regiment receives new colours, the old ones, war and weatherworn as they may be, are deposited in the Cathedral of the city in which the new ones are presented, to be reverently preserved as a trophy as long as two shreds of warp and woof can hang together. This had been the case at Winchester with those of the 7th Fusiliers, and the Bishop used to point them out with great satisfaction as the identical ensigns which excited his childish admiration, as they waved over his father's regiment at Corfu and Malta.

Very different from the isolation of Ely is the central position of Winchester. A provincial, once a national capital, and a great county town, surrounded by an important and well-peopled district, a military depot, and the location of one of the great public schools of England, one so eminent that the word 'Winchester' suggests it to many rather than any other of the institutions of the ancient city, it combined all phases of society. Winchester College was always a pleasure to our Bishop, and he delighted to be associated with it. Some of the masters were among his very warm friends, and at his Sunday dinner a visitor would always find some gowned urchins or tall youths as his guests, pleased with a few hours of home life, but terribly learned, as Winchester scholars are always expected to be.

When in May of 1874 he commenced residence in Winchester the Close was in all its beauty, the flowering shrubs were out, and the great trees putting on their first fresh foliage. The voices of the wood-pigeon, the thrush, and the blackbird were heard in the gardens, the ancient canonry houses with

their quaint architecture prompted the expectation of congenial society, and above towered the great walls and archways of the Cathedral, giving completeness to the whole. All seemed full of the promise of happiness, and for some years, in spite of their weak health and the imperfections that beset all things human, the promise was fulfilled. Their first residence, while their own house was preparing, was in a canonry house belonging to Archdeacon Jacob, the justly popular Archdeacon of Wilts, in Dumb Alley, not so called from any characteristic quality that belonged to it or its inhabitants, but as a corruption of Dom or Cathedral Alley, being part of the Close itself. The old house, lined with black oak and with its pleasant garden, was at once filled with a tribe of candidates, 'a nice set of fellows,' says Miss M^c^Dougall, 'one of whom confided to me that he had just been reading "Alton Locke," and had an earnest desire to see "a dean's daughter," a privilege which, to his great contentment, was bestowed upon him.' For on Sunday afternoon, after the ordination, the whole party, including the two Bishops and the Dean, Mrs. M^c^Dougall, and the young ladies, with the young gentlemen in waiting, walked to St. Catherine's Hill, best known as 'Hills' at the college, to enjoy, from the summit of the steep little down, the delightful prospect over the old city, with its towers and churches set in the emerald of the deep water-meadows around it.

When they removed into their own house, also with oak-panelled walls and staircase and many good rooms, and a large garden immediately under the walls of the college, they seem to have all settled down to the occupations best befitting the life before them. Mrs. M^c^Dougall took an active interest in the charitable institutions of the city, the Bishop was busy, while in residence, with his duties as Canon, and when free from them, did much work as Bishop on behalf of his diocesan, and on his own account as Archdeacon. Amongst other functions performed by him were several visits, with confirma-

tions, to the Channel Islands, which are in the diocese of Winchester.

His first visits were in 1875 and 1876. The Bishop of Winchester had visited them in 1874, but was not fond of the sea, and on some occasions, with his overwhelming engagements, was glad to hand them over to such an old salt as Bishop McDougall, on others to have his companionship and to leave to him the visitation of the lesser islands of Sark and Alderney. These visits were, on many accounts, pleasant to the latter, and in the navigation of those treacherous seas there was just enough peril to give a zest to the wanderings of a lover of the ocean. Thus, in his last visit, in August 1884, he wrote to his wife: 'I confirmed forty-two at Sark yesterday. Going we got lost in a fog, and had to let go anchor among a heap of nasty rocks. After waiting two hours, with the unpleasant noise of breakers all round us, which we could not see, the fog lifted a little, so that we crawled out of our dangerous berth, and at length got to the Creux Terrible, where we found boats in waiting to land us—the candidates having been already some two hours in church. We met the Jersey steamer also in a pickle, but she, too, got in safely. To-morrow we start for Jersey. Bishop is well; I am better than I was.'

In 1875 and 1876 he was accompanied by his eldest daughter and one or more of his other children. She relates, that on the first of these visits, on arriving at St. Helier's, to his surprise he found the Dean of Jersey, with the clergy of the island, assembled in state on the quay to receive him. They had had a rough passage, and he was in travelling trim, with a soft hat and puggaree round it, and over all a voluminous Arab bernouse with a red tassel. On seeing the clergy he rushed into the cabin for his shovel hat, but as he went over the gangway was far from looking properly got up for such a solemnity.

On leaving Jersey after his first confirmation there, he took his children a tour in Normandy and Brittany, of which

some incidents are also recalled by his eldest daughter. 'At one inn in Brittany,' she says, 'I overheard it said, that there were three gentlemen in the hotel, one a judge, one a préfet from Algiers, and the third an executioner, and on inquiring I discovered that a dignified English colonel was the judge, my father the préfet from Algiers, and a very learned canon was the executioner.' Such was the impression made upon the Bretons by two English ecclesiastics. The little tour ended without serious misadventure, except that the Bishop was taken so ill at Dinan, that the narrator, without his consent, sent for the English doctor to attend him, and she herself was caught by the tide at Mont St. Michel, and had to wade through the water to a rock to escape the reach of the advancing waves.

Social life is very much what those who live it choose to make it, and Bishop and Mrs. M^c^Dougall liked to have their house full, but they did not forget that theirs was a bishop's house. One New Year's Eve, his daughter mentions, they had a large party, and he observed that 'on the last day of the year they must not forget to be thoughtful,' although all will remember that New Year's Eve in the Church of England is neither a festival nor a fast, like Watch-night in Scotland. All the guests remained to the drama of the dying year as performed on the Cathedral bells ; first came the muffled peal stealing like echoes from the sky—then the solemn tolling, followed by a dead silence—then the clock struck twelve, the old year was gone, the new one come, and the joy-bells rang out to welcome it. At the same moment all assembled broke out into the hymn :

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,

the guests singing with a will, and even the servants and flymen in waiting outside, who we may be sure were not forgotten, joining in it ; and finally the Bishop dismissed them with a blessing.

With such simple pleasures people were drawn together, and No. 3 in the Close was often full. It does not appear that a ball was ever given there, but the young people were fond of acting, and unusually clever in it, generally writing their own plays and charades, and their father saw no harm in this amusement. Neither did their mother, but she had been brought up in the school which added to the time-honoured ten, an eleventh commandment: 'Thou shalt not touch a card or go to the play,' the natural result of days of license, but in better times a burthen on some consciences. It is true that the Church has always been hostile to the drama from the days of Tertullian and Chrysostom, who denounced it, to those of the Puritans, who forbade it, but the old Roman license and the Restoration impurity were alike heathenish, and good men have seen, even in mediæval times, that every human instinct must have its uses, and may be regenerated by the Great Purifier. Mrs. McDougall expressed her own feeling when she wrote: 'I cannot quite get over my puritanical feelings about acting, but I endeavour to be sensible, and become quite enthusiastic when I see them. It is only when I stay at home alone that I feel nervous on the subject.'

In 1877 he felt it his duty to come forward in defence of the memory of Sir James Brooke, which had been recklessly attacked in the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone, who was reported to have spoken of the joint action of the Rajah and her Majesty's forces as 'a shameful proceeding.' In a letter to the 'Times,' dated May 10, he bore testimony to the policy impugned as both just and merciful, and to his knowledge followed by the happiest results even for the populations whose piracy had been suppressed, and he vindicated the memory of his former friend and the proceedings of the naval officers who had acted with him. For this letter he received the thanks of the present Rajah, who pointed out that such assertions, if allowed to pass unnoticed, would be

injurious to the present generation of occupants of the country as well as the memory of the departed.

While retaining his interest in his old profession, Bishop M^c^Dougall never volunteered to exercise it even in Borneo, when a qualified medical practitioner was available. He knew too much to seek to assume responsibility, and was only willing to fill a gap at the call of humanity in case of necessity, or to give his counsel and assistance if appealed to. On his final return to England he considered that he had wholly relinquished the cure of bodies for that of souls. He thought that no man could be fully in touch with his profession unless it retained his undivided devotion, and was very tenacious of the rights of his practising brethren. On this account, amongst others, he was greatly beloved by them wherever he went, while skill and knowledge on their part were ever strong recommendations to his regard. To those most intimate with him he was often a sympathising medical friend, which, no doubt, increased his influence, but he never assumed to be their doctor or to give advice, except very occasionally in the case of the poor. These observations introduce the last medical anecdote to be told of him. It was in the year 1878 that he paid a visit at Monkton Farley to his friend the Rev. Thomas Hammond Tooke, the rector of that parish, and one morning he proposed to accompany him on his pastoral round. Amongst others visited was a poor woman rather above the lowest class, who was very eccentric, and fancied herself the victim of all sorts of maladies, possible and impossible. The Bishop listened to her complaints, which were many, but thought that she most wanted a tonic, and he told her that he would send her some physic. After dinner that day he produced a large-sized black bottle, in which he had placed a good dose of quinine and possibly some other medicaments, and filling it up with his host's best sherry, sent it to his patient. It acted like a charm, and when he looked in upon her a day or two afterwards she professed herself cured, and

offered him a fee. 'Why no,' he said, 'I'm not a doctor, I don't take fees. I'm the Bishop who came to preach on Sunday at Farley.' She was warm in her gratitude, but always declared 'that she was quite sure, that it was not the medicine, but the prayers of the holy Lord Bishop that cured her.'

It seems also proper to add that when Bishop McDougall returned to England after his consecration, he was told that it was his duty to attend at Court, and thereupon he was presented by the Colonial Minister, and that on subsequent occasions, when he became a Cathedral dignitary, he did the same. But although he was, as has been observed, eminently loyal, his attendances were rare, for in his humility he could not feel that his importance or wealth justified his acting otherwise. At the same time he would not have been without encouragement, for in the very highest quarters kindly inquiries were made after 'the Doctor Bishop.'

He also made a point, if possible, of attending the meetings of Convocation, and when he first joined it he expressed himself surprised at the excellence of the speaking. He was not himself much given to make set orations, but he had the happy knack of striking in upon a debate, which had wandered away from its subject to dangerous ground, and bringing it back to its right course, as was proved by little enthusiastic notes of thanks received by him. He must have been almost the only bishop in the Lower House. A friend once called at the Jerusalem Chamber and asked to see him when Convocation was sitting, and received from the imposing-looking official at the door the reply, coupled with a look of almost contempt, 'We haven't any bishops, sir, in these parts.'

He also attended the Pan-Anglican Council in 1878; and it seems proper to mention that for his summons by the Primate he was indebted to the episcopal commission which he held from the Bishop of Winchester, for episcopal orders alone, unattached to any see, would not have been considered sufficient to entitle him to it. Everybody knows that a mystery

enveloped the details of the discussions that took place within the charmed walls of that sacred college, so that nothing can be said of what part Bishop M^c^Dougall took in those debates; but one morning before assembling he took a lay friend into the Palace to show him the place of their meeting. The service in chapel was about to commence, and in the antechapel the Bishop of Dover kindly asked the layman to enter, who, accepting the invitation, found himself, to his dismay, the only man present who was not a bishop. He tells us that he felt dreadfully insignificant, and that as he walked out beside a right reverend prelate, whom he knew very well, the latter, with a half-amused and half-astonished air, exclaimed, 'What, you here?' and received the answer, 'Yes, Saul among the prophets;' but that when he told the story afterwards to the Archbishop, the latter replied with his ever-pleasant courtesy, 'And why not? With all your episcopal friends you are almost a bishop yourself!'

During all these years the amount of suffering endured by both the Bishop and Mrs. M^c^Dougall from ill-health was very great. It was not one of incapacity or hopeless invalidism in either case, but they never recovered from the effects of the climate of Borneo—he from a complication of maladies affecting his heart and liver, and she from a weak chest caused by the damp of Sarawak, and which in either case rendered them liable to acute attacks of an alarming character. In the intervals between these illnesses their spirits would rise, and they would be cheerful and active, but as time advanced the intervals of relief gradually diminished both in completeness and duration, and they were a constant cause of anxiety to their friends. To none more than to their dear friend the Bishop of Winchester, in whose voluminous correspondence on the affairs of the diocese there was a constant undersong of inquiry and tender warning against exposure or undue exertion. On several occasions, by the advice of his doctors, Bishop M^c^Dougall tried the effect of short visits from

home for sanitary reasons, to Bath, to Homburg, to Arcachon and Pau, where he held confirmations; in the winter of 1879 to Ajaccio, in Corsica, where he was accompanied by his wife and daughters, and returned home by Rome and Florence. And in 1883 to Neuenahr-Bad, in the Rhine Valley, when he accompanied his brother-in-law and his family, and went on with them to Baden-Baden and the Black Forest. Corsica suited him, and as he found at Ajaccio an English church and an invalid curate in charge, as was his wont he took much of the clerical duty upon himself, his daughters managing the music; but it seems doubtful whether any of these continental visits were of any real benefit to his health. On their arrival from Florence in 1880, they were both laid up at Kensington with very serious illnesses. The truth was, that to seek health abroad with effect required more health to begin with than they possessed at that time. Change and sunshine, the best possible remedies for chronic ailments, seem insufficient to compensate for the risk incurred when there is a tendency to more acute maladies. Mrs. McDougall made wonderfully light of her illnesses. She had a severe attack of pleurisy in 1879, and described it to her sister 'as her chest having rebelled a little,' and it was the same with accidents from which she suffered while at Winchester, in one of which she broke the bones of her wrist.

As regards the Bishop himself, it was often a hard struggle, very painful to his friends to witness. One of them, the Rev. C. R. Conybeare (who did not, however, live to survive him), well expressed their feelings when he wrote in November 1883: 'We all so grieved on Monday to see your suffering state, while we the more admired the heroic pluck which carried you to the front, when you ought to have been nursed at the rear. You were a sermon and example that I shall not forget, and when I saw you suffering, I felt shame at my so often yielding to my smaller ailments.' In February 1884 his wife wrote of him from Milford: 'There is no

doubt but that the air of this place suits him. Whenever he goes anywhere else for a few days he comes back the worse, partly because travelling upsets him, and partly because he is exposed to the weather in going about. And now confirmation season begins. He is to-day holding confirmations at Thames Ditton and Esher, which take him three days, and I am always thankful to get him back.'

Family events succeeded one another, but have little interest beyond the domestic circle. In 1877 his second daughter was married to the Rev. C. H. Turner, in Winchester Cathedral, which never looked more beautiful than upon that brilliant July morning as the bridal procession moved up the long nave to meet the Bishop of Winchester, who performed the ceremony. There was a large family gathering, and, as is usually the case on such occasions, it was a day of chequered lights and shadows. In 1881 Lady Mildred Hope died, which was a great grief to them all. On Advent Sunday, 1882, Archbishop Tait died, and the important question which touched our Bishop very nearly arose as to the succession to the Primacy. General expectation pointed to the Bishop of Winchester as the fittest person to fill the marble chair of St. Augustine, and he would undoubtedly have done so with universal approval, had not an unwritten rule been for some time adopted in high quarters, which enjoined that beyond the traditionary term of three score years and ten no one should be called to assume that pre-eminent position. The result was a great disappointment to his friends, and especially to Bishop M^c^Dougall, who, however, had the consolation of finding that no separation would take place between them. In this year Mrs. M^c^Dougall published her book, 'Sketches of our Life in Sarawak.' Nearly thirty years before, she had written a little book, entitled 'Letters from Sarawak addressed to a Child,' the letters having been actually written to her little boy Charlie, who died in 1854. Many thousands of this first book had been sold, and on its

falling out of print and on looking it over with a view to republication, she had thought it better to extend the story through the twenty years during which Sarawak had been their home. It is admirably written, and full of interest. In 1883 Bishop Colenso died, and in the same year Bishop and Mrs. McDougall travelled to Fowberry Tower in Northumberland, to be present at the marriage of their only son, to Maud, a daughter of Mr. Andrew Knowles, of Manchester. In this year Dean Bramston resigned the deanery of Winchester, and was succeeded by Dean Kitchin.

In the autumn of 1884, Bishopstowe House, in Natal, was burnt down with an almost total loss of Mrs. Colenso's material possessions. In a letter dated October 12, Mrs. McDougall wrote to her sister: 'When I received your last letter, written about twelve days before the fire, I felt glad that you had some warning of the misfortune. I am also thankful that it did not take place during the night when you were undressed and scarcely awake, which adds to the terror. Still it must have been an awful sight to witness, and I cannot say how much we all admire your courage and the presence of mind which saved all the live creatures first, and then, what was most cherished by you all, the Bishop's portrait, correspondence, and MSS., without caring for plate and valuables. Ah! when dear lives are at stake, or even dear memories, of how little consequence seem other possessions! I often see people's happiness sacrificed to their love of old furniture, and I never could get up any sympathy for it. I have been keeping my room with a bronchial attack, and lately I have been poring over the first volume of F. D. Maurice's Life. It is in some respects depressing. His elder sisters were people of the strongest characters. They had bad health too, which made them tyrannical. He was so very humble, that I am sure that he must sit in high places in the better world. After reading his letters I thought there was a likeness between him and

our dear Bishop Colenso, so I read through again those three sermons which you sent me, and although there would be a great divergence of opinion between the two, I think that they were somewhat alike—alike, at any rate in being God's saints and endowed with the Holy Spirit of God. It seems strange that, much as we loved Mr. Maurice, no mention should be made of us in his memoirs; still it could not be otherwise, he never kept journals, and the few letters that we had from him were destroyed at Sarawak.' The letters had been placed together in a drawer and carried off by some irreverent rats to line their nests with. 'I believe that Col. Maurice, the eldest son, who edits the Life, which is very well written indeed, is a man quite worthy of his father. I wish we knew him; he will be a great soldier, perhaps, some day, and has already distinguished himself.'

And again, speaking in a later letter of Mr. Maurice, she says: 'I think that his is a very sad life, but I can understand the look of triumph on his dead face. Happy, holy saint! I am sure that he and your dear Bishop understand each other now. Would that some whispers from that other world could reach us!' It is, however, just possible that this melancholy view of Mr. Maurice's life is not wholly correct—his fervent and energetic manner in the pulpit, and still more in the reading desk, was very impressive, and may have suggested it, as well as the tone of many of his letters; but he was a man of high social qualities, and could and did enjoy the pleasures of friendship, and take the most vivid interest in the public and intellectual life of his time.

Although herself a humble and earnest Christian, Mrs. M^cDougall possessed a very inquiring mind, and all through her life was fond of reading theological and controversial books. In one of her last letters, written in the closing year of her life, she wrote: 'Dr. —— sent me a pamphlet of his the other day. He has been translating the Clementine Homilies, which he thinks support his Unitarian leanings. He

dared not send them to Frank, but I shall be glad to see them at any rate. Poor man! he is not happy.'

Writing to the same correspondent on the death of Cetewayo, she put the Zulu question in a nutshell. 'In the absence of British rule, there wants one head who will be powerful enough and popular enough to quiet the country. Cetewayo was bound down not to fight, so he was simply a prey to his enemies. If the Government had not trammelled him with promises which he was too faithful to break, he would have been that head.'

And on January 25, 1885, to Mrs. Colenso: 'I should have written before, but have been ill and idle for some weeks. An attack of pleurisy on the top of spasmodic asthma makes breathing a trouble. It reminds me of our dear sister; she used to have these attacks, but not latterly; then bronchitis was her enemy, and, indeed, her last illness. I have been much better since we came to Milford-by-the-Sea, but time, I think, wears out the effect of change of air. Frank is very much out of health. No one knows any remedy for dyspepsia arising from gout, and only those who have it know the pain of it.

'Time moves very fast with us now. The Chapter at Winchester will be completely changed this year, and my dear husband the only one remaining of the Chapter of eleven years ago.' And then she goes on to describe the new Dean and Chapter, with words of praise and admiration for all, but too short a time has passed since they were written to repeat them.

In referring to the old Chapter it is difficult to pass by any name unmentioned, but one must be spoken of—that of the Rev. W. Carus. The chief of a section in the Church not always very sympathetic to those not numbered with it, his large heart and abundant Christian charity united him in the bonds of affection with all his brethren, and especially with the McDougalls. When he resigned his stall in the Cathe-

dral there was no cessation in their friendship, and it was always a pleasure to Mrs. McDougall to be present at his meetings for prayer and the exposition of the Scriptures, which reminded her of her early youth and many friends long parted from her.

In a letter to her sister she describes the first of these meetings to which she was taken when staying with Mr. and Mrs. Carus at Bournemouth. After eulogising her host she says: 'Mab and I went to a Bible-reading on Friday afternoon. About sixty ladies and gentlemen filled a drawing-room belonging to a cousin of Mr. John Abel Smith of Watton. Mr. Carus read a chapter in the Acts, after a hymn and an extempore prayer by himself; then, having expounded the passage, he invited remarks, and several long-bearded military men made irrelevant observations; also another clergyman. Then one man began about spiritualism—was it demoniacal? But Mr. Carus snuffed that out speedily. They were all so kind and affectionate! Afterwards we had tea and coffee full of milk and sugar. Well I liked it. It was something quite new, and yet scented with a bygone fragrance.'

This narrative would scarcely be complete without some reference to the Bishop and Mrs. McDougall's care of the widow and children of one of his former missionaries. The Rev. W. F. Abé, a German, who had been ordained by him in Borneo, and done much faithful service in one of the Dyak missions, and whose name constantly occurs in their letters, as coming up to the mission house with his family for medical help and refreshment, after the Bishop's retirement from the East, threw up his mission, and went to Australia, where he obtained employment, and after some years died. In 1877, his widow, left almost destitute, determined to come to England with her four surviving children to appeal to the Society and the Bishop, and the appeal was not rejected. On receiving her letter, Mrs. McDougall and her eldest daughter at once set off to them, and found them in a remote London

suburb in a room which they had taken unfurnished, and containing little more than their sea chests, and truly consoling was her appearance to them. The Bishop exerted himself on their behalf, and a fund was raised for them to which some of his friends in the West of England were liberal contributors, and small pensions were allowed by the Society. When Mrs. Abé died, after some months, the two younger children were taken charge of by their relatives in Germany, but the two elder boys, by the Bishop, who became in fact their guardian, and the dispenser of the fund. They were sent to St. Chad's College, near Uttoxeter, whence the younger obtained an appointment in the Sarawak navy through the influence of the Bishop, which, unhappily, he did not retain; but the elder was more successful. He went to Durham and obtained a scholarship, was ordained, and eventually settled in Australia. In so doing he rather disappointed his guardian, who had hoped that he would have taken up his father's work in Sarawak. While in England they seem to have behaved well, and were so far a pleasure to their protectors, to whom they not unusually came for their holidays, but it was a somewhat serious duty that was undertaken on their behalf.

In the summer of 1885 he resigned the vicarage of Milford and accepted that of Shorwell, with the rectory of Mottistone, in the Isle of Wight. The united parish, although with a more scattered population, was smaller and much more manageable than Milford, and had the primary attraction of being in his own archdeaconry. It was also somewhat more valuable, and when it was offered to him in handsome terms by the governing body of Hertford College, Oxford, in whom the patronage was vested, and who in 1884 had elected him to an honorary fellowship, he determined to accept it, although with many searchings of heart, and much hesitation at venturing upon another charge.

FINAL CHAPTER.

1885—1886.

THE village of Shorwell, although more than a mile from the sea, of which it has but a distant view, is one of the prettiest in the island. The traveller, arriving at the top of an almost precipitous hill, looks down upon it through the high embanked road overarched with foliage. The house and park of North Court on the one side, and the church and village on the other, harmonise well together, and immediately behind the church stands the vicarage, with its gardens sloping down towards the school and farmhouses beyond. In August 1885 the Bishop and Mrs. M^c^Dougall paid it a visit of inspection which she describes, as well as their motives for moving, in the following letter written to Mrs. Colenso:

'3 The Close, Winchester: Aug. 11, 1885.

'Frank began residence May 28, so we stay naturally to the end of August to finish our ninety days' residence; but I think that this year we shall probably stay later still, for we are going to move from Milford to Shorwell and Mottistone, a parish in the Isle of Wight not far from Freshwater, and we must get in there by Michaelmas, which will make it impossible to settle again at all at Milford. The uncertainties, doubts, and anxieties about accepting this living, and moving again at our age, have filled our minds for the last two months, but I think that it is all right. Frank is so often wanted in the island for archdeacon's work, that it will save him many a tiresome trip to live amongst the clergy there. It is a very retired spot.

Shorwell is very pretty, but little. The garden is all up and down, the church not a stone's throw from the vicarage. A tiny conservatory peeps in at one of the drawing-room windows. The rooms are all compact, not straggling like this house, or even as large as Milford. However, I dare say that I shall be happy there if Frank is pretty well and my darlings happy also. The people at Shorwell and Mottistone—for there are two churches, one at either end of the parish—welcomed us most kindly last week when we went over for three days.' There were in fact two parishes—Shorwell, a vicarage and the principal cure—Mottistone, a very small place, but a rectory, and always held with the former. In Shorwell he was very fortunate in having for his curate the Rev. Charles H. Badgelly, who has since become a beneficed clergyman in the county of Hereford. For the services at Mottistone a separate arrangement had to be made.

In paying this visit she probably thought that it was her first to the place, but on settling down she found that it was not so. In 1835, when quite a girl, she had accompanied her father and elder sister round the island, and had illustrated the tour in a book of pencil sketches, of which the last was an elaborate drawing of the church, vicarage, and churchyard of Shorwell. She did not remember taking it, but there it was, the window of the room in which she afterwards died, and the tower overshadowing the corner of the churchyard in which she now sleeps her last sleep. In this there may be nothing worth observation, but it was one of those curious coincidences, which, without any real significance, strike the imagination, and are repeated almost involuntarily.

It must be admitted that this move was not a success. The climate of Shorwell did not suit them so well as that of Milford. It is true that during the four years that they had been at the latter place their diaries and letters contained constant entries of illness, especially on his part, but they were manfully struggled against and an entry in her pocket-

book on the last Sunday of 1884 was characteristic of them all: 'Frank ill, but preached nevertheless.' Towards the end of his life he was well aware of the risk of such exertions, and told a clerical friend that, from what he knew of the condition of his heart, he thought it probable that he might die in the pulpit, but that he felt it his duty to preach. To any member of his own family he never breathed a word of such an apprehension. He always, however, felt better as the summer advanced, and when he accepted Shorwell in the brighter season of the year, must have over-estimated his strength. The event was, that he had no sooner settled into his new residence than he became seriously ill, although not wholly laid aside or losing his interest in public affairs. On November 2 he wrote to his brother-in-law:

'Many thanks for the copy of the Act. I had the clergy up to Newport on Friday, and we elected the Rector of Brighstone, Mr. Heygate, commissioner. Then we had a long discussion on Church Defence, and I have been urged to call together a public meeting of laymen, and a gathering of churchwardens of the island, to take counsel concerning measures of Church Defence. I will not call a meeting of the laity generally, as I fear that it would at once give a vent to the political excitement which is afloat, and might alienate rather than win over Liberals, and do no good to the Conservatives. A churchwarden meeting is another affair, if they can be got together, which I doubt, as I have had my official visitation this year, and cannot well summon them formally again.

'I am still very shaky and unfit for anything, feeling inclined to lie down and see nobody. I try to resist it, but it is very hard. Harry is fairly well, and the girls also. I shall be very glad when you are free to come over with Frances to have a look at us. The weather is very dull, and things look

cheerless just now, but I hope it will brighten when you come. My best love to all.

'Ever your affectionate brother,

'F. T. McDOUGALL, Bishop.'

On December 5 Mrs. McDougall writes to her sister: 'Frank has now been ill for three weeks with an attack of bronchitis. It would have yielded before now, but he would go to Farnham for some committees, and last Sunday he would hold the Intercession Service for Foreign Missions himself—consequently the left lung became congested and he has had to lie in bed; now I hope that he will give himself a fortnight's complete rest. He has an excellent curate and kind neighbours, and need not kill himself, but you know how difficult it is for him to think himself disabled.' In this month her brother became alarmed at the accounts which he received from her, and with his eldest daughter came to them on the 23rd to spend Christmas. He found the Bishop in a very shaken and suffering condition, struggling to take his part in the services although unfit to do so, flashing up with surprising vigour in the pulpit and at the altar, but beyond the services in church incapable of exerting himself. Mrs. McDougall was looking very frail, and, with a very weak chest and heart, apparently unequal to withstanding any shock or sudden exertion.

For the week following Christmas Day their daughters had got up a little entertainment in the schoolroom of animated waxworks, and acted nursery rhymes and recitations, in which the children of the neighbours were the actors, and the whole parish, gentle and simple, were present, delighted with the novelty and to see and admire their own children, who were wonderfully clever and handsome; but the Bishop and his wife were only able to send their good wishes, and a substitute to represent him. Their absence was regretted by all, for their goodwill seemed fully appreciated, and on their

side their feelings were expressed in a letter written some days before by Mrs. McDougall, in which she said, 'We like our parishioners increasingly—nice, friendly, and gentle people;' but she did not add what seemed clear to a stranger and was much appreciated by their vicar, that they were also shrewd and independent, and with their interest centred in the island, all other folk—Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, to say nothing of the Gentiles beyond—bearing the expressive title in their local vernacular of 'Overends.' Two years before, she had written respecting a similar entertainment: 'It was all amusing enough, but a great deal of trouble and fatigue. Now Lent will put an end to all such efforts. I love Lent. No visiting or public entertainments. It is only too soon over.'

In the month of January following there was no improvement in his health, but an event occurred of family interest, and Mrs. McDougall wrote to her friend, Mrs. Tooke, at Monkton Farleigh, mentioning both subjects:

'My dearest Fanny,—Thank you for your dear, kind letter. I know that you and dear Hammond always take a loving interest in our affairs, and can rejoice and sorrow with us when we are sad or merry. As we grow older these two states seem to come more frequently closely together. As the family enlarges, so many causes for anxiety arise, and one is so much more inclined to fear than to hope. At the same time I think that we are more able to trust; after a long life of mercies received, it would, indeed, be terrible if it were not so. I believe that ——'s engagement will be a real addition to the happiness of the family. We like him so much, that I say that we have all accepted him.

'My anxiety just now is my husband's health. It is quite broken down apparently, and it is a great trial to a man so naturally active to be so disabled. He has been quite unable to go to Winchester lately for business, which requires

his presence—Chapter to-morrow, but no Frank. He is very patient and good, but much depressed with pain and want of health. I cannot imagine that it can be this place, which is very healthy, but he has been ill ever since we came here. Charles was grieved to see how ill.'

At the end of the month they went to Ventnor, principally to be under the medical care of Dr. Coghill, the physician of the Consumptive Hospital, who was unremitting in his attention to them both, and benefited his patients much by his great experience and skill in the treatment of Indian and chest disorders.

On February 16 she wrote to her sister at Natal. She had heard of an attack of typhoid fever which had visited her nephew's (Dr. Colenso's) household at Durban, and wanted to hear all the particulars and the probable cause of the illness, 'which her nephew would doubtless discover.' It was not hard to find, for the wise men of Durban had established waterworks before drainage, and the hill was saturated. She urged that the convalescents should return home for the complete restoration of their health, and sends their Winchester news. 'One of our canons has been made prolocutor of Convocation. He is a very handsome, fine-looking man, and a suitable person too, for he is peace-loving and sensible. Our Dean is clearing out the Cathedral churchyard, which was in sad disorder, and making it a smooth lawn like Salisbury; also he is clearing the crypt of rubbish and masonry, and every now and then he finds an old stone coffin of some ancient worthy, whereat his antiquarian soul rejoices.' And she adds: 'Charles writes to us to-day, and I wish him a happy birthday. I always keep his birthday; it was my Harry's christening day, forty years ago.'

On March 15 she wrote again: 'We are still at Ventnor waiting for Frank to go home to Shorwell Vicarage. He might possibly manage the drive on a sunny day, but it is so

much colder at home than here, that I dare not let him go until his cough is much better;' and she speaks of the inveteracy of that cough, and the oppression that it was upon her as well as upon him. On the 11th he had written: 'My cough is still troublesome, but the dropsical symptoms are bettering. I want much to get home, but the doctor says "No, and work must be eschewed;" so altogether I am a helpless, useless bit of goods. The weather is beautifully bright, but very cold, snow still lying close by the sea. Watching the sea and the ships is my amusement.'

On the 23rd his doctor allowed him to leave Ventnor, but, as he notes in his pocket-book, 'still very weak and unable to do duty;' and, as Mrs. McDougall mentioned in a letter the next day, also to her brother, 'In paying his parting visit, Dr. Coghill entreated him to do no work for a time. He said, "Remember that you have had a very severe illness; there was a time when I scarcely expected that you would ever leave this house."'

After his return to Shorwell he seemed gradually to revive, and on April 4, as he notes, celebrated the Holy Eucharist for the first time for nine weeks, and on the 11th preached, and continued to do so for the remainder of the month, and was able to hold two confirmations. At the end of his long illness his wife was sadly worn with anxiety and nursing, but as he recovered she also seemed to get better, and was able to plan a visit to her brother in London for the first week in May, where her husband was afterwards to join her. They also fixed June 17 for the marriage of their eldest daughter at Shorwell, with Dr. Frank Turner, for which preparations had to be made. Brighter days were therefore hoped for, but on the Sunday before she was to have left home, while sitting in a summer-house in their garden after morning church, she caught a chill which flew to her lungs, and she became seriously ill. Still no danger was thought of, and at the worst it was only supposed that her visit to London was

postponed; but although carefully nursed, and with the best medical advice which the island afforded, her strength suddenly failed, and she passed away for ever.

The event took place on Friday, May 7, after post-time, for a letter reached her brother the next morning sounding no note of alarm, but within a couple of hours he received the sad news through Dr. Turner, to whom a telegram had been sent with a charge to announce the calamity to him. He instantly left for Shorwell, and arrived there that afternoon. It appeared that in the morning she had been moved into another room, complaining of want of air and breathlessness, and had been very quiet and drowsy through the day. Her daughters had left her at seven o'clock asleep, and with a maid-servant watching her. Her husband had also come into the room, and at the sound of his well-known footstep she had opened her eyes and smiled, but had not spoken. No thought of immediate danger, therefore, occurred to them, but what followed will be best told in a letter written by him the next day to his friend, Mr. Beresford Hope:

'Shorwell: May 8, 1886.

'My very dear Hope,—You will, I know, feel for and sympathise with me, when in one sad word I say my darling wife has been taken from me. She was ill of bronchitis and she departed in her sleep between 7 and 8 P.M. peacefully, without a struggle or a sigh. Mab and Mildred went to relieve the maid who was with her, and, thinking their mother very still and her hand cold, sent for me, and I, alas! found that she had gone to her rest with God's blessed ones, and had not said good-bye to any of us. The maid went to her when we came down to dinner and had observed nothing. It is unspeakably sad for us; but she is blessed, most blessed, I feel sure, with your own loved one, and all who like her and Harriette have fought their good fight, and now await their crown. My life is broken now—it is but a feeble one,

and all the brightness centred in her is gone, until the day in which the shadows flee away, and we shall join our souls' darlings in the presence of Him whose name is Love.

'Pray for me, my dear brother, that, like you, I may be strengthened to go on bravely, resolutely, and unselfishly to fulfil the work yet left for me to do without the help and support which is taken from me.

'God bless you, my dear friend. My love to all and you.

'Ever your affectionate

'F. T. McDOUGALL, Bishop.'

His loss was great indeed, that of the companion of a long life, the partner in all its chequered scenes of joy, sorrow, and adventure, with her intellect as acute as ever, and, as he said himself, no failing in 'her angelic disposition.' 'He will not return to me, but I shall go to him,' is the universal wail and self-consolation of humanity, especially with the aged; but faith in him was very strong, and in his affliction and excitement was a powerful comforter. On the Sunday night after her death he read prayers to his household, and gave a long discourse on the condition of the departed spirit, in which all that is found thereon in Holy Writ was recounted, and the blessedness of those who rest in the Lord was dwelt on with the most touching confidence. Even at the funeral he insisted on taking part in the service, and on May 23, as he notes in his diary, preached at Shorwell 'on death and after.'

When the event became known, letters of condolence poured in. They were all cast in the same mould; grief and admiration for her who was gone, 'the kindest, most self-denying, most cheerful and self-forgetting of human beings,' and sympathy for the survivors. And this is all that friends can give. Hope seeks to pierce the veil, and religion to give a substance to that hope, but over all the unbroken silence and darkness hang impenetrable. These letters, however, seemed to give him some comfort, for he preserved them all—a huge

bundle of terrible monotony, varied only by the warmth of feeling or literary skill of the writers.

And he did not succumb to his troubles, or shut himself up, or refuse to perform his clerical duties. On the contrary, his feelings seem to have been very similar to those of his friend, who four years before, under a similar affliction, had written to him in the following touching language:

'As for me, I am trying to be resigned. All my thoughts of course centre in one object, and I encourage them in so doing, but I hope as an encouragement to work and not as a paralysing influence. Believing that she is praying and working for us in Paradise, my prayer is to co-operate with her and not to forfeit by laziness, selfishness, self-indulgence or forgetfulness of God, the hopes of a happy reunion hereafter. In short, the retrospective grief appears to me, as what I ought (alas, how feebly !) to treat as a prospective stimulus. Amusement, of course, is over for my life, and I look to work, work, work, until the holiday at Kildown is proclaimed.'

In either case, the mourner rested on a robust and fervent faith—a striking contrast to the Sadduceeism which could say, 'We parted in bitter sorrow, for we agreed that, notwithstanding the depth of our life-long affection, we could have no reasonable expectation that there could be any recognition or conscious union for us in the future.' More true and happy than the common remedy for grief, which, with amiable inconsistency, takes comfort in the little traits of goodness shared by the deceased with all other men, and, practically, throws over its theology for the vague hopes of natural religion. Very different certainly from that dreadful mixture of theory and practice which says in the heart, 'My brother is dead, let me forget him ! He was scarcely sound in his religious views, and is, therefore, probably lost. I cannot help him, or he me. "Where the tree falleth, there it shall be." "The door is now shut." Let me forget him !'

On May 17, in writing to his brother-in-law, he says: 'I am

so stunned and low that I can hardly sit and write. I hope each day to get better, but as yet I seem to go down and down. There is no life in me. The spring of it has gone with her.' And on June 10, referring to the death of his correspondent's sister-in-law, which had taken place on the 6th: 'My thoughts were much with you all yesterday. Poor dear Tooke, what a hard trial for him! I had always felt a great esteem for dear Fanny. She was a noble-hearted, bright, and loving woman. She has gone to join my darling. God give us all grace so to follow their good example that we may, too be joined with them as partakers in the Heavenly Kingdom.'

On June 22 he left Shorwell for Winchester, going first to the deanery and moving on the 25th into his own house. His residence commenced on June 23 and terminated on August 5. Immediately before its close he wrote to his brother-in-law, who was at Pontresina, telling him that he was surrounded by his children and friends, but still suffered much; that he had been keeping and had nearly finished his term of residence, 'but was unable to get to morning service, and was obliged to depend on the kindness of his brethren, who were very good to him.'

The marriage of his daughter, which had been intended in June, had of course been postponed, and as he could not bear the idea of any family festival at his own house, had been fixed to take place at Kensington on September 7. On August 26, in answer to anxious inquiries after his health, he writes again from Winchester:

'My dearest Brother,—Just a line to greet you with my hearty welcome back to the old country.' After mentioning some of the visitors to be expected at the wedding, he continued: 'As for me, I am still very weak, breathless and helpless, unable to walk or to preach, but still I am not worse, thank God, and my heart is, I trust, quieting down to a calmer state. I hope that nothing will occur to prevent my

coming up to the wedding. I do not like the thought of losing my Mab, bless her. Love to all.

'Yours most lovingly,

'F. T. McDOUGALL.'

And he was not prevented. He arrived on the 6th in a very breathless, infirm condition, but he was pleased at the marriage, and delighted to see his oldest and nearest friends around him, and for the last time in his life he brightened up and became quite his old self again. The next day he insisted in performing the greater part of the ceremony himself, assisted by his friend the Dean of Winchester, who came up to London for the purpose, and at its conclusion himself gave the address, as the manner is, to the newly married couple. The Bishop of Winchester would have been there, but was far away in the North of Scotland. On the 9th he went to the Athenæum for the last time, and seemed so much better that his friends hoped that there might be a continued improvement; but when he returned the next day to the Close, as the excitement left him his spirits failed and his infirmities returned. When his brother-in-law and his family joined him there ten days afterwards, they found him again the confirmed invalid. Nevertheless, on September 12 he preached in the Cathedral, and on the 30th paid his last visit to Farnham Castle. After they returned from Winchester the date of another wedding in the family was fixed, and it seemed impossible that it should take place without him. His sister-in-law, therefore, wrote to him, and proposed that he should again come to her, to be present with them, but not necessarily to take part in the service. And he replied:

'The Close, Winton: All Saints' Day, Nov. 1, 1886.

'Your plan is a delightful one, and most tempting to me. The brightness and joy of such a family gathering as you propose would do more than anything else could to lighten

the dark shadow that oppresses me. I can rejoice with others, though I cease not to mourn for myself. But the question is, not will I, but can I? I am now confined to my room with acute bronchitis, and my heart is much disturbed. I am obliged to postpone going to Shorwell until I dare move, and when I get there, I could not, without great risk, undertake the journey to town in winter. My duty says, I ought to be there at Christmas, and not pleasing myself elsewhere. Then, again, if I did come to you, there is the risk of my not being able to officiate, and being only a troublesome and useless invalid. It is very hard to decide, at any rate until I see how this attack treats me. I may be shut up for weeks, which God forbid, I heartily pray. This is a very bad time for me to begin.

'This is All Saints' Day, and my thoughts turn to my good angel at rest. How she would have rejoiced in your Christmas gathering! I send three cartes for yourself, Francie, and Connie, also one of the last taken of me.

'Poor dear Robson departed this life on Thursday last, and is to be buried on Wednesday. My going is out of the question. Another link added to the chain of love that draws us upward. Best love to Charlie and the girls.

'Ever your affectionate brother,

'F. T. McDOUGALL, Bishop.'

From the date of this letter there was no recovery. Yet he did not seem to become worse rapidly, and those around him had been so accustomed to see him suffer, that they hesitated in realising the gravity of his illness. His medical attendants would not admit that there was actual danger, and on November 12 he wrote a short note to his brother-in-law, in which he spoke of their encouraging view, although he added that 'the patient was very low,' but on Sunday, the 14th, a change took place and he began to fail rapidly. In the afternoon he sent for his friend Canon Warburton to read to

him the Service for the Visitation of the Sick. He lay upon a couch propped up with pillows, apparently in the extremity of weakness, but, at the conclusion of the last prayer, astonished those who were present by rising to his feet, and, supporting himself with one hand, raised the other high above his head, and pronounced with firm tones the episcopal blessing upon the family and servants assembled. The next day he was able to send for his servants to bid them farewell, to thank them for their faithful attendance, and to exhort them to live in the faith and fear of God, and afterwards he dictated a list of sums of money which he wished to be given to them after his death. It was his last act. Shortly after he became unconscious, and, watched by his family, in the early morning of the 16th he sank tranquilly to his rest.

Many came together to do him honour, and as they took their last view of that which once was their friend, wondered at the majesty and peace which rested on those noble features glorified by death. The funeral was solemnised at the end of the week; the early part of the service in the Cathedral on the Friday, while the final deposit was made on Saturday at Shorwell. There was a great gathering. The Bishop was there and read the Lesson, and the service was intoned by the Dean, who also on the Sunday following preached an admirable funeral sermon in memory of their departed brother. The members of the Chapter were there, headed by the venerable ex-dean, Dr. Bramston, and made a goodly show, and all the resources of that great institution were lavished on the solemnity of the occasion. The Mayor and Corporation were there, and in addition to the members of his family, old friends from all quarters, whose names recalled the story of his life, representatives of the Navy, which he loved so well, of the sister service, his former and far-distant diocese, the archdeaconries of Huntingdon and of the Isle of Wight, Winchester College, and the two Universities, and many others, all with some story on their lips of his friendship and goodness.

Reverently, and amid a crowd of mourners drawn from his old friends and neighbours in the island, his coffin was laid beside that of his wife in the churchyard at Shorwell. Divided but a little while and now again united, they rest in hope, waiting for the great awakening which is the promise of the Kingdom, which they served so long together. And there we must also leave them.

Dormite dulces animæ in pace Christi.

Any attempts to sum up Bishop M^c^Dougall's character by one so near to him as the compiler of these Memoirs might be liable to the objection that it was the language of natural but possibly too partial panegyric, but the record *in memoriam* of him in the 'Guardian,' from the pen of Canon Warburton, may be quoted as a fair and true estimate: 'His character was a rare combination of gentleness and daring, of tenderness and strength, the two extremes harmonised, transfused, and sanctified by an ever-present and habitual consciousness of nearness to God and communion with Him.

'But perhaps the most predominant feature in his rich and gifted nature was his capacity for strong, warm, and enduring personal attachment. What he was in his own family cannot and need not here be said, but this is the testimony of the friend whom perhaps of all others, out of his own immediate family, he most loved and honoured: "He was the kindest, truest, best of friends to me—a truer and honester heart never beat on earth. He and your dear mother have left a void which can never be filled in this life. . . . For my dear friend and brother we can only be thankful that he has ceased from his sufferings and is with his Saviour."'

APPENDIX

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS

REFERRED TO IN BISHOP MCDOUGALL'S LETTER OF OCTOBER 17, 1859.

No. 1.—*From the Rev. W. Gomez.*

The Datu Hadji has been here, and trying hard to persuade one of my catechumens (an old man) to go to Mecca, telling him that his reward in the other world will be great. This is what may be expected, but what I do not like in the matter is this: A man by the name of Awang Matjapar followed up the Datu's arguments, on his return to the boat, by saying that he would strongly recommend all Dyaks to turn Mohammedan, as he (Matjapar) has received a letter from his brother at Banjermassin to say that 2,000 Europeans have been cut off, and the work of putting an end to all the infidels by the sword was still going on; only those who will say, 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet,' are spared. It was insinuated that, Banjermassin being so near to Lundu, the best thing for the Dyaks would be to turn Mohammedans in time to prevent the sad alternative of being mercilessly butchered. This only shows what is going on in the Malay mind, and I think Mr. Matjapar, who is gone to Sarawak, ought to be seriously reprimanded for endeavouring to spread a panic among the Dyaks.

No. 2.—*From Mr. Johnson.*

Kalong and the principal men of Lundu were with me last evening. I indirectly questioned them about Datu Hadji's proceedings, but I could not get further information than that they had heard that a boy named Lunsing had been told so by the Datu's people, and

that the boy had reported it to Gomez, and I believe it to be true. The Malays will talk and exaggerate to the Dyaks, and this boy is half an idiot, but as long as the Malays talk so unguardedly there is not much fear of their doing much harm. The Orang Kaya told me, no Malay would dare talk to him in such a way. I will, however, keep an extra eye on the Datu, and he shall not go away from Sarawak in future. The Malays are jealous of our power with the Dyaks, and I have many times seen it and felt it, with even Abong Ain at Sakarang. Pray don't think from what I have said that there is not every reason for us to keep a judicious guard, but we cannot afford to show a want of confidence, and they do know themselves that, by cutting our throats, they would lose their all, and be butchered themselves in the end to a man.

No. 3.—*From Mr. Johnson.*

I have seen the Council, and they engage to see the Datu Hadji's relations to-morrow, and to sound them, as to whether they are ready to follow the instructions of Government or no. Provided they are ready and willing, they will convey the Datu Hadji to the 'Jolly Bachelor,' and she will proceed to Po, and await the coming of the brig; provided they are unwilling, the members of the Council will inform them that they must consider themselves as separated from the Government, and they must be answerable for themselves for the future. I can only say that the members of the Council are determined to do their duty and to stand by the Government, but, as it is to be settled one way or the other to-morrow, I think it perhaps would be as well if the ladies in your house were to go to the ship. We have a room for Bertha if she likes to come here. I told them positively 'he dies or leaves.'

BORNEO PIRATES.[1]

To the Editor of 'The Times.'

SIR,—Knowing how ready you are to lend your powerful aid to the cause of humanity and justice, I venture to request you will kindly give a place in your columns to the subjoined detail of facts relating to pirates and slavery in these seas, which the events of the last few days have brought very painfully and vividly before me.

On the 15th of this month I accompanied my dear friend, Mr. J. Brooke Brooke, now the Rajah Mudah of Sarawak, on an expedition to Bintulu, a river and country half-way between this and Labuan, which has by a late treaty with the Sultan of Brunei been handed over to the Sarawak Government. It is a rich and fertile district inhabited by Milanows, Kayans, and Bacatans, who, owing to the unjust and cruel mismanagement of their former Malay rulers on shore, and the continual dread of pirates on the coast, have been kept from doing anything for the development of their beautiful and capable country. Brooke's object was to establish a Resident there, to build a fort, and leave a small garrison at the mouth of the river to give confidence to the people, and bring them down from the interior to live near the coast and carry on a trade in the valuable articles with which their country abounds, such as the tree-camphor, so valued by the Chinese, gutta-percha, the best rattans on this side Borneo, vegetable tallow, sago, &c., and there is also coal reported to be cropping out in several places.

After arranging about building and placing the fort we went up on Tuesday and examined one seam of coal, which was about twenty miles up the river; it proved a good, bright, quick-burning coal, but it was three feet in thickness in one place, and only one foot six inches in another. After viewing the coal we returned in the steamer to the mouth of the river on Wednesday evening. About four o'clock on Thursday morning I was awoke by a man hailing the ship and the sentry warning him off; I recognised the voice of one of the Sarawak Nakodas, Hadjee Mataim, and I called the Datu Bandar, our chief Malay magistrate (who had come with us to inaugurate the

[1] *Times*, July 16, 1862.

Sarawak Government at Bintulu), to pass him up on deck and see what he wanted. He immediately came below with a letter to the Rajah Mudah from Mr. Helms, the Borneo Company's manager, whom on our way up to Bintulu we left at Muka, sixty miles to the S.W.; it is the river which furnishes the Sarawak and Singapore factories with raw sago, and produces enough to supply the world.

Mr. Helms wrote word that there was a force of six Illanun vessels anchored off Muka, threatening the town at the mouth of the river, while their armed boats were plundering and picking up the people along the coast. This news effectually roused us all. The Rajah Mudah ordered steam to be got up, and hailed the little 'Jolly Bachelor' (the gunboat anchored astern of us) to throw off her housing and prepare for fighting. We landed the Chinese carpenters and coolies brought from Sarawak to build the fort, and as soon as daylight and tide had made we steamed out over the bar, took the 'Jolly' and Brooke's gig in tow, and steered down the coast towards Muka. Meanwhile we made ready for action, as we felt that when we fell in with the pirates they would fight resolutely, and that our force was very small to cope with them. Their vessels are well armed, very fast, and carry at least one hundred men each.

The 'Rainbow' is a small, strong-built iron screw boat, of 80 tons register, 35-horse power engine, carrying two 9-pounders mounted on poop and forecastle. We had also a 12- and 4-pounder on board, with their ammunition (the 12-pounder was disabled after a few rounds), which we had brought up for the new fort, together with eighteen of the Sarawak Fort men, ten of whom we kept to strengthen our own crew, the other eight we turned over to the gunboat to reinforce her. She carried two brass sixes and two small swivels on her taffrail. The steamer's crew had only six available muskets, and no other arms but their knives and handspikes; they were stationed at the forecastle and poop guns. The fort men worked their own guns amidships, and were armed with Wilkinson's excellent rifles, carbines, and swords. There were eight Europeans in all, including Captain Hewat; Mr. Moore, engineer; Mr. Jackson, mate; the Rajah Mudah, Mr. Hay, Mr. Stuart Johnson, Mr. Walters, a Borneo Company engineer, and myself, and with us we had the Datu Bandar of Sarawak, Pangeran Matusin of Muka, and Hadjee Mataim, good and true men. We all had our own rifles and smooth-bores, and were to do our best to silence the enemy's guns and prevent them boarding. Mr. Walters was to give his aid to the engineer's crew in handling the hot-water hose. As there was no bulwark, Brooke had

some planks hung over the iron poop rail, and lined them with the cabin mattresses to save our legs from shot and shell. The same was done on the bridge for the captain's protection, and turned out to be a very wise precaution, which saved many of us on the poop from ugly hits.

We had not steamed on long before we saw some boats pulling along in shore of us—one had a tripod mast, and these we took to be the sampans of the pirate squadron prowling along by the mouths of the rivers. We made chase, and Brooke gave them a few shots ahead and astern with his long-ranged Whitworth to bring them to, upon which they beached their boat and bolted into the jungle. Then several of the Bintulu boats, called 'barongs,' pulled into shore, and found, to their surprise, that we had been chasing their own friends, with whom we had a good laugh, and warned them against the use of tripod masts in future. After this we steamed about all day and saw nothing more, and anchored off the Bintulu river about sunset.

On Friday morning, before daylight, we started again in search of the Illanuns, in the same order as the day before, but with no Bintulu boats in company. After a while we saw in the dim light of early dawn what looked like three apongs or palm drifts to seaward of Tangong Kidoeing, the point to the north-east of the Bintulu. We steered towards them, and soon made them out to be three large prahus, with their masts struck, bristling with men, who were rowing, like the Maltese, standing, and pushing for shore with all their might, one by one casting off the sampans, which they were towing behind, in order to make better way. There was no mistake that they were the veritable pirates. Hadjee Mataim, who was chased by their sampans, and fired at when he slipped out of the Muka river to give us the intelligence, recognised the boat that chased him. Brooke asked the Datu Bandar and Pangeran Matusin if they were perfectly certain that these were Illanun pirates. 'Perfectly so; there is not a shadow of doubt,' all said. So we took our stations, loaded our guns, and prepared for action.

The leading boat had already gained on the other two, and was going nearly as fast as the steamer herself. I never saw fellows pull so. We put on all steam, cast off the 'Jolly,' and tried to get between her and the point, but she beat us, and passed inside of us into shallow water, where we could not follow. Then she opened her fire upon us, which we returned with interest. She, like the others, had no heavy guns, but they all carried three long brass swivels, called lelahs, and plenty of rifles and muskets. One of the captives told

me afterwards that the long lelahs in the boat he was in took seven men to lift, and that she had forty muskets and rifles, and that none of the others had less, some more. Our plan of action was to silence the brass guns with our rifles, to shake them at the oars with grape and round shot, until we could run into them without their being strong enough to board us. The steamer was kept dodging about within range until the time came to run in; then we got into a good position to put on all steam and give them the stem, which was always admirably and coolly done by Captain Hewat whenever the order was given by the Rajah Mudah.

The first boat having for the present escaped into shallow water, our attention was turned to the second, from which her consort had evidently tried to divert us. She was now fast nearing the shore, and the chase was most exciting. When the prahu was two hundred yards from us she fired her lelahs, and then made a dash for the shore; we opened all the guns we got to bear, and kept on at full power until we ran into her, struck her midships, our stem running right over her, and then backed off again. We called out to the slaves and all who were not pirates, or who wished to surrender, to hold on by the wreck until we could take them off, and then steamed away after the remaining vessel. When we came up with her she was also fast slipping into shore, and we ran into less than two fathoms of water with a rocky bottom under us before we could strike her, which we did too far forward to sink her, but she was disabled by the collision, and sheered round alongside of us, but did not fight at all. The unwounded pirates jumped overboard, leaving their own wounded, and slaves, and captives, whom we told to remain in the vessel until the boats came to take them off. The first vessel which had escaped, seeing the fate of the others, ran ashore among the rocks, just inside Tanjonz Ridorong, and the crew and captives all ran into the jungle. The 'Jolly Bachelor,' with Messrs. Paul and Lucas on board, was ordered to stay to look after them, while we saved all we could of the former boats. Several of our crew recognised friends and acquaintances among those we saved, and the joyous thankful look of the captives, when they came aboard and found themselves among friends, was indeed a compensation for the awful work we had been engaged in. Many were wounded, some with our fire, others with the fearful cuts of the heavy Illanun swords and Sooloo knives of the pirates, who, when they found they could not get away, commenced murdering their captives, and only our running them down put a stop to their dire work of spite and despair. Very few of the pirates who

were not wounded surrendered. They are marvellous swimmers; they took their arms into the water with them, and fought with our men in the boats when they were trying to pick up the captives.

My hands and those of Mr. Walters, who was a very kind and able assistant, were soon full of work with the wounded, friends and foes alike, arresting hemorrhage, extracting balls, and closing frightful sword or chopper wounds, such, perhaps, as are hardly ever seen in civilised warfare. One man was brought up with the top of his skull as cleanly lifted up by the blow of a Sooloo knife as if it had been done *secundum artem* by an adept at *post mortems*, who wished to have a peep at the dura mater *in situ*; it was like the lid of a box partly open, and required considerable force to shut it, and to get it into its right place again. He had also two heavy cuts on his back. The man is still alive, and seems likely to recover. Another poor fellow could not be got up the ladder, because a long-handled, three-pronged, barbed Illanun spear was sticking in his back, which I had to cut out to liberate him.

We soon learnt from the captives, among whom were two women and four Sarawak Chinese traders, that the other three pirate vessels had gone out to sea, and were to wait there until those we had just secured rejoined them; so, when we had saved all the people we could, we steamed out to sea in search of them. After an hour or so the look-out at the masthead reported three vessels in sight, right ahead. At this time it was quite a calm, and when we came near enough to see them from the deck we saw them sweep up to the central vessel and lay themselves side by side, with their bows at us, as if they meant to engage us in that position. However, as we went on towards them, the sea-breeze sprang up, so they changed their tactics, hoisted sail, and opened out into line with their broadsides towards us to rake us as we came up. Our plan was, as before, to shake them first and run them down in detail. Brooke did not give the order to fire until we came within 250 yards of them, and they opened their lelahs upon us some time before we commenced firing. This was a different affair from the last, for in that the pirates bent all their energies to escape into the shallow water in-shore of us, and therefore made a bad fight of it. Here there was no chance of escape; and they coolly did their best to fight us, and to take us too, which they even seem to have thought possible. Indeed, they told the captives they would soon take so small and low a craft as we were, for they would board us and 'amok'—*i.e.* kill—everybody. They fired briskly, and did not

attempt to get away, even when we got all our guns to bear upon them; but as we steamed round to get our stem fairly at the stern-most vessel they seemed to think we were retreating, and pelted us with their shots more sharply than ever, directing their chief attention to us on the poop, where we had one man killed and two severely wounded in no time, and we should have suffered more if the temporary bulwark of planks, &c., had not stopped their balls.

After the first prahu was run down I had to go below to attend to our own wounded as they came in, but I plainly felt the concussion as we went into the others. One of the vessels was cut right in two; the steamer went straight on without backing, and she sank the other, one half on either side of us. She was the largest, and had a very valuable cargo, and much gold and bags of Dutch rupees. The pirates fought to the last, and then would not surrender, but jumped into the sea with their arms; and the poor captives, who were all made fast below as we came up to engage them, were doubtless glad when our stem opened the sides of their ship, and thus let them out of prison. Few, comparatively, were drowned, being mostly all good swimmers. All those who were not lashed to the vessels, or killed by the Illanuns, escaped. Our decks were soon covered with those we picked up, men of every race and nation in the Archipelago, who had been captured by the pirates in their cruise, which had already lasted seven months. One poor Chinese came swimming alongside, waving his tail over his head, and the other captives held up the cords round their necks to show they were slaves, lest they should be mistaken for Illanuns, and shot or left to their fate. We soon picked up the poor fellows, and the Chinaman came under my hands, being shot through the arm. Many of the pirates we took were badly wounded, some mortally; the greater part were killed or disabled by our fire before we closed.

As I was dressing one man, with a shot in the wrist, he addressed me in English, and, having expressed his gratitude for his wonderful deliverance from the pirates, he told me he was a Singapore police-man, and was going to see his friends in Java when he was captured. There were several other Singaporeans—a mother and daughter, who had a child with her, and two men British-born subjects, Bencoolen Malays, who were taken in their own boat, trading to Tringanu. The husband of the younger woman and owner of the boat was killed by the pirates, and she, like every woman who falls into their

hands, had suffered every outrage, insult, and injury that could befall a woman. One poor creature, who was still suckling a child of two years old, as Malays do, was almost a living skeleton ; she was shot through the thigh, and after I had dressed her my kind assistant quaintly said of her, 'Poor, poor thing! She has not meat enough on her bones to bait a rat-trap.' It is a marvel how these poor captives live at all under the terrible tortures and ill-treatment they endure, sometimes for months, before they reach their destination, and settle down as slaves to the worst of masters—very demons, not men. I asked many of those I was dressing if their wounds hurt them much, and they said, 'Yes, they hurt ; but nothing hurts us so much as the salt water the Illanuns have made us drink ; they never gave us fresh, but mixed three parts of fresh water with four of salt, and all they gave us to eat was a handful of rice or sago twice a day.'

The captives state that when the pirates take a vessel they kill every one who makes any resistance, plunder and sink their boats or ships, and, when those they spare are first taken aboard their own prahus, they put a rattan, or a black rope halter, round their necks, beat them with a flat piece of bamboo on the elbows and knees, and the muscles of the arms and legs, so that they cannot use them to swim or run away. After a while, when sufficiently tamed, they are put to the sweeps and made to row in gangs, with one of their fellow-captives as a mandoor, or foreman, over them, who is furnished with a rattan to keep them at their work ; and if he does not do this effectually, he is 'krissed' and thrown overboard, and another man put in his place. If any of the rowers jump overboard, the pirates have a supply of three-pronged and barbed spears, with long bamboo handles, ready to throw at them. When hit by one of these they can neither swim nor run, and are easily recaptured. They are made to row in relays night and day, and to keep them awake they put Cayenne pepper in their eyes, or cut them with their knives and put pepper in their wounds.

Their prahus are essentially rowing craft, long, low, and very sharp, like the old Maltese galleys, with a high fighting-deck ; their masts and sails are small and insufficient, so as not to be seen at a distance. Those we encountered were seen at Cape Datu on Monday night, and on Friday morning we met them off Bintulu, a distance of 240 miles, having delayed a whole day about Muka on their way and picked up thirty more of our people on the coast. We had the happiness of recapturing and landing most of these people on our

return to Muka. We found, on reckoning up, that we had picked up 165 people, and that perhaps 150 to 200 had got to land from the vessels we sank near shore. The captives who swam to shore would all be saved by the Rajah's people at Bintulu, who received orders to go after them, while the Milanows themselves would surely kill all the Illanuns—their most dreaded and hated foes. In every pirate vessel there are from forty to fifty Illanuns—fighting men, all well armed, each having a rifle or musket besides his native weapons, and from sixty to seventy captives, many of whom were killed by the pirates when they found themselves beaten ; among them two women. We saved in all nine women with six children. Seven of the women and four of the children were our own Muka people ; and it was indeed most touching to witness the joy and gratitude of them and their relations when we returned them to their friends. Of the Illanuns we captured thirty-two, ten of them boys. Some have died since of their wounds, the remainder are in irons in the fort here. The boys have been given out by Brooke for five years to respectable people to train and bring up. I have taken one now in the hospital with three shots in him, whom we hope to cure ; he is a fine lad about fourteen, the brother of a Sooloo Datu, or chief. I shall try to educate and make a Christian of him. Very few of the pirates live to tell the tale ; some captives assured us that in the boat they were in there were only two out of the forty fighting men who had not been killed or wounded by our fire, when we gave them the stem and cut her down.

We have all great cause to be most thankful to the Rajah Mudah for the very gallant, and yet wise and cautious, way in which he planned and carried out the attack, and also to Captain Hewat and his officers for the cool and steady manner in which the ship was handled, and everything done in the right time and place. Our Malay crew and Sarawak fortmen showed the influence of their good training, and the example set them by their European leaders. Not a man flinched from his work, and, although never in action before, they showed the coolness and steadiness of veterans. We could not have had more then thirty-five rifles and muskets and smooth-bore guns among us—less, perhaps, than each of the pirate boats carried ; notwithstanding which, our fire was so steady and galling that we very much kept down the fire of their lelahs, and so thinned their men as to put the idea of boarding us out of their heads. In short, our weapons, though few, were good and well served, and, in justice to the maker,

I must mention that my doubled-barrelled Terry's breech-loader, made by ——, proved itself a most deadly weapon from its true shooting and certainty and rapidity of fire. It never missed fire once in eighty rounds, and was then so little fouled that I believe it would have fired eighty more rounds with like effect without wanting to be cleaned. When we ran down the last pirate all our ammunition for the 9-pounders was expended, and our own caps and cartridges for the small arms had nearly come to an end, so that if we had had more prahus to deal with we should have been in a sorry plight, and had to trust to our stem and hot-water hose to do the work. But the whole affair was most providentially ordered in our not meeting the six boats together, when their fire might have been too much for us; and then in their departing from their usual plan of rushing at us *en masse* to board, and by their separating and giving us the opportunity of running them down one after the other. We are, indeed, all most thankful to our Heavenly Father who thus ordered things for us, and made us His instruments to punish these bloodthirsty foes of the human race.

It appears that it is seven months since these vessels left Tawi Tawi, an island off the south-west of Sooloo, under the Sultan of Sooloo, who is in league with the pirates and receives part of the captives and plunder. In the only boat we boarded we found the Sultan's flag, which is given to people of high rank. There was also the usual Illanun flag, and we got also six Dutch and one Spanish flags, which, doubtless, had belonged to boats and larger vessels they had captured. We have had the details of the capture of two large vessels, one a Singapore prahu trading to Tringanu, the other a Dutch tope of 150 tons, on the coast of Borneo, to the mouth of Pontianak. This latter was taken in conjunction with five other Illanun pirate vessels, which had come down from the northward (they themselves were coming up from the southward). The new-comers informed them there was a large merchant vessel in sight, and proposed to them to join in the attack, which they did. She had a valuable cargo, worth $10,000, which they plundered. They killed everybody on board, except one Chinaman, whom we recaptured. After plundering the tope the whole eleven pirate prahus were seen and chased by a Dutch war steamer, near Pulo-Bawang, south of Pontianak. They pulled away from her into a bay, ran their vessels on shore, hauled them up as far as they could, and then screened them with branches of trees and bushes. The steamer was anchored close outside of them for a whole day without seeing them, and when night came they

slipped away and went off to Corimata, where they committed great ravages.

I see in the last Singapore paper that we have here some account of the doings of the same prahus. It is stated 'that in one place they carried off a native prince and his followers, besides 200 other natives.' The Boyan captives tell us that in one morning their armed sampans lay in ambush near their fishing-stakes, and surprised and carried off seventy-five of their people, among them two of their Hadjees, whom we recaptured. Living here, one is constantly hearing of their daring and atrocious deeds, and there is hardly a respectable Malay in Sarawak who in years past has not suffered from them, either in his own family or in that of his near relatives. As the fleet passed our bay they held a council as to whether they should come in and attack us; but they decided not, fearing a steamer or war vessel might be about, and they were not aware that Muka and Bintulu are now under Sarawak, or they would not have been so bold as they were when they threatened Muka, and sent in to challenge the Muka men to come out and fight them. The three we caught out at sea, twenty-four miles north-east of Ridorong, were right in the track to Labuan, which place they constantly visit, and buy their gunpowder, balls, and European goods there. They always go round Labuan, either going on or coming home, from their cruises. They seem to care nothing about our British cruisers; they trust to their not being recognised, or being able, if they are, to get out of the way. In fact, under our present system at Labuan, and the difficulties thrown in the way of our men-of-war against attacking these wretches when they are known to be in the neighbourhood, England, with all her power and philanthropy, is doing absolutely nothing towards putting an end to this abominable and most extensive system of rapine, murder, and slavery.

It is impossible to estimate the destruction and the havoc, the murder, and the amount of slave-dealing carried on by these wretches in their yearly cruises. The prahus we met were but one of the many squadrons that leave the Sooloo Seas every year. Seven months had these wretches been devastating the villages on the coasts, capturing slaves, taking and sinking trading vessels. Their course was along the coasts of Celebes, down the Macassar Straits to Madura, then along the northern coast of Java, and south of Borneo, up the Caramata passage to the very mouth of the Singapore Straits, thence back to Borneo, to go home by Sarawak and Labuan. The

other five pirate vessels parted company from them to go over to Billiton and Banca Strait, and doubtless they too will carry their depredations right up into the Straits of Singapore, and pick up English subjects and injure English trade, as those we met have done.

But, apart from all our local feelings about, and dangers from, these people, it makes an Englishman out here ashamed to feel that his own dear country, which he would fain regard as the liberator of the slave and the avenger of the wronged, is in truth doing nothing against the system, fraught with incalculable misery to so large a section of the human race. For it must be remembered that the slavery these people suffer is far more crushing to them than the African, who is taken as a savage to serve civilised, and, at least nominally, Christian masters; but these are generally well-to-do men of civilised nations, who are made the slaves of utter fiends, who work and torture them to death in one year only, to replace them by fresh victims whom they capture the next. It is, indeed, *væ victis* with them, and I think it is the duty of every Christian man and every Christian nation to do all that can be done to rid the earth of such horrible and dangerous monsters, and to punish the Sultan of Sooloo, and all who abet and aid them. The Dutch and Spaniards are always doing something, but not enough, and during the last four or five years these pirate fleets have been gradually getting more and more numerous and daring on these coasts, and now it is for England to rouse herself and complete the work of putting them down. Labuan is near their haunts, and it might be done from thence. A few thousands spent out here yearly for the purpose would, I believe in my heart, soon effect much more real and lasting good than the millions which are being spent on the coast of Africa. All honour is due to Sir James Brooke and his nephew, the Rajah Mudah, and the other officers of the Sarawak Government, who, in spite of misrepresentation and factious opposition, through evil report and good report, have persevered for years in constant, steady, and systematic efforts to put down piracy on this coast, and chastise these villainous marauders whenever they come into Sarawak waters.

If the English Government will now act with and assist us, we shall soon clear the Sarawak and Labuan waters of these pests. Assisted by the experience and knowledge of our natives, the work would be done surely and effectually, but, single-handed, the Sarawak Government, notwithstanding all it has done, cannot carry it out. We want

means; if England or Englishmen will give us that, we shall gladly do the work, and feel that we are delivering our fellow-men, and doing our duty to God, who has commanded us to free the captive and deliver the oppressed; while at the same time we shall be averting a danger which is ever threatening us at our own doors, and has so long crippled the energies and resources of this country.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. T. LABUAN.

Sarawak: May 27, 1862.

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